

PHOTOPLAY



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Yes, gentle, luxurious Camay with its caressing care can be the best friend your complexion ever had! With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let it caress *your* skin to new loveliness, too. Just change to regular care . . . use Camay and Camay alone. You'll see your skin become fresher, more radiant, softer with your first satin-smooth cake. And remember, there's precious cold cream in Camay—added luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty and your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world.



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WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9

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Let me send you a generous trial tube—mail coupon today.

GARRY MOORE, BRISTOL-MYERS Co.,
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Please send me a trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part cost of handling.

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Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

NEW!

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**PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON
TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR**

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- New MUM *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

**New MUM with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics**

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
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with long-lasting
M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)



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MARCH 8

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH, 1955 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Cover: Color portrait of June Allyson, next in Paramount's "Strategic Air Command," U-I's "The Shrike" and Warners' "The McConnell Story"; by Blackwell, Jr.
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HIGHLIGHTS: Four fighting brothers! The shotgun wedding! The family free-for-all! Girl rescues sweetheart from jail! Trapped by Indians! The swimming scene—she captures his clothes and gun! The girl needs a spanking—who will do it?

SHE'S THE MOST
IMPATIENT MAIDEN
IN THE VIRGIN WEST...
*BUT HE'S
NOT THE
MARRYING
KIND...!*

*It's an uproarious
adventure loaded
with danger and
delight!*

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and COLOR!

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THEATRE
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VICTOR McLAGLEN • RUSS TAMBLYN • JEFF RICHARDS • JAMES ARNESS

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HARRY BROWN and GUY TROSPER

Based on a Story by
STEVE FRAZEE

Photographed in
EASTMAN COLOR

Directed by

ROY ROWLAND

Produced by

JACK CUMMINGS

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PICTURE

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***Why be heartsick about dull, dry hair?
It can glow with youth because Helene Curtis
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Plus tax.

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the breath of life for lifeless looking Hair!

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HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

THE NEW INTEREST in Linda Christie's life, Robert Schlesinger of New York who brought along a diamond necklace to hang around the neck of Ty Power's ex when he came to Hollywood to see her. Bob's the son of the far best-dressed Mrs. Harrison Williams and his arrival in Hollywood, incidentally, contributed no little to the hard look that Edmund Purdom's boy was wearing. Incidentally, the whispers are whispering, the settlement between Linda and Ty only goes to prove again that a girl can still feather her nest quite plushly by picking a star—right star—to wed. She came out of marriage with a \$150,000 mansion, in it, plenty of cash and a big income.

About two performances not yet generally seen on the screen that have tongues wagging about '56 Oscar Eleanor Parker playing Marjorie Lawrence in "Interrupted Melody" and James Dean in "East of Eden." Lori Nelson's skilled dangling of one of the more sought-after young swains, Tab Hunter and Wayne Morris; Wayne being the kid brother of Guy Madison. Even her pals can't be sure which she prefers. . . . And Phyllis Gates, the pretty secret agent Henry Willson, walked away with one of the town's prize catches, Rock Hudson. Rock fell in love while chatting with Phyllis in the outer office of Willson who is his ten per cent. . . . The continuing mutual devotion of Johnnie Ray and Marilyn Morris. . . . The way Barbara Stanwyck is lending a helping hand to U-I's upcoming young player, George Nader, and could an aspiring actor find a smarter mentor?

About the report that Leslie Caron and Robert Petit are thinking marriage thoughts, now that Leslie's just become a free marital agent. But her close pals advise: discount it.



Is pert Leslie Caron hiding a romantic secret?

BING GRACE WILLIAM
CROSBY · KELLY · HOLDEN



**How far
should a
woman go...
to redeem
the man
she loves?**

**"May Win Bing
Another Oscar!"
—Life Magazine.**

Even all the excited talk
you have heard about this
picture will not quite prepare
you for the impact of its
drama... and its three
triumphant performances!

**"The Dramatic Thunderbolt
of the Year!"
—Look Magazine**



in A PERLBERG-SEATON Production

THE COUNTRY GIRL

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Written for the Screen and
Directed by GEORGE SEATON
From the play by Clifford Odets
A Paramount Picture



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egg-stra
sparkle to your
hair!



See how exciting this new luxury lather makes your hair! Glowing clean, silky . . . so manageable! That's the magic touch of Fresh Whole Egg! Conditions any hair. Try it! 29¢, 59¢, \$1.



Bob speaks up about the crazy town that's Hollywood

IMPERTINENT INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"WHAT DOES A GUY like you think about?" I asked Bob Wagner.

"You mean what's on my mind? All the jumpy, disconnected thoughts?" he shot back.

"You talk," I said. "I'll write it all down."

"Well, I was driving down Beverly Boulevard the other day and there was a beautiful blond sitting on the street corner bench waiting for a bus, so I slammed my foot on the brake. But then the thought suddenly struck me: I can't do this—I'm a movie star.

"I also think about what I want out of my career. I want to be financially independent. Not that I think money means happiness—you can be depressed and be poor, too, you know. But I would rather be depressed and loaded.

"The columnists tied me up with every girl in town. They had me out with Mona Freeman many times before we finally got together. When I finally got up the nerve to ask Mona for a date, I said, 'I see by the papers we're going out these days, so why don't we?'

"It bores me to be around people who aren't stimulating. I find it difficult to be around people who can't contribute anything to a conversation. So I try not to travel with dullards.

"I never liked school. I've never been too much of a 'group' kind of guy. I've always hated being in groups and joining this club and that—always joining, joining, joining. I'd heard it's a good idea to join groups because of the contacts that will be valuable later in life. But that's a lot of bunk. Oh, I guess it's all right for professionals, like doctors and lawyers, but not for actors.

"Hollywood is a crazy town. Oh, I

think about *this* one a lot! There's a pattern for success here. The things you think are the wrong things to do turn out to be the right things to do.

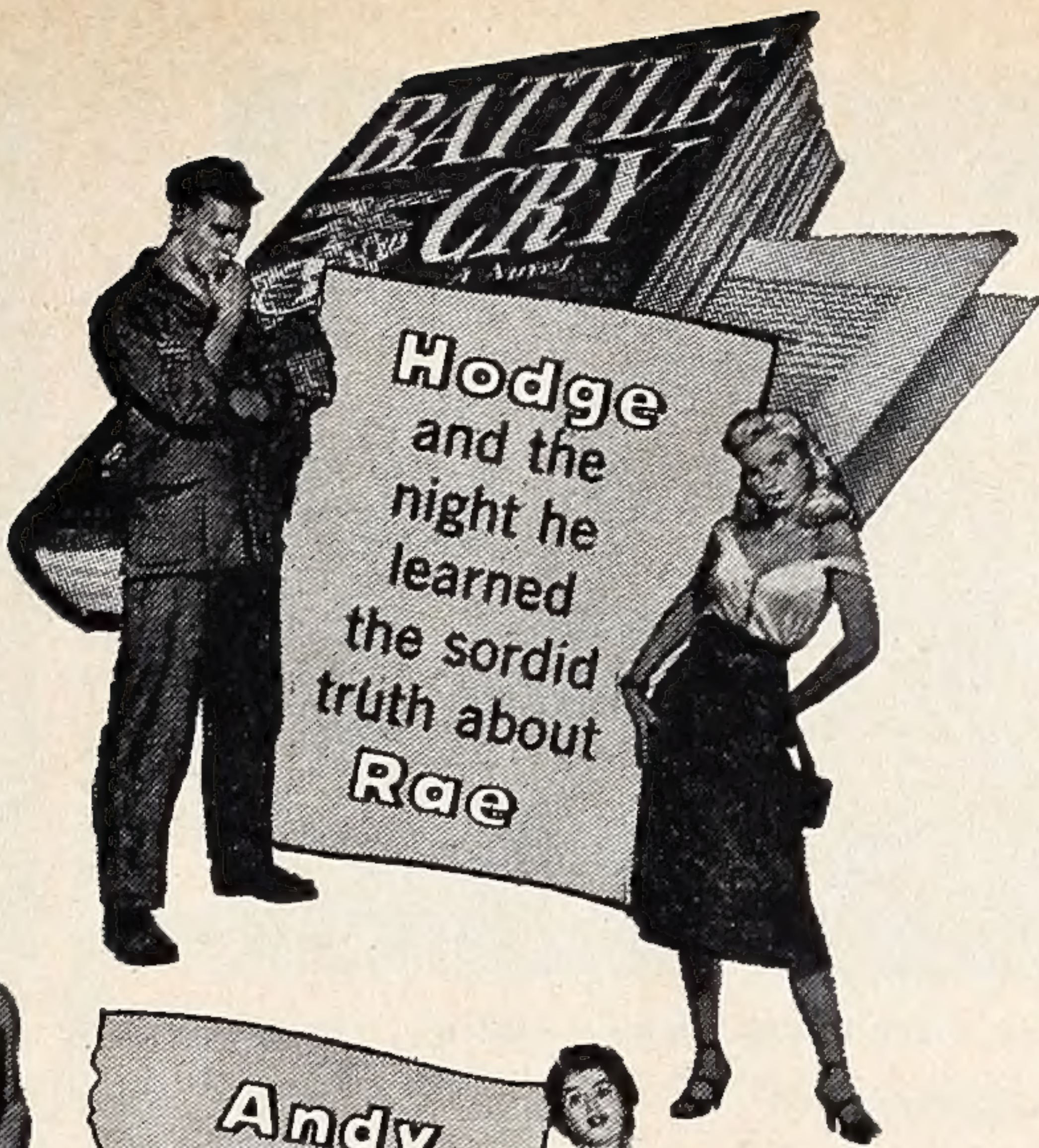
"Most fans think I became a star overnight because of my small bit 'With a Song in My Heart.' It isn't true. Before I signed up at 20th Century-Fox I worked at every studio town.

"I was doing background bits and extra roles when my agent, Henry Willson, took me to 20th. They signed me to a ninety-day test option. During that period I was supposed to be studying for a big screen test. I studied, all right, but I also broke the rule and went over to another studio, M-G-M, to test for a picture called 'Teresa.' John Ericson got the part. But in the meantime, a Los Angeles columnist printed an item to the effect that 'a dark horse named Bob Wagner may get the leading role in "Teresa." The powers-that-be at 20th read the item. They rushed my test through four days instead of ninety days. Four weeks later they had me playing an important role with Dick Widmark in 'The Halls of Montezuma'!

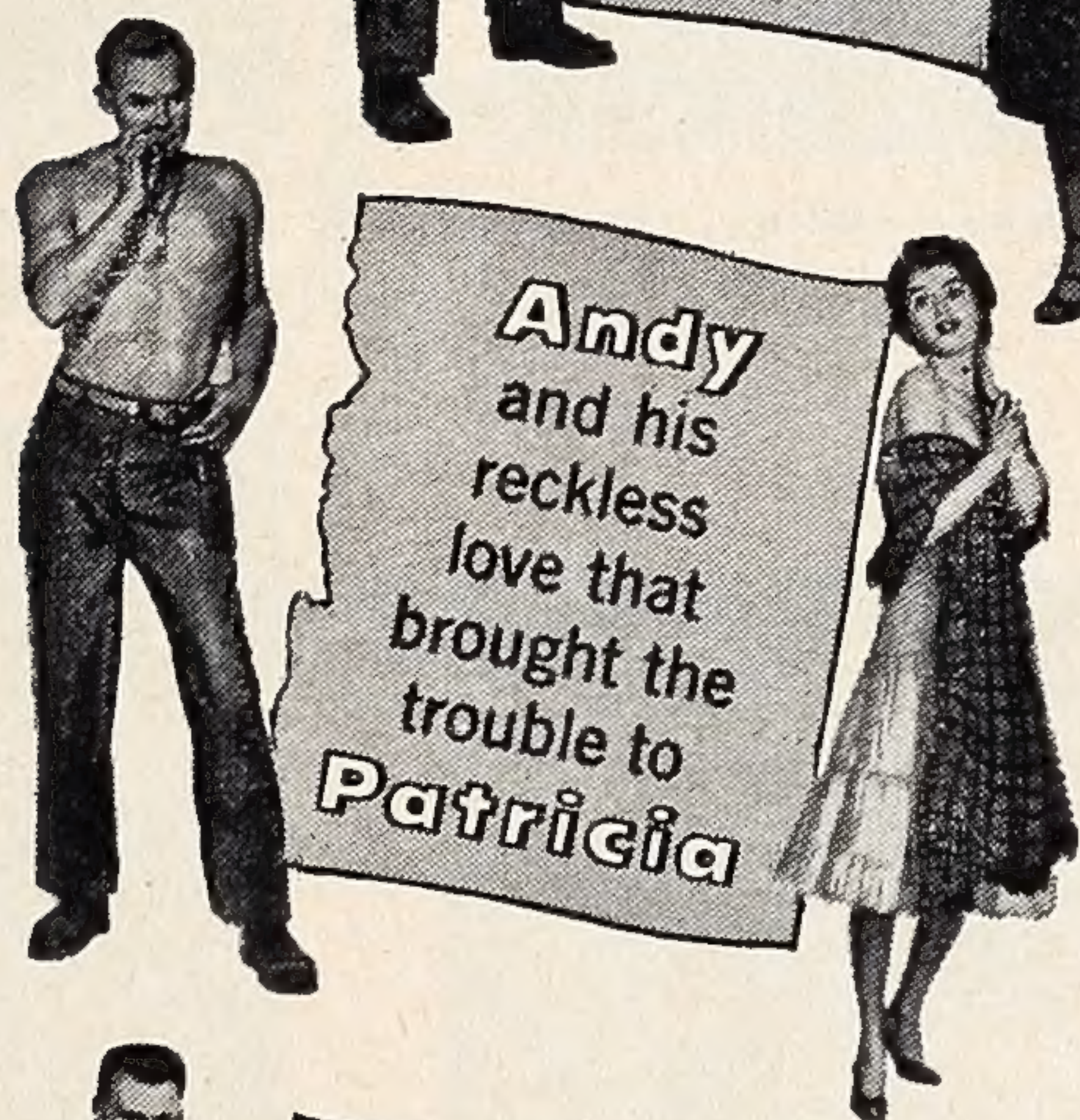
"They put me in another important role in 'Let's Make it Legal' as soon as 'Montezuma' was finished. Nothing happened. I got fair reviews from critics but nothing sensational. Then Susan Hayward was signed by home lot to make 'Song in My Heart' and they gave me a much smaller role in it than I'd had in either 'Montezuma' or 'Let's Make it Legal.'

"Yes, it was a small role. But it was the right time and the right break. It was *the* break. The first week the picture was in release I got two thousand fan letters! I was on my way. Yes, it's a crazy town."

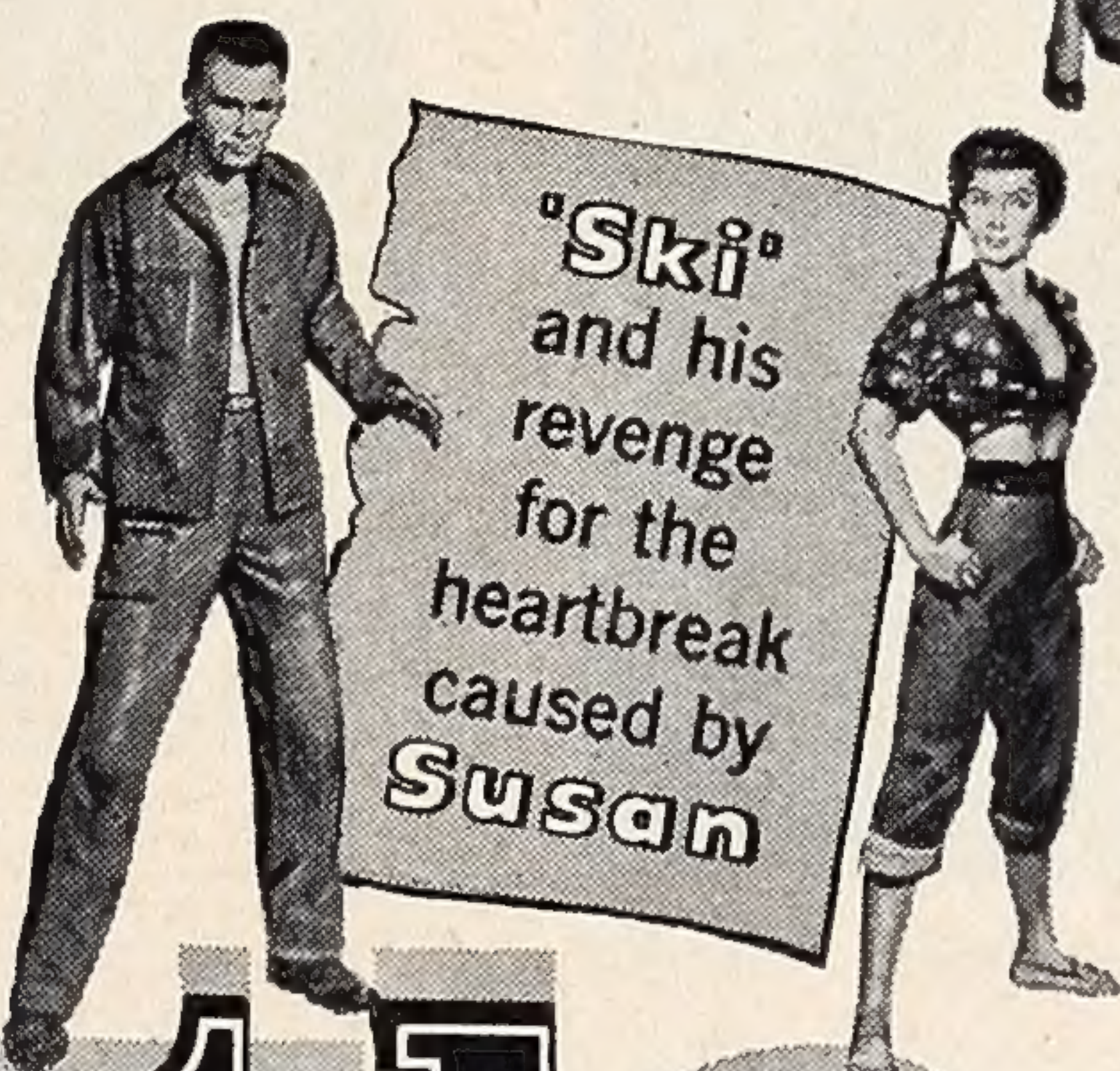
The
guys of
'Battle Cry'



The
girls of
'Battle Cry'



The
scorchingly
personal
story of



Battle Cry

THE BEST-SELLER
THE NATION
COULDN'T
PUT DOWN—
ABOUT
YOUNG
PEOPLE
IN LOVE
WHEN
THE BATTLE
IS FAR AWAY...



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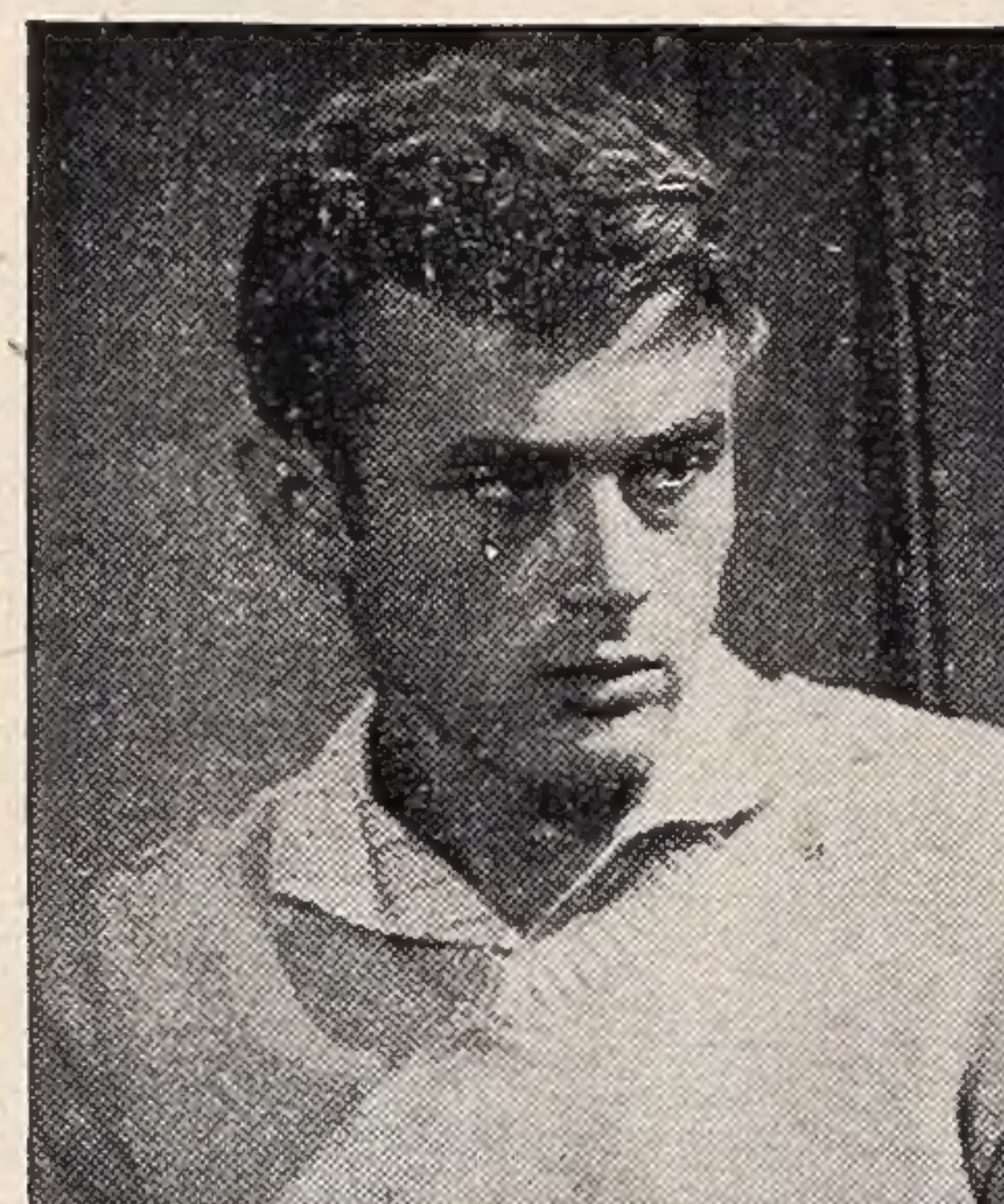
For Debbie, Dean and Jerry—golden apples



Mitzi's the girl most fellows want to draw



Doris Day, here with Marty, always looks as though she's been scrubbed, says Sid



James Dean, a new grunt man?



Mamie doesn't hide the f

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

I RECOGNIZE Grace Kelly's beauty, admire her acting technique, believe she rates an Oscar, yet to be completely honest, I think she lacks a great requisite: warmth! . . . To me Debra Paget is a sweet little girl who shouldn't try to be a sex bundle . . . Mona Freeman tells me: "A woman is well-dressed if nothing she wears stands out but everything looks nice together." Mona is so well-dressed . . . "Gone with the Wind" put Clark Gable back on the popularity polls, and I'm glad . . . They're now referring to Jimmy Dean as the new Marlon Brando. To me Marlon Brando is still new! . . . I would like to see Barbara Bel Geddes in a movie. She's been off the screen too long . . . Among the things Mitzi Gaynor brought back from her honeymoon—the title of ideal "Draw Me" girl by Art Instruction students . . . Mamie Van Doren, always outspoken and frank, admits she is slightly bow-legged, but explains it saying, "I used to play the cello." . . . Debbie Reynolds admits that until she met him, Eddie Fisher's name couldn't be found amongst her huge record col-

lection. Now she's loaded . . . Doris Day always looks as if she has been freshly scrubbed.

The scene between Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger in the taxi in "On the Waterfront" is the finest single scene in any movie this season . . . Burt Lancaster laughs a lot off the screen but admits that he doesn't laugh enough on-screen . . . Which reminds me, they don't make comedies like they used to. Remember those Irene Dunne-Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn gems? . . . It used to be that every comedian wanted to play *Hamlet*. Now it seems that every actor wants to be a singer: Jeff Chandler, Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas—to name just a few . . . And the singers want to be straight dramatic actors: for instance, Frank Sinatra, Howard Keel . . . They're becoming extremely courteous at the neighborhood movie theatres. A friend informed me he went to the lobby to buy some popcorn and they stopped the movie until he returned.

The telephone is a great prop in motion pictures. It won an Oscar for Luise Rainer ("The Great Ziegfeld") and probably will for Edmond O'Brien ("The Barefoot Contessa") . . . To me, Susan Hayward usually looks as if she's about to be angry . . . I believe it was Judy Holliday who said she always has ice cream the same color as her dress, so if she spills any it won't show . . . Tony Curtis and Virginia Mayo rate my applause, too. Tony won the George Washington Carver Memorial Institute's annual Award of Merit, which is presented for outstanding contributions to interracial unity. Virginia was awarded a recognition pin from the Daughters of the American Revolution . . . From the Hollywood Women's Press Club, Debbie Reynolds and Martin and Lewis picked golden apples for cooperativeness; Doris Day and Edmund Purdom got the sour apple award for the most uncooperative . . . Do you realize that the movie stars employ doubles to do all their dangerous jobs for them except marriage? That's Hollywood for you.

Now-be a Pin-up Girl with the Pin-up Curl!

PIN-IT

WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Perfect for new, shorter hair styles
... gives that softer, lovelier
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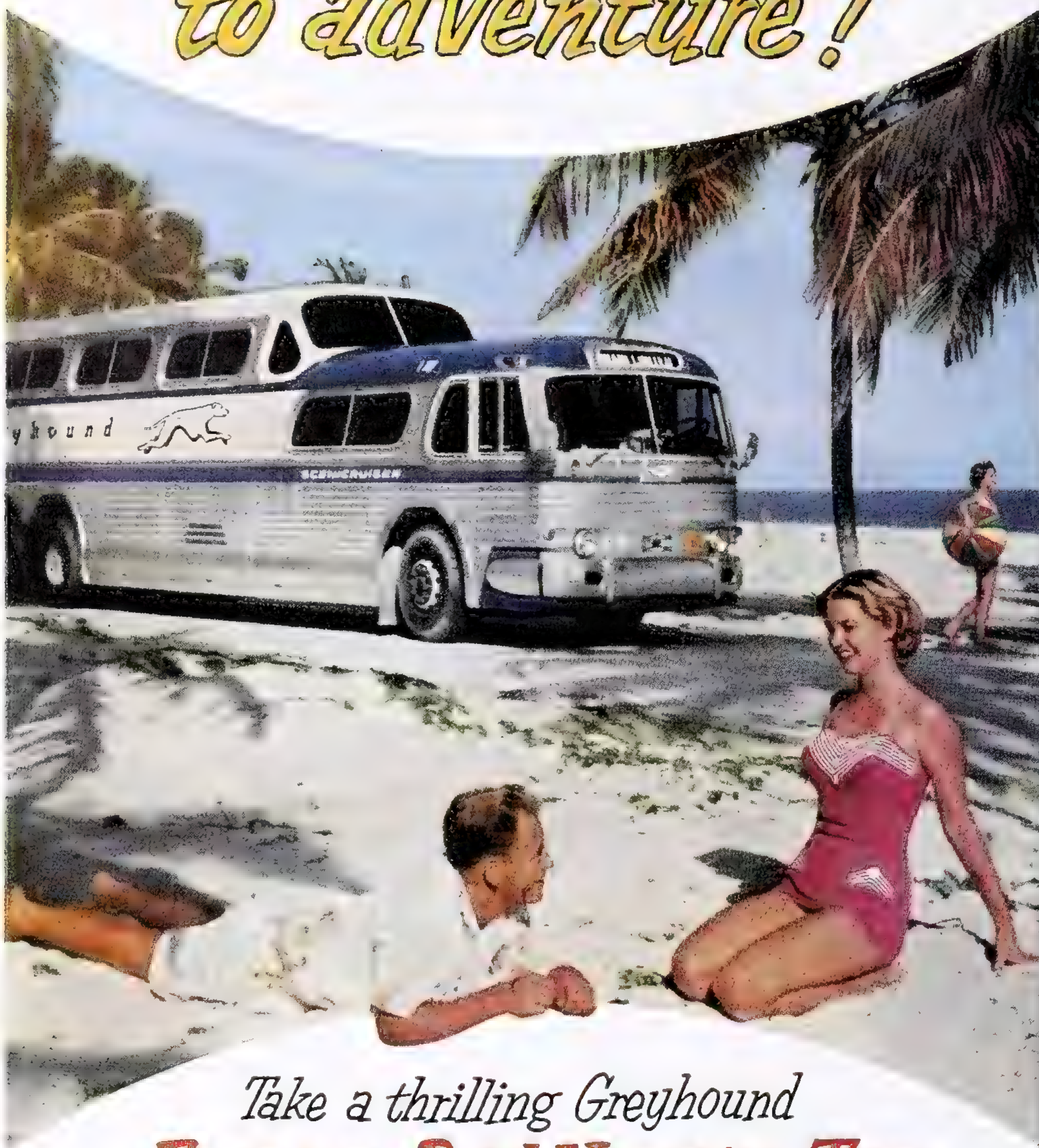
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GREYHOUND®

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON*

LAUGHING STOCK

Alan Wilson's telling about an actor friend who has been on a TV panel show so long he's celebrating his fiftieth callous.

The story of the movie producer who took a cutie to dinner and lavishly wined and dined her on everything from vichyssoise to Baked Alaska is being retold.

"It was a wonderful dinner," the doll told a friend, "but rather strange. We had cold soup and hot ice cream."

Give an actor a death scene and he's happy. William Campbell "died" as a U. S. Marine in "Battle Cry" with the comment:

"Boy, this is really living."

An Irish Irma heard that Aly Khan had a castle in Eire. "Oh, yes," she commented: "I've heard of his relative—Lepre Khan."

Burt Lancaster told it after a series of jumps, falls and lights in "Apache" without the aid of any doubles:

"Things have changed in Hollywood. A few years ago I was in a film with a star who demanded a stunt man.

"What for?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "The part requires a lot of walking and some of the slopes are up-hill."

Overheard: "I never knew he drank until one night he came home sober."

Overheard: "What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?"

Overheard: "She's the type who always lets the *chat* out of the bag."

Hollywood sign language: "Rare Junk Shoppe."

During Errol Flynn's hey-day, three pretty extra-girls reported to his set, although no extras were required for the day's scenes.

"Atmosphere?" Flynn was asked.

"No," he replied, "inspiration."

As a couple of hungry unknowns, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis got their start on the star trail in an Atlantic City night club. A bench on the boardwalk near the club now commemorates the occasion. A bronze plaque, dedicated by the mayor, reads:

"Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis slept here."

Spike Jones returned to Hollywood after a lengthy tour of the U. S. with this report: "One town was so small they had a sign right in the center of it reading: 'You are now entering and leaving Powell, Wyoming.'"

Red Skelton on why he likes drive-in theatres: "The dialogue is great—especially in the car parked next to you."

During a warbling engagement in Las Vegas, Frank Sinatra wore a green suit in one production number. Howls from the audience left Frank quipping:

"What's the matter—haven't you ever seen a skinny pool table?"

*See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station



I NEVER DREAMED
WE COULD GET SUCH REALLY
**WONDERFUL
GIFTS**
FREE FOR RALEIGH COUPONS!

IF YOU HAD A MILLION
DOLLARS - A MILLION
MILLION DOLLARS - YOU
COULDN'T BUY A
BETTER CIGARETTE
THAN RALEIGH!



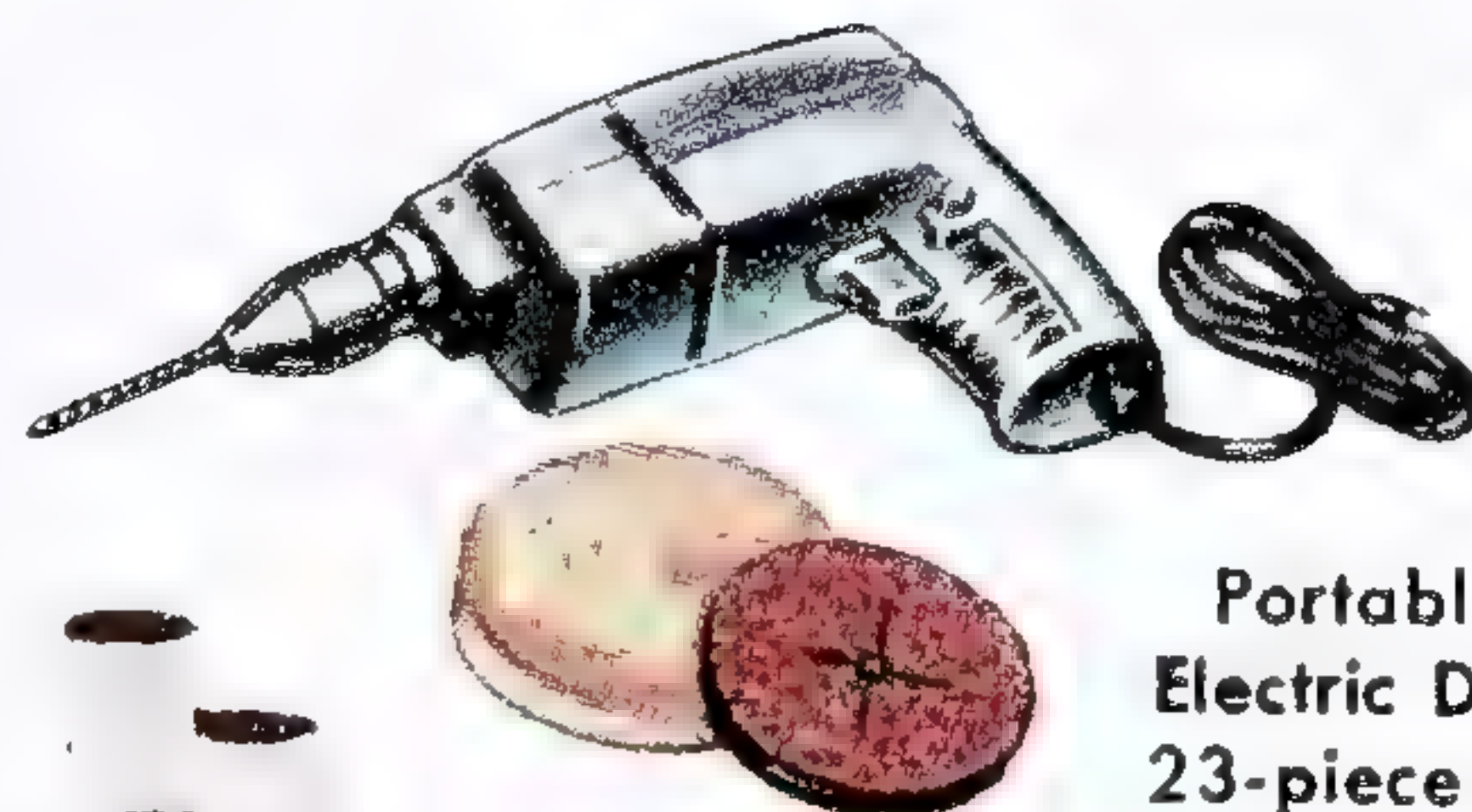
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PLAIN OR TIPPED



Hamilton Beach
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THAN 100 LUXURY
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Only 50¢

2/3 ACTUAL SIZE

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Community Par-Plate Silverware Dessert Server and
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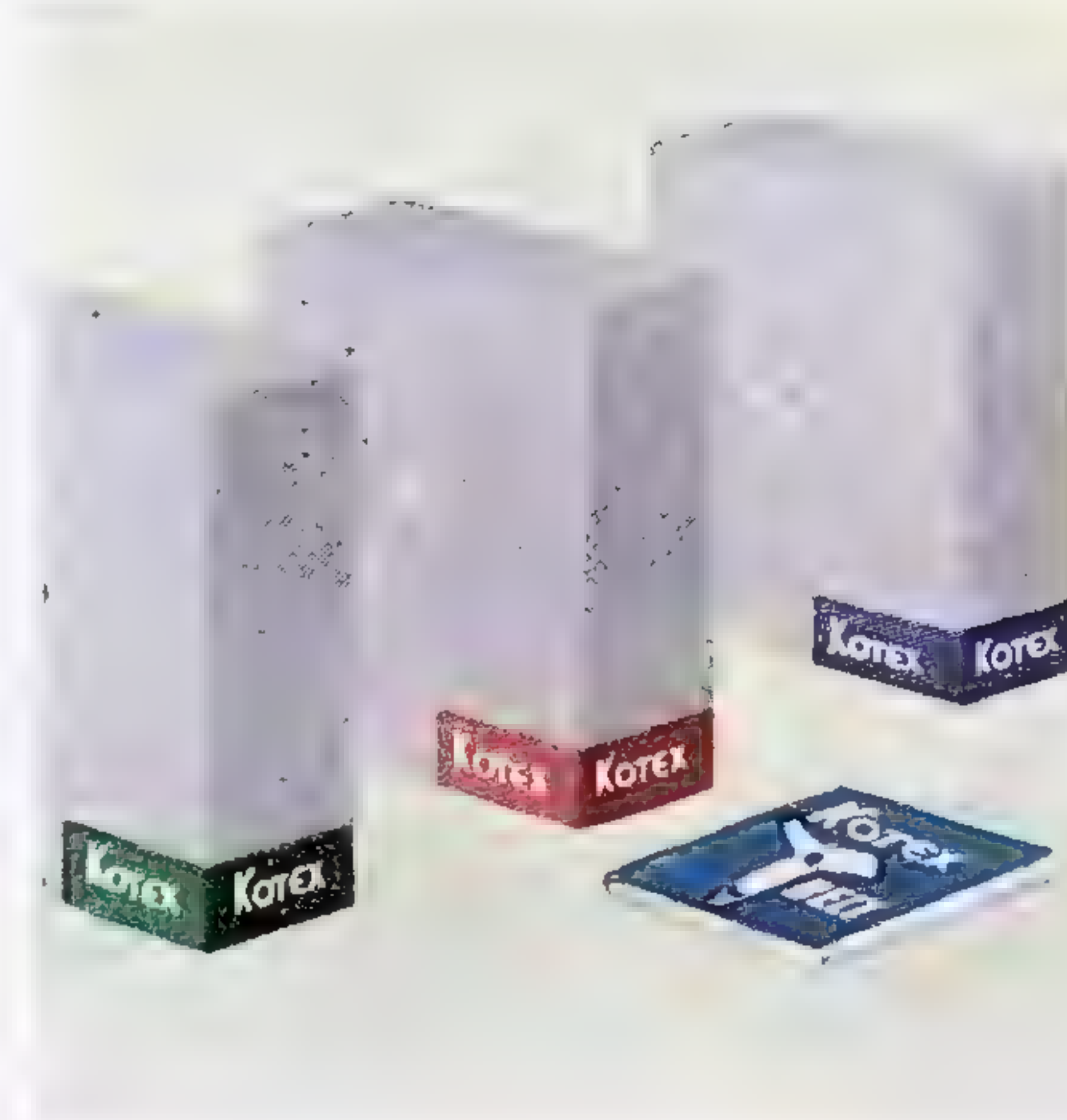
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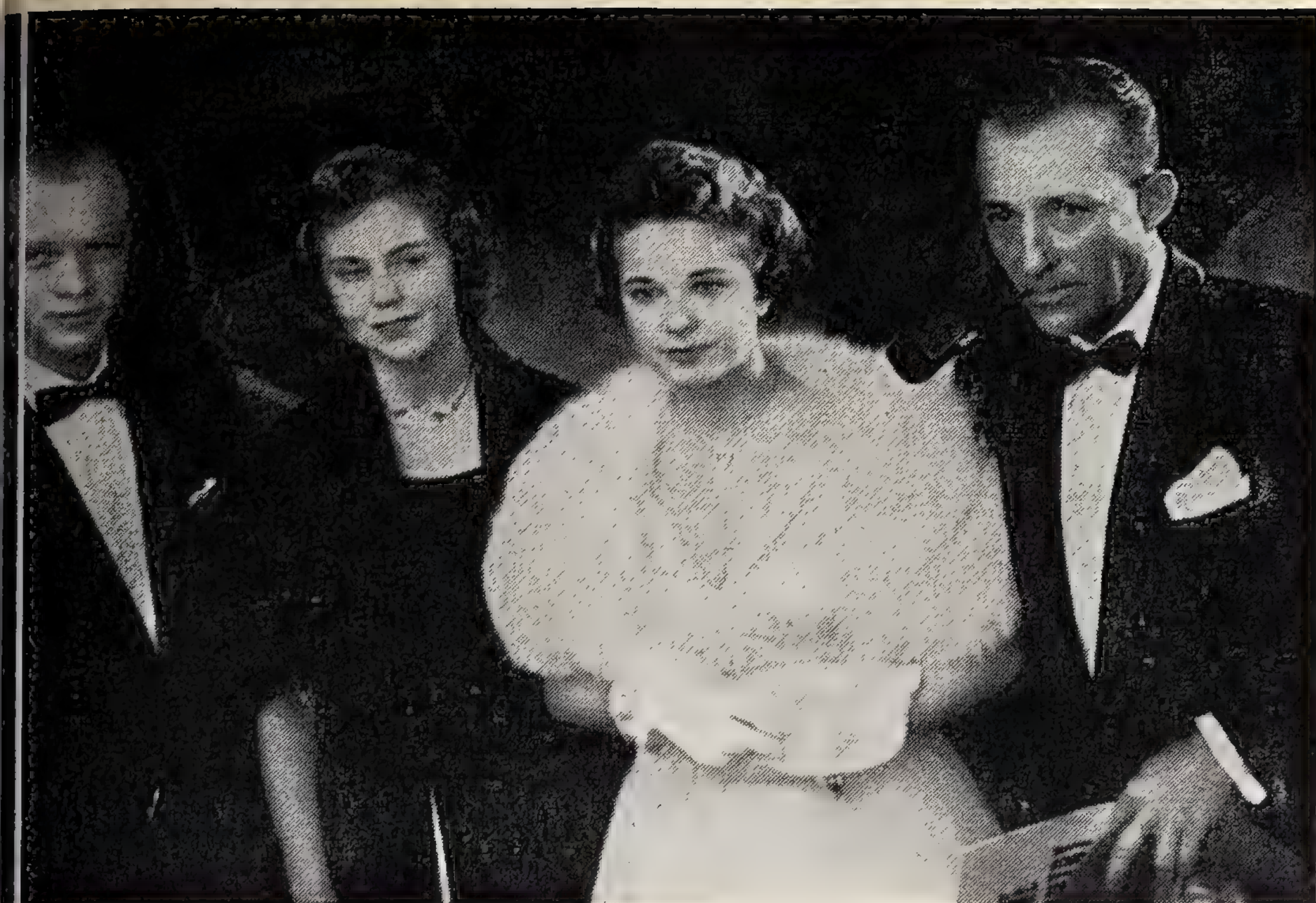
Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs — this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package — soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.



Your choice of three sizes. Regular—blue panel; Junior — green panel; Super — rose panel. And with Kotex you'll want a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.



Bing double-dates with son Dennis at "The Country Girl" preem. Takes Mona Freeman and starts those rumors again

BY

EDITH GWYNN

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

70 BIG PREEMS this month. First was "The Country Girl," with all proceeds going to the Olympic Fund. When it was over, just about everyone agreed that its three stars, Bing Crosby, Bill Holden and Grace Kelly rated Academy Awards for their performances. Among those agreeing were Betty Hackett and Harry James; Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis; Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall; Judy Garland and Sid Luft; Lana Turner and Lex Barker. Bing Crosby turned up double-dating with son Dennis and his date Carolyn Wilson. Bing's date for the big evening was Mona Freeman who looked lovely in a chiffon gown with a full, full skirt and a delicate beaded top. Most of these and scads more were at the gala preem of "There's No Business Like Show Business" a few nights later. And, oh, the raves for that one and its toppers! Probably the individual hit is Mitzi Gaynor. Mitzi's Hollywood stock has soared with this picture and she's in demand like crazy at all the studios.

I was flabbergasted when, on a few hours' notice, Terry Moore invited me to what she called an "impromptu reception" suddenly whipped up for her mum Susan Zanuck and Susie's groom, Andre Hakim, fresh in for a visit from Paris. Terry started out to have a few people, ended up with a hundred in-vees! She borrowed Jay Robinson's house, which he bought from Dr. Lew Correll when Rhonda Fleming decided the house was too small a couple months ago. The affair was strictly casual. Terry was in wool. A black

jumper with a stunning tailored Don Loper white silk blouse with a high neck. Terry's going in for high-necked dresses—part of her "subdued routine" as she puts it. (Another gal who's sticking to the subdued look is Piper Laurie who showed at a luncheon for Prince Axel of Denmark in a lovely wool dress with long sleeves and high neck! Virginia Mayo's another gal who looks good in both high and low necklines. She wore a high neckline, too, at Prince Axel's party.) Terry's date for the evening was Nicky Hilton, who incidentally gifted Terry with a gorgeous sapphire mink jacket (for no special reason) the week before. Susie Zanuck Hakim sported one of those short and madly streaked French hairdos. The gals seemed to go for it—so we're probably in for some rainbow-hued heads hereabouts! Terry left the next day to entertain servicemen.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis hosted PHOTOPLAY publisher Irving Manheimer and his wife, who were also feted at a dinner party by producer Stanley Kramer and his wife with many, many celebrities in attendance.

Proudest gal in town was Esther Williams at the City of Hope party which honored her as top Hollywood Mother of the Year. Other mommas like Ann Blyth, Donna Reed, Patti Lewis, Gale Storm, Maureen O'Sullivan and Sheila MacRae got some "honors" too. Jerry Lewis, working with his usual zest, auctioned off toys and things and raised plenty money for the children who benefited by the affair.



It's all part of the subdued look, says Piper



Janet Leigh hosts Mrs. Irving Manheimer



It's easy to see why Ginny sets the style



AND INTRODUCING
NEW



**BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF ONE...
IN THIS GAY GIFT PACKAGE**

**Regular \$2 value
now only \$1**

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

BOURJOIS

*Created in France...
Made in U. S. A.

READERS INC..



SOAP BOX:

It seems that almost everyone in Hollywood is just trying to see who is the sexiest. I think that Corinne Calvet, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Marilyn Monroe are just plain sickening.

What Hollywood needs is lovely Lori Nelson. I think they should put her in more pictures. I'd like to see her and it would give Hollywood a better name.

MARILYN NEWSON
New York, New York



Lori's just what Hollywood needs

I have just returned from seeing the picture "Twist of Fate." As you know, it marks the debut of Jacques Bergerac, Ginger Rogers' husband. After seeing him perform, I'm convinced that he is going to be one of the biggest stars in the industry. He is, without qualification, the handsomest actor on the screen. And his performance would do credit to a veteran.

DONNA DUNN
Chicago, Illinois

Have you ever noticed: That Doris Day has the prettiest fingernails in all Hollywood . . . That John Hodiak has the warmest smile of any actor . . . That Marilyn Monroe has "little" legs and the biggest smile . . . That Jean Peters is the very best actress . . . That Marlon Brando is the best actor in all the world . . . That Ann Blyth has the prettiest teeth ever . . . That Rock Hudson isn't so handsome after all . . . That Cyd Charisse has the prettiest legs in Hollywood . . . That Ursula Thiess looks like an older Debbie Reynolds. . . . That Bob Mitchum has the best-looking haircut in Hollywood. . . . That Mario Lanza has the biggest and best voice in his time. . . . That Janet Leigh has the best figure in the movie business. . . . That Rosemary Clooney has the prettiest hairdo along with Patti Lewis. . . . That Jose Ferrer is the actor most girls most like to meet?

PAT BAKER
Whistler, Alabama

In our high school paper, *The Growler*, was the following article. We thought you might be interested.

"Wouldn't it be nice if: School began at 12 noon; We got out at 1 p.m. with an hour for lunch; we were awarded cars instead of grades. . . . we had jets instead of school buses; chewing gum and laughing in class were required; roll call was never called;

Monday morning wasn't; skipping was a course; we had a faculty like English-Debbie Reynolds, Rory Ca Science-Jane Russell, Rock Hudson guages-Zsa Zsa Gabor, Fernando I Chemistry-Boris Karloff; Speech-T Bankhead, Edward G. Robinson; M Doris Day, Howard Keel; Physical tion-Marilyn Monroe, Burt Lan Drivers' Education-Marlon Brando. It would be nice, wouldn't it?

MARY HENEY, MARGILYN
De Land, Florida

On page 24 of the January 1955 PLAY, Jean Simmons calls Marlon "the most exciting actor there is Jean, how can you say this after opposite Richard Burton in "The Please reconsider!

MRS. BURTON BLAKELEY
Thamesville, Ontario,

I would like to say a few words appreciation of such rising stars as Dalton and Richard Anderson who time to sign photographs personally a great movie fan and was highly when I received autographed photo from Audrey and Richard. It would good thing if more stars followed example.

ANN BROOKS
Berkeley, Cal.



Dick Anderson, Audrey Dalton—fans

Steve Cochran was very convincing the heel in "Carnival Story"—to convincing!

MAUREE
Gary, Ind.

A recent magazine photo of Thompson that was shown to me w tioned to the effect that our new i was now living in the sticks with but rattlesnakes for companions. N your November PHOTOPLAY, I see t dwelling alone in an "isolated" c

Admittedly, Topanga is not New York. However, we have appo ly 4000 people residing here. We short drive from Los Angeles, a city probably heard of. We have about nesses here, wide-awake civic assoc two churches and four church grou

As you have probably gathered, many others) become quite disturbe this growing community is advertis

Continued on p

"Go out with him?...
Don't make me laugh!"



Gwen was still laughing when she hung up the receiver. Jane looked on incredulously. "But he has a car, good looks, a good job," she protested. "So what?" Gwen sneered. "He's got something else, too . . . something that nullifies every charm."

Jane still looked blank.

"I mean, honeybun," Gwen said seriously, "that his breath is that way*."

★ ★ ★

You simply don't get by when you're guilty of *halitosis (bad breath). Remember, too, that men are often the worst offenders. Isn't it just common sense to use the surest thing you know to overcome this condition? Listerine Antiseptic, of course . . . night and morning . . . and before

any date. Listerine stops bad breath and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than any tooth paste.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine instantly kills germs . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the fermentation, produced by germs, of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, the more you reduce germs in the mouth.*



Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but Listerine kills them by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste

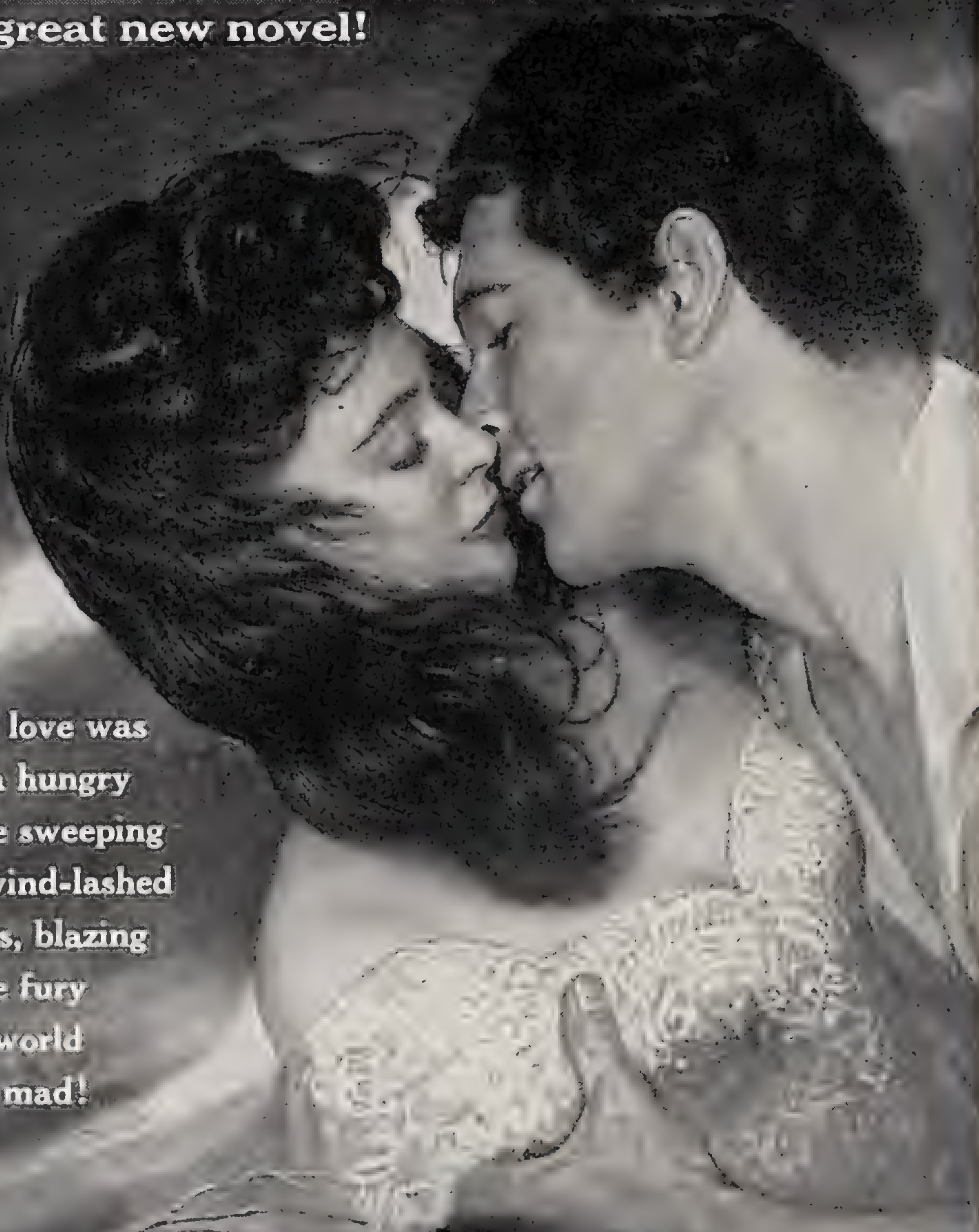
Every week on Television
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

THE BRILLIANT YOUNG STARS
OF "MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"

bringing to life the violent
passions and dramatic
excitement of W. R. Burnett's
great new novel!



Their love was
like a hungry
flame sweeping
the wind-lashed
moors, blazing
in the fury
of a world
gone mad!



Universal International presents

ROCK HUDSON
BARBARA RUSH
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PRINT BY *Technicolor*
**CAPTAIN
LIGHTFOOT**



in
CINEMASCOPE

with KATHLEEN RYAN • FINLAY CURRIE • DENIS O'DEA • GEOFFREY TOONE • Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK
Screenplay by W. R. BURNETT and OSCAR BRODNEY • Story and Adaptation by W. R. BURNETT • Produced by ROSS HUNTER

READERS INC.

continued from page 14

choice rustler's hideout, a rattlesnake
or just plain "isolated."

We will forgive you to some extent
cause of the inserted expression "b
ful Topanga Canyon." It is—very!

HAROLD E. RO
Topanga, Calif.

I realize that because of all the bal
"A Star Is Born" is receiving, Judy
land will probably win the Academy A
for being the best actress of the year
for my money, Elizabeth Taylor de
it for her magnificent acting in "The
Time I Saw Paris." She went from
vivacious and gay to being sweet
dreamy and finally to being sad an
comparably beautiful with never onc
ing the spellbound attention of her
ence. I defy anyone to say Liz is ju
other beautiful girl with no talent
seeing this movie! The script was
Van Johnson was terrific and Liz was
standing!

MARILYN KRAFT
Michigan City, Ind.

CASTING:

I know Rory Calhoun would like to
a role with his wife, Lita Barone, an
perfect vehicle for them both would b
book, "The Comancheros."

MARLENE CATON
Winsted, Conn.



How about Rory and Lita as reel-life rom

I have just read the book "The H
Cavalier," by Samuel Shellabarger, a
think it would make a very exciting m
casting as Blaise—Guy Madison, A
Joan Weldon, Renée—Maureen Swa
Pierre—Gabriel Woolfe, and as Jean
Norville—Carlos Thompson.

HELEN HUGH
Lincoln, Calif.

I just finished reading Francis P
son Keyes' wonderful book "Steal
Gothic," and all the way through I th
what a wonderful movie it would
with Montgomery Clift as Clyde Bate
and Janet Leigh as Lucy.

SALLY BRI
Boynton, F

Since Biblical stories are so popular
days, why doesn't someone make the
of Ruth? They wouldn't have any t
casting it. Elizabeth Taylor would m
perfect Ruth, with either Richard E
or Charlton Heston as Boaz.

DEBORAH B
Houston, T

We have just read "They Love
Laugh" by Kathryn Worth. In our o
it is one of the best books ever w
and it contains many parts that wou
highly adaptable to the screen. Fo
players we would like: John Derr
Continued on pa



*You feel so very sure of yourself... after a **WHITE RAIN** Shampoo!*

You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feel-

ing you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New **WHITE RAIN** Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

Molds you

with miracle latex
outside



Holds you

with magic
"finger" panels



Pampers you

with kitten-soft fabric inside

Playtex Magic-Controller

Slimming because there's latex outside...

comfortable because there's fabric inside!



Miracle latex slims and trims
without a seam, stitch or bone!
Hidden "finger" panels firm
and support like magic!
Washes, dries in a hurry, too.

Kitten-soft fabric
inside—and a new
non-roll top—for
extra comfort!

**PLAYTEX FABRIC LINED
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Other Playtex Fabric Lined
Girdles, from \$4.95. In the
SLIM tube, at department
stores and better specialty
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READERS INC...

continued from page 16

Jonathan, Robert Francis as Milton, Jeffrey Hunter as Clarkson, Russ Tamblyn as Barzailli, Ben Cooper as Addison, Ann Blyth as Martitia, Debra Paget as Ruth, Spencer Tracy as Dr. Gardner, Irene Dunne as Mrs. Gardner, and Edmund Gwenn as Grandfather.

LARENA O'NEAL, BARBARA MODAWELL
Brownwood, Texas

I think that Zane Grey's "Wildfire" would make an excellent movie with Guy Madison in the male lead and Joan Weldon playing opposite him.

NANCY NIEDRINGHANS
Creve Coeur, Missouri

Why isn't a movie made from "The Turquoise"?—a magnificent novel which would be a great movie starring Jennifer Jones and Charlton Heston.

MRS. NEDRA PERRY
Muskogee, Oklahoma



Jennifer's the star for the part

I believe if some studio produced one of Frances P. Keyes' books with an old Louisiana background, such as "Steamboat Gothic," "River Road" or "Crescent Carnival," they would have a show... as great and grand as "Gone with the Wind"...

CAROL GRAY LYNN
Pacific Grove, California

I have just finished James Street's novel, "O Promised Land!" and I think it would make a terrific movie starring Rock Hudson as Sam, Susan Cabot as Honoria, Myron Healy as Ab and Julia Adams as Donna. Hope some studio thinks I'm right!

ROSEMARIE CHANEY
Massillon, Ohio

I've been hearing all sorts of rumors about Hollywood's ideas for filming the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic "Carousel." In my opinion no studio but M-G-M should film this play, no director but Mervyn LeRoy should supervise the filming and no stars but lovely Ann Blyth and Howard Keel should re-create the roles of Julie Jordan and Billy Bigelow.

JANET CHAPMAN
Seattle, Washington

I'd love to see 20th Century-Fox do Kathleen Winsor's "Star Money" with Susan Hayward as Shireen, William Holden as Ed, George Sanders as Paul Worth, Celeste Holm as Georgia and Rory Calhoun as Johnny. That would really be something.

FRANCIS YOUNG
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

I have just read a book entitled "A Stone for Danny Fisher," by Harold Robbins. The part of the main character, Danny, would really be something for John

Continued on page 23

It reaches
from
West Point
right
to your
heart!

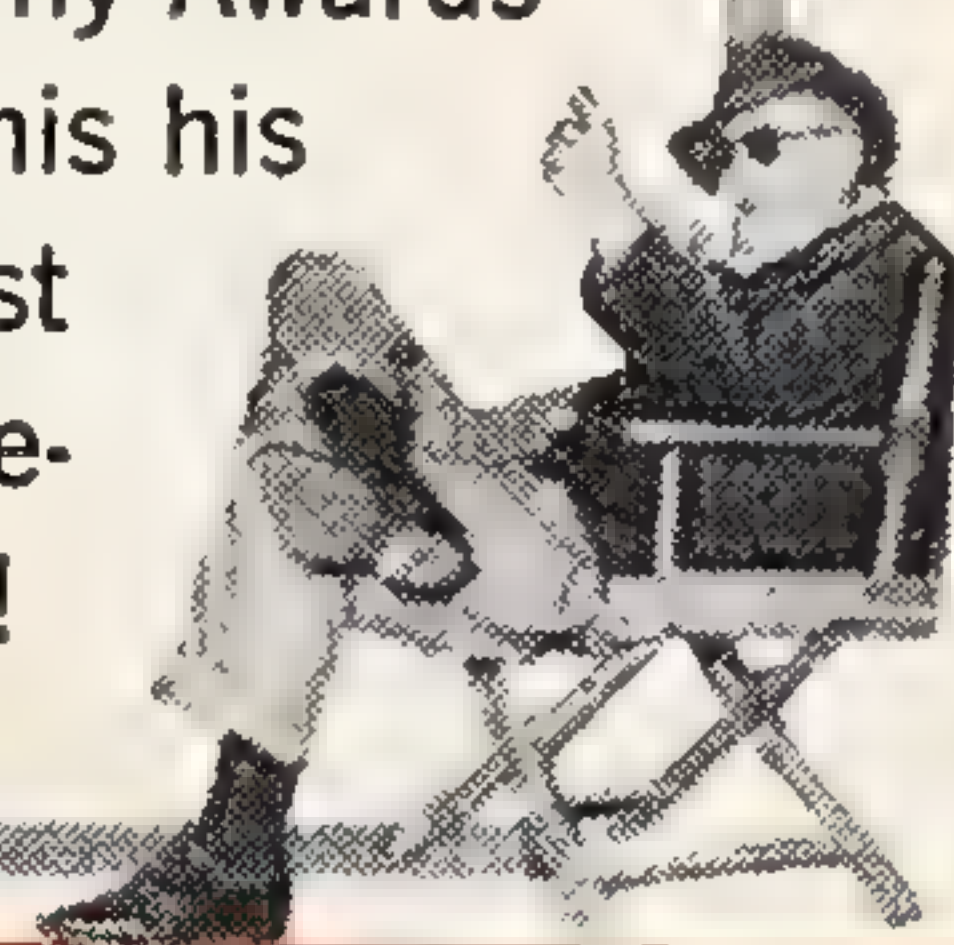


Out of the heart of the Army
came "From Here to Eternity"...

Out of the heart of the Navy
came "The Caine Mutiny"...and now, out of
the heart of all America comes "The Long
Gray Line"! If you're looking for true great-
ness in motion picture entertainment,
you'll find it in this true-as-life
story that's filled with
thrill and tenderness...
laughter and love!



DIRECTOR
JOHN FORD...
winner of four
Academy Awards
calls this his
"greatest
achievement"!



TYRONE POWER
MAUREEN O'HARA

in JOHN FORD'S



THE LONG GRAY LINE

CINEMASCOPE

Color by

TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring ROBERT FRANCIS • DONALD CRISP • WARD BOND • BETSY PALMER • PHIL CAREY

Screen Play by EDWARD HOPE • Based upon "Bringing Up the Brass" by Marty Maher and Nardi Reeder Campion

Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR • Directed by JOHN FORD • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

★★★★ EXCELLENT ★★★ VERY GOOD ★★ GOOD ★ FAIR



20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

DISNEY; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ Pure adventure fills the screen in Walt Disney's heartily satisfying translation of Jules Verne's science-fiction classic. While camera magic and mechanical wonders entrance your eyes, an expert cast headed by Paul Lukas, Kirk Douglas and Peter Lorre keeps your emotions involved. The time is 1868, and a weird sea monster is preying on Pacific shipping. As a lusty, brawling harpooner, Kirk is an American warship sunk by the monster. He soon finds that it is no living creature, but a "submarine boat." With scientists Paul Lukas and Peter Lorre, he is taken aboard the sub. Their fate is uncertain, for the captain (Mason) is a strange man, a scientist dedicated to revenge against an unnamed nation. The rousing action takes place on the bottom under the sea (the latter scenes filmed off Nassau). **FAIR**

Mason finds Douglas a rebellious captive; Lorre looks on.



Three for the Show

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ Here's a fresh, gay tune-film carried by a quartet of lively personalities: Betty Grable, Jack Lemmon, Marge and Gower Champion. Its theme at first seems unpromising for comedy, as Betty, a stage-musical star married to a leading man (Gower), discovers that her first husband (Jack) wasn't killed in Korea after all. She has committed legal bigamy, but she enjoys her dilemma, keeping the boys teetering while she makes a very leisurely choice between them. Marge is in suspense, too, because she once fancied herself in love with first Jack, then Gower. Musical interludes are woven neatly into the farce situations. Her point in hilarity comes when Jack, Gower and Betty do a dance all around a duplex apartment in a sequence that comes delightfully close to a dance, yet can't be classified. **FAIR**

Jack's in no mood for a party; Betty, Marge and Gower look on.



The Far Country

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ Like James Stewart's "Bend of the River," his new film is a good, vigorous Western, done with appealing simplicity and skill. Though the story's setting is old-time Alaska, most of the picture was shot in Canada's Jasper Park, a magnificent background for the action. Jimmy Stewart and partner Walter Brennan take a herd of cattle to a remote community where beef commands a high price. But the get-rich-quick scheme is blocked by jovial John McIntire, whose gang of hoodlums has terrorized the territory. Even when respectable citizens ask for Jimmy's help, our hard-bitten hero insists he's strictly out for himself. He's just as cavalier with a pretty tomboy (Corinne Calvet) and a gambling-house owner (Ruth Roman). As experienced moviegoers wait for him to see the light, tension mounts. **FAIR**

When Jimmy's downed by gunshot wounds, Corinne plays nurse.



These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her *right* hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! *This photograph is unretouched.*

Positive proof: "Detergent Hands" can be stopped

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Hands are a key to your personality. If your hands suffer from overwork, take heart — there's wonderful news for you!

Recently 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands *alone*.

In 3 or 4 days, the untreated hands were in trouble. They were roughened and reddened — in some cases, even

cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth, and lovely!

The women were frankly amazed to see the difference in their hands. *No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens* — and they agreed it was delightful to use; not the least bit sticky or greasy.

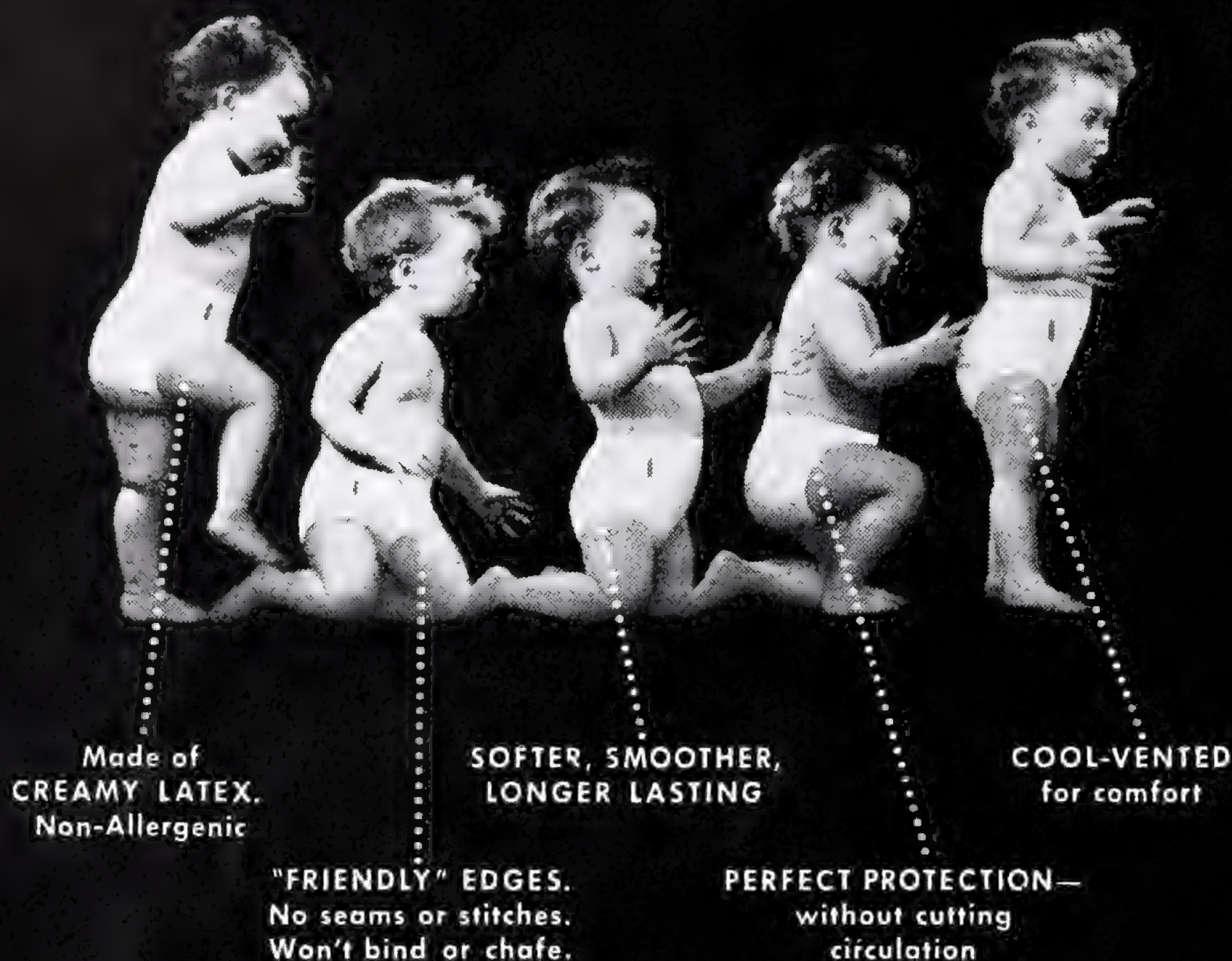
The famous Jergens formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It never lets wind, weather or housework disgrace your hands — and it takes just seconds to apply. Use it every day.

Jergens Lotion today is a rich, creamier lotion with a pleasing new fragrance. Only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

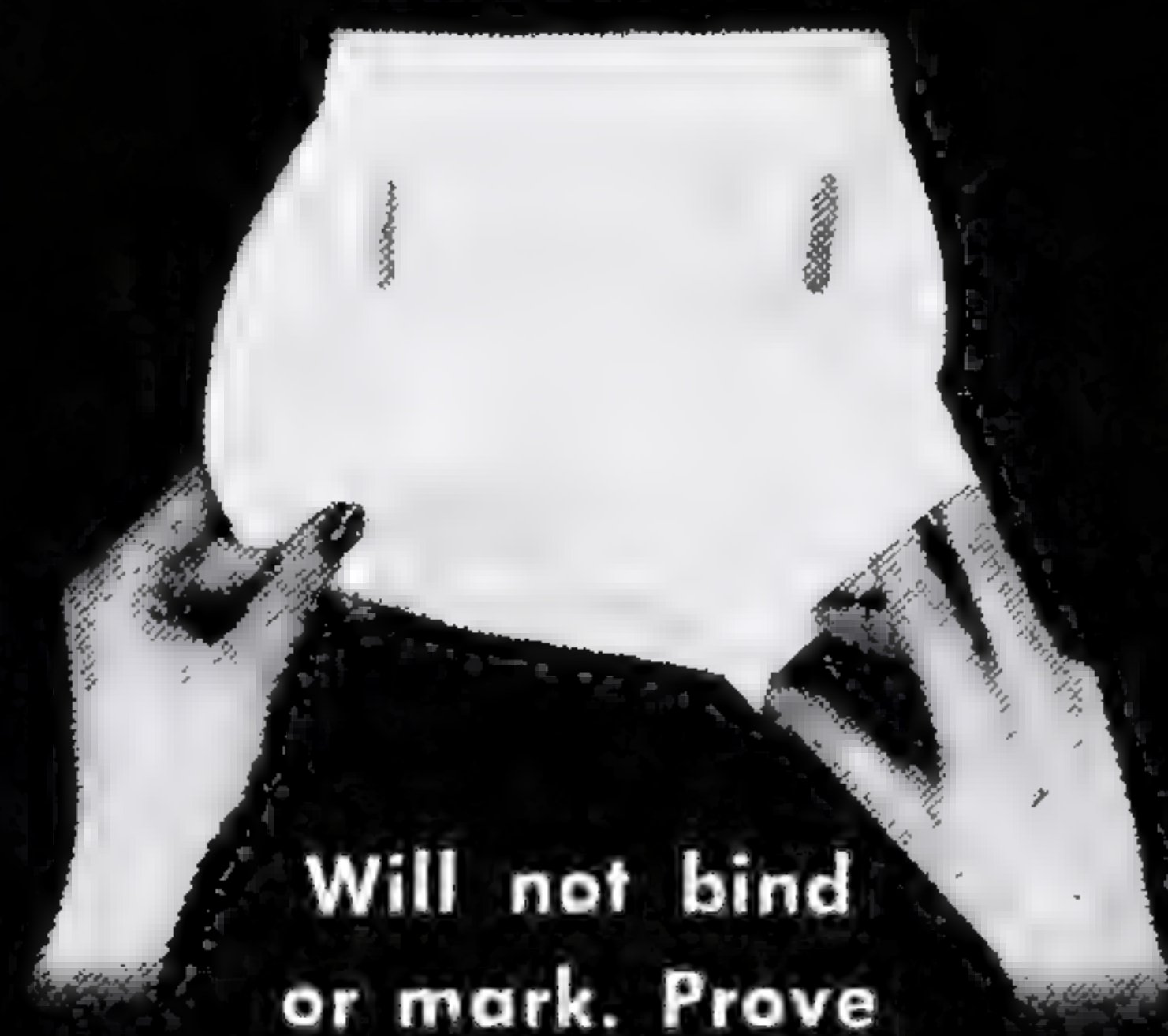


*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.



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"Socially Acceptable"
 IN **PLAYTEX®** BABY PANTS

Made of
 non-allergenic latex
 ... the coolest,
 completely stretchable,
 waterproof material
 known!



Will not bind
 or mark. Prove
 it with your
 own hands!

No wonder MORE MOTHERS BUY PLAYTEX THAN ANY OTHER MAKE!

In U.S.A. ... from 79¢ wherever baby needs are sold.

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In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario



One show changed John's life

TURN OF A CAREER

BY JOHN DEREK

When I first went into pictures, I'm afraid I didn't take them very seriously. True, I attended dramatic school . . . and caught up on my sleep during class.

Then I went away to war and, when I returned, my outlook on life was a serious one. I began to concentrate on my career. I went to work in earnest. I was at 20th Century-Fox for a while, mostly in more classes. And although this time I stayed wide awake, my option was dropped. However, not before I met my wife, Patti Behrs.

When Columbia signed me for the role of Nick Romano in "Knock on Any Door," I seemed to be going great guns, so I left Columbia and struck out on my own. But very little happened. My career went downhill, then hit bottom.

One night my agent called. He asked if I would be interested in doing a Lux Video Show. They were producing "A Place in the Sun" and I was wanted for the Montgomery Clift role.

I thought about it. The scenes in movies are short. You know that they can always be re-shot if you flub a line. A television show would mean learning an hour's worth of dialogue at a time, sustaining a characterization. And what happened if I couldn't remember the lines? I gave my agent a reply. "No," I said.

"Think it over," he suggested.

Patti didn't rush or push my decision. She knew it was something I had to settle for myself. She did let me know that she believed in me. And finally I knew that I had to do it. If I didn't, I'd always regret it. The show went on.

That night after the last line had been spoken, I began receiving telephone calls and studio bids.

I signed with Paramount. I went into "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" and "Prince of Players" for 20th. I did "The Annapolis Story" for Allied Artists.

In that one hour my career had turned upward. Needless to say, I'm an extremely grateful guy.

...to sink his teeth into! He could
it all the fire and intensity that is
ed with just the right amount of re-
nt where and when that is needed, and,
e same time, be tender and gentle. Mr.
k is the only person I could visualize
anny Fisher. He is such a fine actor
he would make you feel he actually is
y Fisher.

EDITH LIPPMAN
New York, New York

QUESTION BOX:

...you please tell me who played the
le just married in "The High and the
ity"... Where can I write to them?

JOHN SULLIVAN
Birmingham, Alabama

...ren Sharpe and John Smith portrayed
ewlyweds. Write to them c/o Warner
—ED.

...would like to know who the female lead
n the first version of "The Magnificent
ssion," opposite Robert Taylor.

MRS. GERTRUDE SCHIMELMAN
Cumberland, Maryland

...ne Dunne was the femme lead.—ED.

...Bette Davis' name pronounced Betty
et?

JILL GREEN
Ft. Riley, Kansas

...tty.—ED.

...would like to know the name of Jeff
er's next movie and who stars with

ROBERT TIDWELL
Tamparsi, Florida

...h's "White Feather," with Bob Wag-
Debra Paget and Virginia Leith.—ED.

...would like to know who played the part
e little girl Vicki in the movie "The
Time I Saw Paris."

JO ELLEN BOBAY
Fort Wayne, Indiana

...ght-year-old Sandra Descher, some-
called Sandy.—ED.

...s anyone recorded Leonard Bernstein's
the Waterfront" theme music?

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS
Atlantic City, New Jersey

...s. Rudy Denell, for Benita Records.

...ould you please tell me if the first
e of "A Star Is Born," with Janet
or and Fredric March, was in Tech-
or?

MONA LEE STEEL
Baltimore, Maryland

...s, it was.—ED.

...ave just recently seen the movie ver-
of Annemarie Selinko's great novel
ée. Could you please tell me the name
e beautiful waltz piece played during
movie?

JOANNE NOYER
Niagara Falls, New York

...ésirée," by Alex North. It's been re-
d by Bing Crosby and Jane Froman
g others.—ED.

Continued on page 25

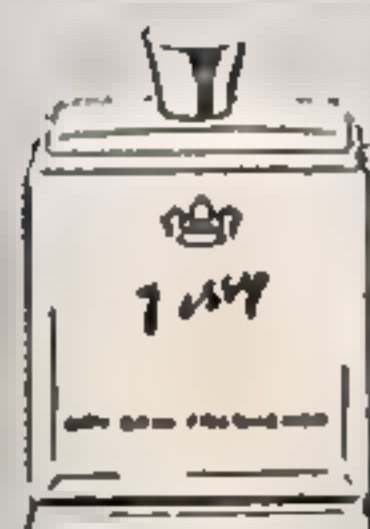
How you can quick-cleanse, lubricate and make up...all with Tussy's golden All-Purpose Cream

Now, with one wonderful cream...you have a rich
night cream, a deep-action cleanser, AND a foundation!

Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing. Stroke
All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always mov-
ing *up and out*. Circle it around your eyes. It cleanses better
than any soap or many a cream! It actually gets down
under "Make-up Clog" and dirt...and clears them out!

Use it as a night cream and make-up base to help
keep skin soft and smooth 24 hours a day!

Make-up clings longer when you use Tussy All-
Purpose Cream as a foundation. A special moisturizing
ingredient helps it go on *smoother*, too. And you get 6 full
ounces for only \$1.



Use Tussy Dry Skin
Freshener to re-
move every trace of
cream. 8 oz. bottle, \$1.

prices plus tax





THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS

STORY BY IRVING BERLIN'S
ETHEL MERMAN DONALD O'CONNOR MARLYN MONROE
DAN DALEY JOHNNIE RAY MILDRED GAYNOR

CINEMASCOPE



CARMEN JONES

HARRY BELAFONTE DOROTHY DANDRIDGE PEARL BAILEY OLGA JAMES JOE ADAMS

CINEMASCOPE

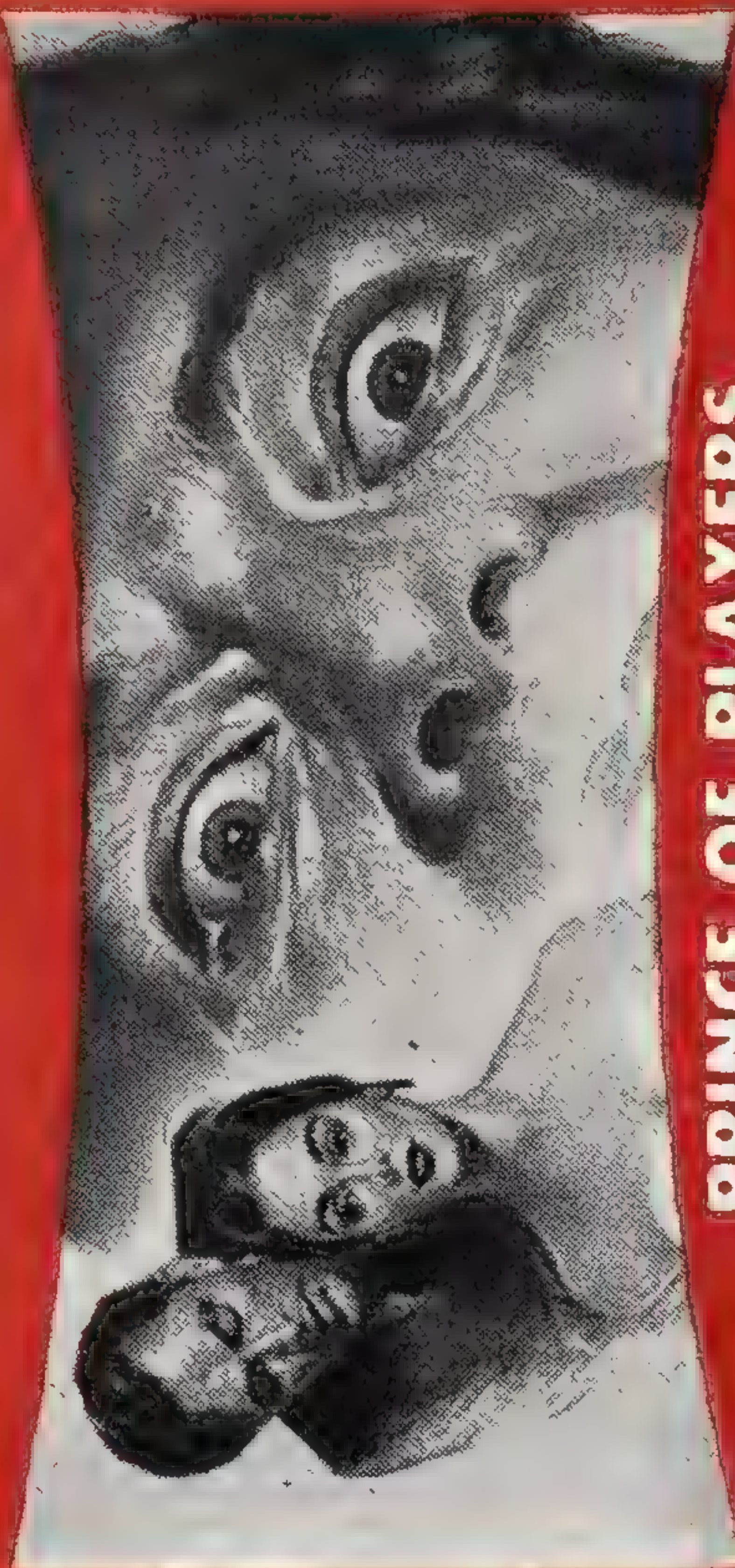


DESIREE

MARLON BRANDO JEAN SIMMONS MERLE OBERON MICHAEL RENNIE

CINEMASCOPE

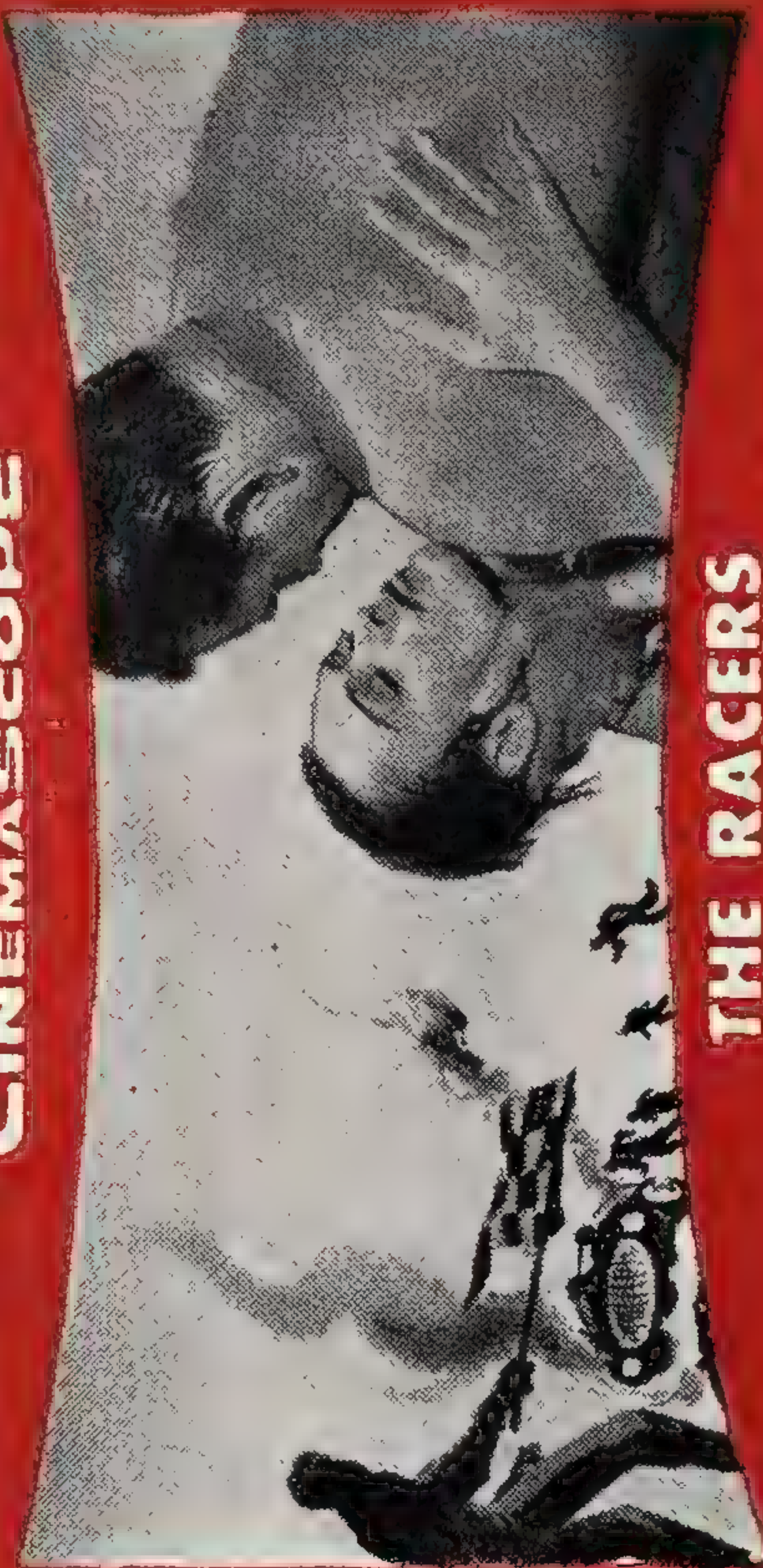
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JOE ARD BOB OLM MAGGIE FARHAMARA JOHN DIERCK MAYMUND MASSEY
CHARLIE BICKFORD ELIZABETH SCOLLARS AND EVA DE GAULIERE

CINEMASCOPE



THE RACERS

DOUGLAS BELLE GARY RUBEN ROLAND
JERRY LEE JERRY CORR KATY JURADO

CINEMASCOPE



WHITE FEATHER

ROBERT WALKER JOHN LUND EBBRA PAGE JESSIE MONTE

CINEMASCOPE

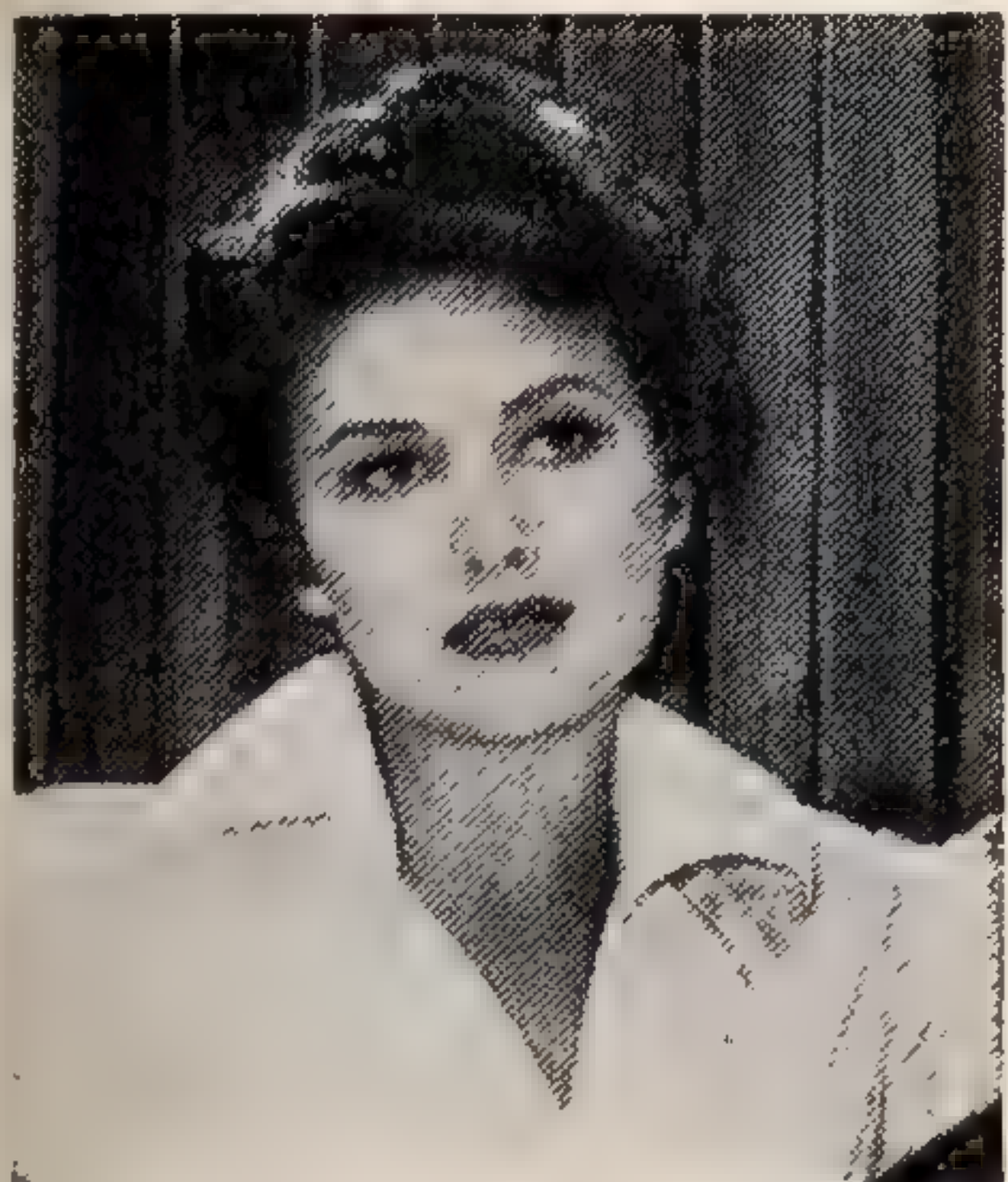
CINEMASCOPE

In the wonder of High-Fidelity STEREOHONIC SOUND

I just saw "The Caine Mutiny" and was a girl in it named May Wynn. I wonder if she has taken the name from the movie.

BETTY CHABALIK
New York, New York

Human Wouk's May Wynn is played by May Wynn, sure enough. Formerly cabana dancer Donna Lee Hickey, she took her new screen name from this movie.—ED.



May's no fictional character!

I have just seen "Brigadoon," and I thought it was a great show. I enjoyed the dancing of Gene Kelly, who is my favorite, and Cyd Charisse. But I was wondering who "ghosted" the voice of Miss Laing.

JERRY BUCAHANAN
Omaha, Nebraska

None. Cyd sings, acts and dances, etc.—ED.

I have just seen "Brigadoon" and it is one of the best movies I have seen in a long time. I would like to know if Hugh Laing is a newcomer or have I (perish the thought) missed all of his movies?

Where can I send for a picture of him?

LINDA HINKELMAN
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"Brigadoon" was Hugh Laing's first film. He was dancing as a guest artist with Ballet Theatre in New York this winter.—ED.

Could you please tell me who played Gene Kelly in "Brigadoon"? Would you also give me information on him? He's tops!

PAM LINDBERG
Muskegon, Michigan

Tiny Thompson, a Kansas City boy who served with the Air Force, subsequently became dancing pal of Gene Kelly. Jimmy's blonde, has hazel eyes, is single. He's singing in "The Glass Slipper," "Hit the Deck" and "Moonfleet."—ED.

We'd like nothing better than to answer every single letter we receive asking for information and addresses of the stars. We can't! Each week hundreds of letters are received. We can only answer a limited number in Readers Inc. each month. We suggest, therefore, that if you want to start a fan club or write your favorite stars, address them at their studios. And if you're collecting photographs, a good bet is to investigate the commercial organizations that have pictures for sale. For a list of studios turn to page 91. ED.

Overnight—this bra has become a startling success with America's best dressed women... and here's why!

The Playtex Living Bra uses elastic and nylon in a new way, to g-i-v-e with your every motion... to l-i-v-e with you! An exclusive design, rounds and raises as no bra ever before... no matter what size or in-between size you are! Now you can enjoy utmost uplift in utmost comfort. See the difference... feel the difference... on you!



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Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.

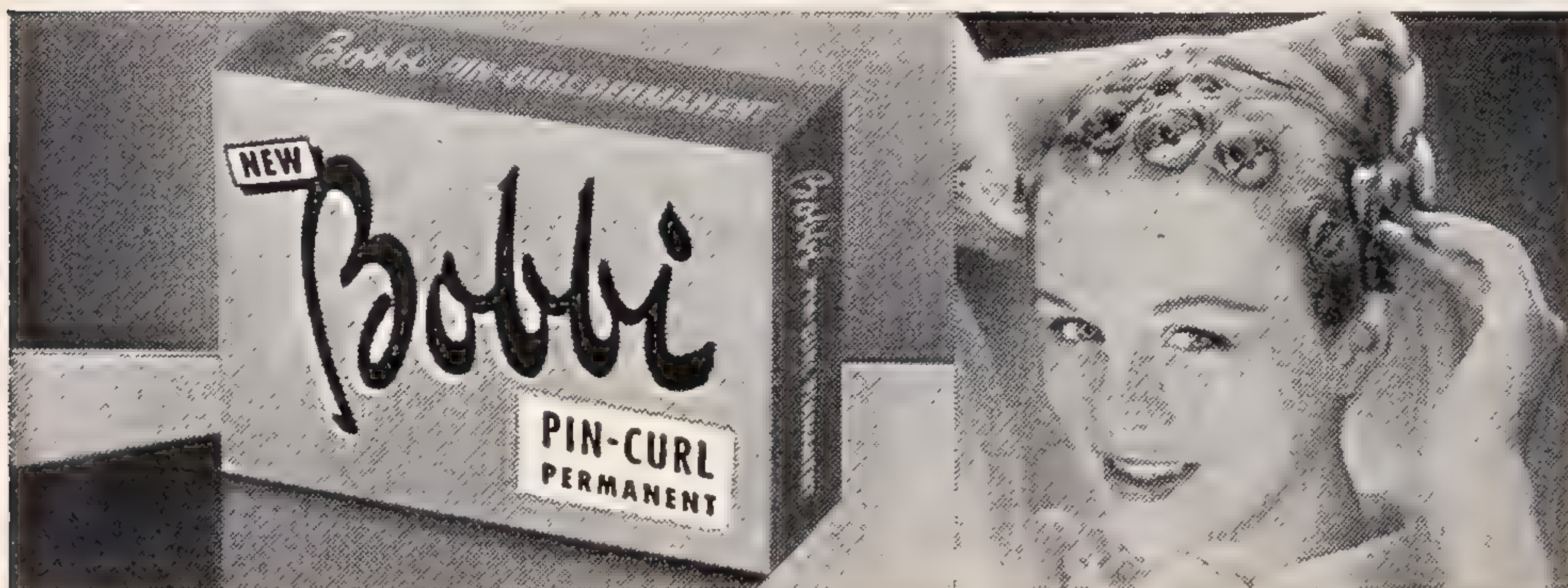
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Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. \$1.50 plus tax.



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With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AMERICANO, THE—RKO. Directed by William Wyler: *Sam Dent*, Glenn Ford; *Bento Hermann*, Hank Lovejoy; *Manuel*, Cesar Romero; *Marianna*, Ursula Thiess; *Teresa*, Abbe Lane; *Cris*, Rodolfo Hoyos, Jr.; *Captain Gonzales*, Salvador Baez; *Jim Rogers*, Tom Powers; *Barney Dent*, White; *Captain of ship*, Frank Marlowe; *Tuba*, Jorge Navarro; *Tuba's sister*, Nyra Monsieus.

DAY AT BLACK ROCK—M-G-M. Directed by John Sturges: *John J. Macready*, Spencer Tracy; *Smith*, Robert Ryan; *Liz Wirth*, Anne Francis; *Horn*, Dean Jagger; *Doc Velie*, Walter Brennan; *Wirth*, John Ericson; *Coley Trimble*, Ernest Borgnine; *Hector David*, Lee Marvin; *Mr. Hastings*, Sell Collins; *Sam*, Walter Sande.

TITLE CRY—Warners. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Huxley*, Van Heflin; *Andy*, Aldo Ray; *Kathy*, Anna Freeman; *Pat*, Nancy Olson; *Sgt. Mac*, James Cagney; *General Snipes*, Raymond Massey; *Dan*, Tab Hunter; *Elaine*, Dorothy Malone; *Rae*, Anne Francis; *Ski*, William Campbell; *Marion*, John H. Johnson; *L. Q. Jones*, Justus E. McQueen; *Joe Gomez*, Larry Lopez; *Speedy*, Fess Parker; *Lighttower*, Jonas Megarthy; *Ziltch*, Tommy Cook; *Crazy Horse*, Rex Noriega; *Susan*, Susan Morrow; *Maj. Well*, Carleton Young; *Enoch Rogers*, Rhys Williams; *Waitress*, Allyn McLerie; *Sgt. Beller*, Gregory Scott; *Mr. Walker*, Frank Ferguson; *Mrs. Forrester*, Sarah Selby; *Mr. Forrester*, Willis Bouchey.

ACK TUESDAY—U.A. Directed by Hugo Freese: *Vincent Canelli*, Edward G. Robinson; *Mr. Manning*, Peter Graves; *Hatti Combest*, Jean Harlow; *Father Slocum*, Milburn Stone; *Joey Stewart*, Warren Stevens; *Frank Carson*, Jack Kelly; *John Norris*, Sylvia Findley; *John Norris*, James Cagney; *Dr. Hart*, Victor Perrin; *Lou Mehrrens*, Hal K. Dawson; *Boland*, Harry Bartell; *Parker*, Simon Scott; *ward Sloan*, Russell Johnson; *Fiaschetti*, Phil Brown; *Donaldson*, Paul Maxey; *Collins*, William Hallert; *Selwyn*, Don Blackman; *Lenny*, Dick Rich.

DGES AT TOKO-RI, THE—Paramount. Directed by Mark Robson: *Lt. Harry Brubaker* (U.S.), William Holden; *Nancy Brubaker*, Grace Kelly; *Rear Admiral George Tarrant*, Fredric March; *Mike Forney*, Mickey Rooney; *Beer Barrel*, Bert Strauss; *Commander Wayne Lee*, Charles Brannagh; *Kimiko*, Keiko Awaji; *Nestor Gamidge*, Holliman; *Lt. (S.G.) Olds*, Richard Shannon; *Evans*, Willis B. Bouchey; *Kathy Brubaker*, Gene Ashdown; *Susie*, Cheryl Lynn Callaway; *C.I.C. Officer*, James Jenkins; *Pilot*, Marshall Beebe; *M.P. Major*, Charles Tannen; *Japanese*, Teru Shimada; *Air Intelligence Officer*, Den Weaver; *C.I.C. Officer*, Gene Reynolds; *Flight*, Robert A. Sherry; *C.P.O. 2nd Class*, Gene Kelly; *Quartermaster*, Jack Roberts; *Bell Boy*, Roland Young; *Bartender*, Robert Kino; *Asst. L.S.O.*, Les Connell; *Captain Parker*, Paul Kruger; *Master Orderly*, Ray Boyle; *M.P. Sergeant*, Bob Temm; *Officer of the Day*, James Hyland.

CTOR IN THE HOUSE—Rank, Republic. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Simon*, Dirk Bogarde; *Joy*, Mel Pavlow; *Grimsdyke*, Kenneth More; *Benskin*, Mildred Sinden; *Isobel*, Kay Kendall; *Sir Lancelot*, Robert Robertson; *Taffy*, Donald Houston; *Suzanne*, Suzanne Cloutier; *Dean*, Geoffrey Keen; *George*, George Coulouris; *Sister Virtue*, Jean Taylor; *Jessup*, Harry Locke; *May*, Ann Gudrun; *Mortis*, Joan Sims; *Mrs. Cooper*, Maureen O'Hara; *Milly Groaker*, Shirley Eaton; *Magistrate*, Douglas Phipps; *Jane*, Lisa Gastoni; *Barbara*, Shirburniston; *Mrs. Groaker*, Joan Hickson; *Med. Officer of Health*, George Benson; *Demonstrator*, John Boddey; *Policeman*, Cyril Chamberlain; *Doc*, Larry; *Ernest Clark*, *Examiners*, Mark Dignam; *Felton*, Wyndham Goldie; *Sprogett*, Douglas; *Examiner*, Eliot Makeham; *Paul*, Anthony Rowe; *Stethoscope Salesman*, Brian Oulton; *Madama*, Amy Veness; *Extern Sister*, Mona Washburn; *Book Salesman*, Richard Wattis.

A COUNTRY, THE—U.I. Directed by Anthony Mann: *Jeff Webster*, James Stewart; *Ronda Castle*, Julie Roman; *Renee Vallon*, Corinne Calvet; *Ben*, Walter Brennan; *Mr. Gannon*, John McCarty; *Rube*, Jay C. Flippen; *Ketchum*, Henry Morgan; *Ives*, Steve Brodie; *Luke*, Royal Dano; *Rounds*, Reg Barton; *Dusty*, Chubby Johnson; *Yukon Sam*, C. C. Waller; *Kingman*, Robert Foulk; *Doc Val*, Eugene Borden; *Bosun*, Allan Ray.

SILVER CHALICE, THE—Warners. Directed by Victor Saville: *Helena*, Virginia Mayo; *Deborra*, Pier Angeli; *Simon*, Jack Palance; *Basil*, Paul Newman; *Joseph*, Walter Hampden; *Mijamin*, Joseph Wiseman; *Luke*, Alexander Scourby; *Peter*, Lorne Greene; *Adam*, David J. Stewart; *Linus*, Herbert Rudley; *Nero*, Jacques Aubuchon; *Ignatius*, E. G. Marshall; *Aaron*, Michael Pate; *Helen (girl)*, Natalie Wood; *Basil (boy)*, Peter Reynolds; *Benjie*, Mort Marshall; *Hiram*, Booth Colman; *Sosthene*, Terence de Marney; *Idbash*, Robert Middleton; *Theron*, Ian Wolfe; *Ephraim*, Lawrence Dobkin; *Ohad*, Philip Tonge; *Kester*, Albert Dekker; *Eulalia*, Beryl Machin.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Jerry Florea*, Tony Curtis; *Ellen Gallagher*, Julie Adams; *Edward Gallagher*, George Nader; *Vincent Concannon*, Jay C. Flippen; *Jerry (as a boy)*, Sal Mineo; *Andy Norris*, Jan Merlin; *Red Flanagan*, William Murphy; *Red (as a boy)*, Kenny Roberts; *Skids Radziewich*, Richard Castle; *Father Bonelli*, Harry Bartel; *Sanborn*, Kendall Clark; *Maggie*, Claudia Hall; *Virginia Stewart*, Anabel Shaw; *Inspector Walsh*, Ken Patterson; *Hymie Weiner (as a boy)*, Peter Avramo; *Jerry's Attorney*, Hal Conklin; *Special Prosecutor Sherman*, Don Keefer.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS—20th. Directed by Walter Lang: *Molly Donahue*, Ethel Merman; *Tim Donahue*, Donald O'Connor; *Vicky*, Marilyn Monroe; *Terrance Donahue*, Dan Dailey; *Steve*, Johnnie Ray; *Katy Donahue*, Mitzi Gaynor; *Lew Harris*, Richard Eastham; *Charles Gibbs*, Hugh O'Brian; *Eddie Duggan*, Frank McHugh; *Father Dineen*, Rhys Williams; *Marge*, Lee Patrick; *Helen—Hatcheck Girl*, Eve Miller; *Lillian Sawyer*, Robin Raymond; *Stage Manager*, Lyle Talbot; *Kelly—Stage Doorman*, George Melford; *Katy's Boy Friend*, Alvy Moore; *Harry*, Chick Chandler; *Dance Director*, Henry Slate; *Archbishop*, Nolan Leary; *Geoffrey*, Gavin Gordon; *Katy (age 4)*, Mimi Gibson; *Katy (age 8)*, Linda Lowell; *Steve (age 2)*, John Potter; *Steve (age 6)*, Jimmy Baird; *Steve (age 10)*, William (Billy) Chapin; *Tim (age 2)*, Neal McCaskill; *Tim (age 6)*, Donald Gamble.

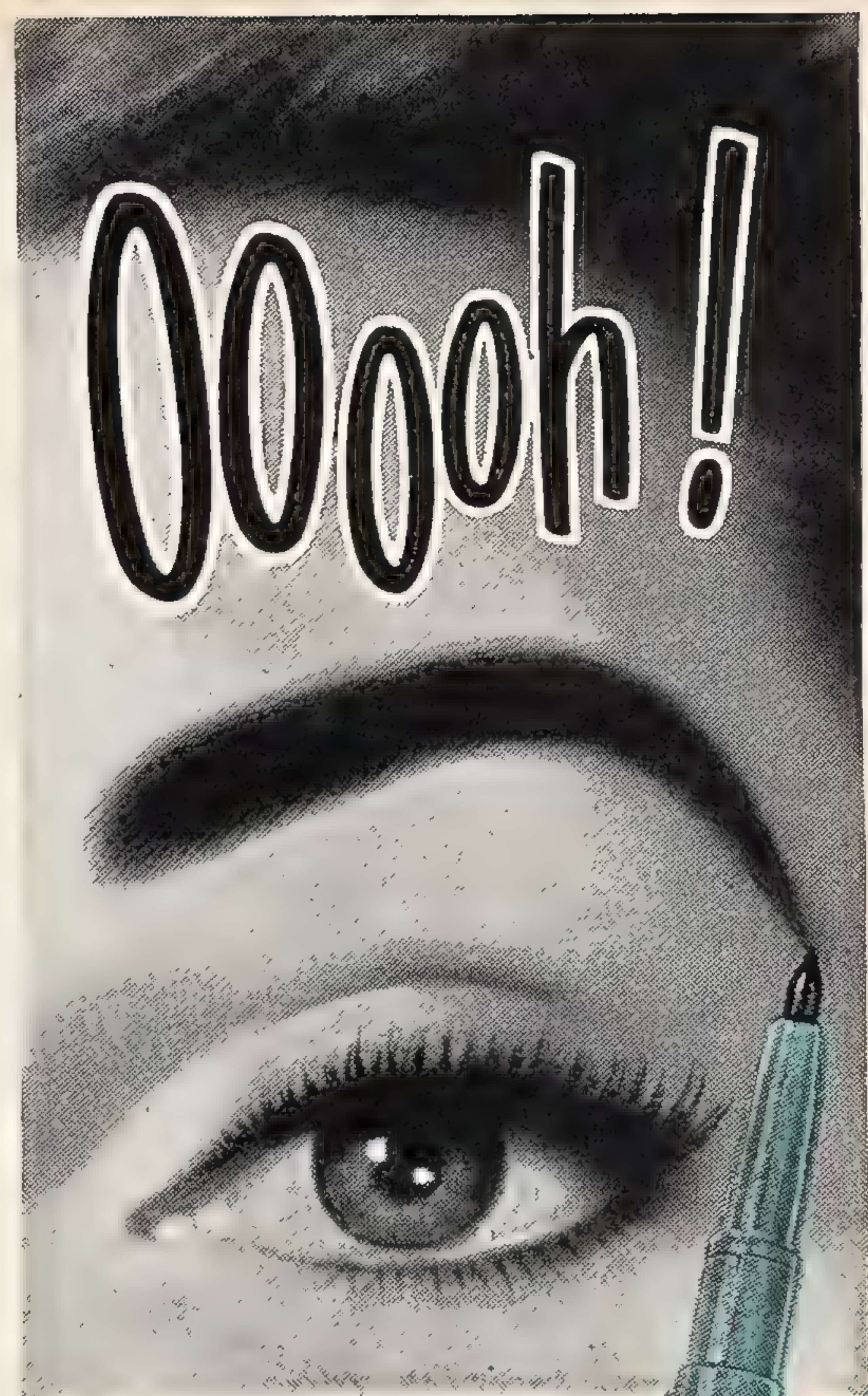
THREE FOR THE SHOW—Columbia. Directed by H. C. Potter: *Julie*, Betty Grable; *Gwen Howard*, Marge Champion; *Vernon Lowndes*, Gower Champion; *Marty Stewart*, Jack Lemmon; *Mike Hudson*, Myron McCormick; *General Wharton*, Paul Harvey; *Sergeant O'Hallihan*, Robert Bice; *Theatre Treasurer*, Hal K. Dawson.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA—Disney. Directed by Richard Fleischer: *Ned Land*, Kirk Douglas; *Captain Nemo*, James Mason; *Professor Aronnax*, Paul Lukas; *Conseil*, Peter Lorre; *Mate on "Nautilus"*, Robert J. Wilke; *John Howard*, Carleton Young; *Captain Farragut*, Ted de Corsia; *Diver*, Percy Helton; *Mate on "Lincoln"*, Ted Cooper; *Shipping Agent*, Edward Marr; *Casey Moore*, Fred Graham; *Billy*, J. M. Kerrigan.

UNDERWATER!—RKO. Directed by John Sturges: *Theresa*, Jane Russell; *Dominic*, Gilbert Roland; *Johnny*, Richard Egan; *Gloria*, Lori Nelson; *Father Cannon*, Robert Keith; *Rico*, Joseph Calleia; *Miguel*, Eugene Iglesias; *Jesus*, Ric Roman.

VERA CRUZ—U.A. Directed by Robert Aldrich: *Benjamin Trane*, Gary Cooper; *Joe Erin*, Burt Lancaster; *Countess Marie Duvarre*, Denise Darcel; *Marquis de Laborde*, Cesar Romero; *Nina*, Sarita Montiel; *Emperor Maximilian*, George Macready; *Donnegan*, Ernest Borgnine; *General Aguilar*, Morris Ankrum; *Little-Bit*, James McCallion; *Charlie*, Jack Lambert; *Danette*, Henry Brandon; *Pittsburgh*, Charles Buchinsky; *Tex*, Jack Elam; *Abilene*, James Seay; *Ballard*, Archie Savage; *Reno*, Charles Horvath; *Pedro*, Juan Garcia.

YOUNG AT HEART—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Laurie Tuttle*, Doris Day; *Barney Sloan*, Frank Sinatra; *Alex Burke*, Gig Young; *Aunt Jessie*, Ethel Barrymore; *Fran Tuttle*, Dorothy Malone; *Gregory Tuttle*, Robert Keith; *Amy Tuttle*, Elisabeth Fraser; *Robert Neary*, Alan Hale, Jr.; *Ernest Nichols*, Lonny Chapman; *Bartell*, Frank Ferguson; *Mrs. Ridgefield*, Marjorie Bennett.



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MOVIES

Continued from page 20

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★★ VERY GOOD

★★ GOOD

★ FAIR



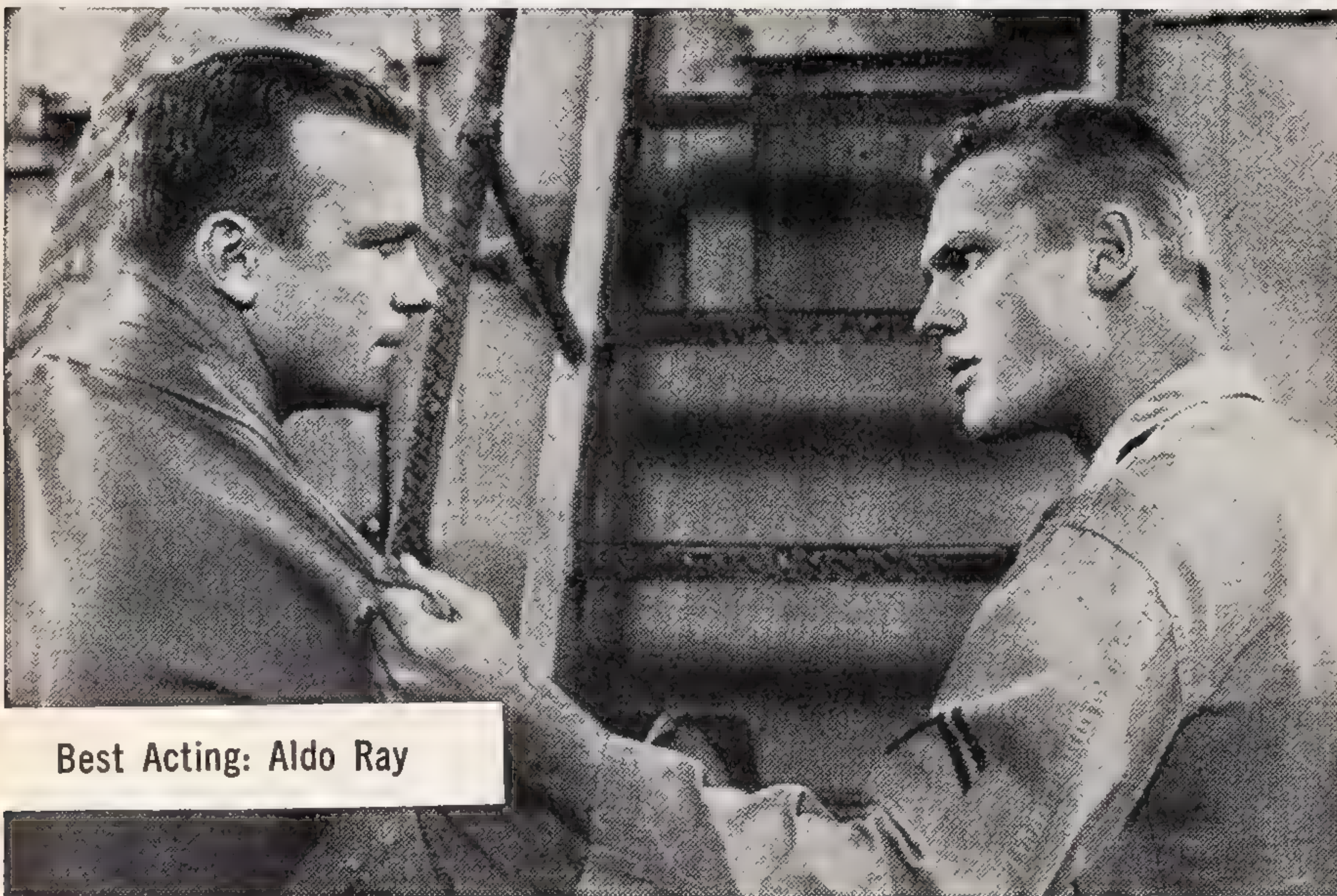
There's No Business like Show Business

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COL

★★★★ An Irving Berlin score (both popular classics and new songs) and an all-star cast are the mainstays of this big musical. Playing a married vaudeville team, Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey get their kids into the act as each arrives. But when the children grow up, complications break up the family routine. Serious-minded Johnnie Ray decides to enter the priesthood. Lighthearted Mitzi Gaynor wants to settle down to marriage. Unreliable Donald O'Connor is infatuated with an ambitious singer (Marilyn Monroe). The plot gets short shrift, however, and its knots are untied at the finish in rapid and casual fashion. Individually, the stars have appeared to better advantage; here, they crowd each other a bit. But their joint efforts provide dazzling entertainment in all the musical numbers.

FAM

Marilyn, Don and Mitzi agree on the joys of being "Laz"



Best Acting: Aldo Ray

Battle Cry

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOL

★★★ Following a group of U. S. Marine recruits from boot camp to Iwo Jima, this stirring movie concentrates for most of its length on their relationships with women. The great conviction goes into Aldo Ray's love story. He's a tough young lumberjack who has a cheerful contempt for the opposite sex—until he meets a New Zealand war widow (Nancy Olson). Innocent Tab Hunter almost forgets his home-town sweetheart (Mona Freeman) during his affair with a married woman (Dorothy Malone). Quiet, intellectual John Lupton strikes up a friendship with Anne Francis, only to find that she is a B-girl. Often outspoken on the subject of sex, the picture regards its straying characters with compassion. Van Heflin welds the story together, as an officer who turns boys into fighting men.

AT

Tab tries to keep Aldo from going AWOL to join his brother



The Bridges at Toko-Ri

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

★★★ With flight and battle scenes of arresting force, the story of the "police action" in Korea relies on such first-rate performers as William Holden, Fredric March and Grace Kelly to bring its lightly sketched characters to life. A World War II veteran recalled to active duty as a pilot, Holden has the average American's distaste for war. As an admiral aboard the carrier, March takes special interest in Holden, identifying the young pilot with his two sons, killed in action. Grace has the brief role of Holden's wife, who must face the possibility that one day he may not return from a bombing raid. And Mickey Rooney is effective as a little gamecock of a 'copter pilot fearless on rescue missions. The work of these players personalizes the film's newsreel impact.

FA

As an Army wife, Grace tries to understand Bill's problems

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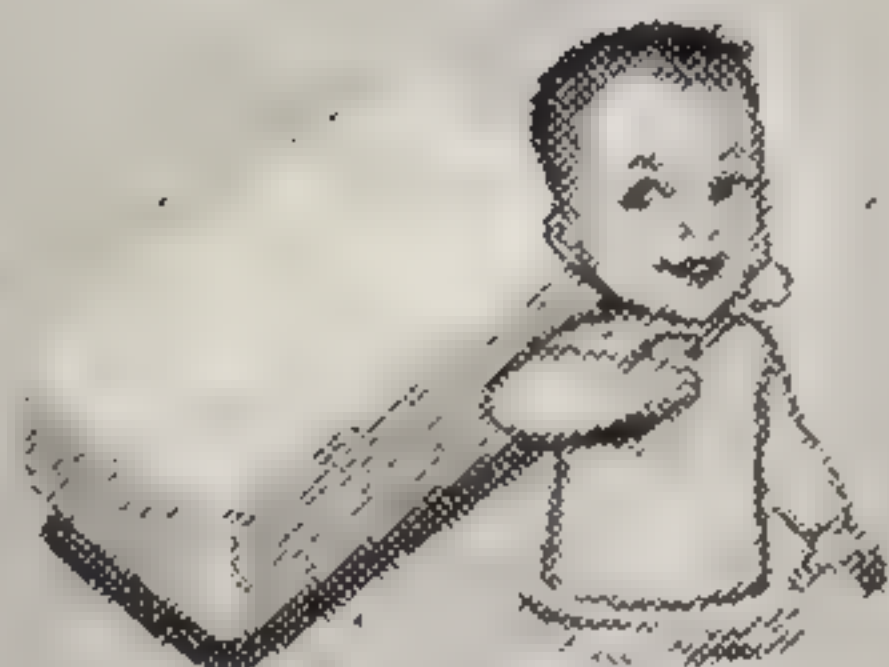
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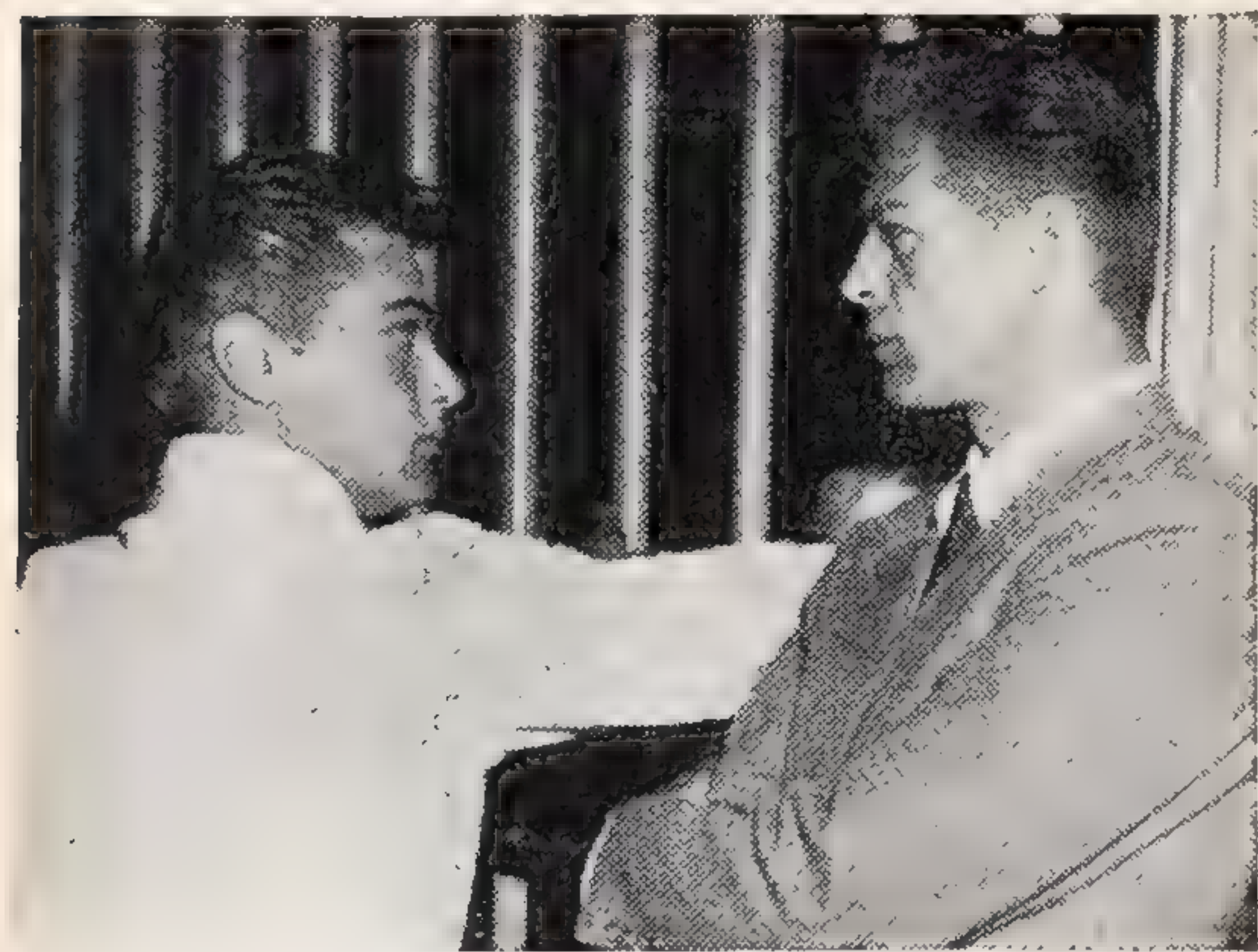


PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Six Bridges to Cross

U-I

✓✓✓ A crackerjack cops-and-robbers yarn gives Tony Curtis and George Nader their best roles, and they share the plaudits gracefully. Nader makes a stalwart yet troubled figure of the Boston cop who seriously wounds an escaping juvenile delinquent—and thereafter feels responsible for the boy. Tony plays the hoodlum as teenager and grownup. Willing to turn stool pigeon whenever it suits his purposes, friendly toward the conscientious Nader,



Though Tony has repeatedly broken promises, he asks for George Nader's help once more

Tony promises reform from time to time, but remains a hopeless crook. He's thoroughly convincing as the flippant small-timer, not so believable as the mature mastermind who plots a fabulous robbery suggestive of the Brink armored-car hold-up. Julie (ex-Julia) Adams has the only important feminine role as Nader's wife. Tersely realistic most of the way, the film later goes a bit soft.

ADULT

Vera Cruz

U.A.; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The names of Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster attached to a single film suggest a feast of lusty action, and that's what you get. After the Civil War, American adventurers drift down to join the fight between Mexican patriots and the forces of Emperor Maximilian. Gary's a Southern gentleman; Burt, a totally unprincipled rogue. Both hire out to the side offering the best wages—the foreign ruler's, represented by Cesar Romero as a dandified nobleman, smarter than he seems. The ladies of the story also keep the audience guessing about their motives. Beautiful Sarita Montiel (a star in Spanish-language films) is a fiery Mexican. Denise Darcel is a French countess supposedly loyal to Maximilian. All the principals wind up convoying a shipment of Mexican gold to be used to keep Mexico in bondage. But their interest in the gold has fascinating variations. Against real south-of-the-border backgrounds, the film ends in a fine flare of gunplay.

FAMILY

Bad Day at Black Rock

M-G-M; CINEMA-SCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Beginning in a cloud of mystification, this offbeat modern-day Western picks up speed and suspense as its plot

gradually takes shape. Spencer Tracy, war veteran with a useless left arm, comes to a tiny desert town in search of a Japanese farmer. He finds the townspeople evasive or downright hostile, and soon realizes that they're covering up a past crime. Robert Ryan, dominating the town with easy arrogance, emerges as Tracy's chief antagonist; veterinary Walter Brennan, as his chief ally. But until the finish it isn't clear just where the aggressive Anne Francis and her weakling brother (John Ericson) line up.

FAMILY

Young at Heart

WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Doris Day and Frank Sinatra team engagingly in a musical romance that goes its leisurely way with open sentimentality. With sisters Dorothy Malone and Elisabeth Fraser, dad Robert Keith and aunt Ethel Barrymore, Doris lives an idyllic small-town life. The peace is disturbed by the arrival of a dashing composer (Gig Young) and his cynical arranger (Sinatra). Devoted sisters suddenly become secret rivals, and various quirks of circumstance lead to Doris' elopement with Frank. It's a difficult marriage, for he makes a hobby of self-pity. (If the plot sounds familiar to long-time moviegoers, that's because it's inspired by 1938's "Four Daughters," with the late John Garfield in Sinatra's role.)

FAMILY

The Silver Chalice

WARNERS; CINEMA-SCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Early Christianity and the Roman Empire clash again in an expansive spectacle, with some of the most beautiful sets ever seen on film. Paul Newman (known to TV-viewers) plays a sculptor of Antioch, assigned by the disciples to fashion a chalice in which the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper will be enshrined. But the cup must be guarded from forces that want to destroy it. These are led by Jack Palance, as a magician employing trickery to gain political power. His assistant is voluptuous Virginia Mayo, Paul's childhood sweetheart. Paul's other love (Pier Angeli) pulls him toward Christianity. The story, however, is overshadowed by the backgrounds. With no attempt at realism, they are stark and striking.

FAMILY

Doctor in the House

RANK, REPUBLIC; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The science of medicine, usually regarded with reverence in movies, takes a ribbing in this loosely organized but chucklesome British film. Among the young medical students who are seen going through their five-year course, only Dirk Bogarde takes his future profession seriously. One of his roommates (Kenneth More) is studying medicine merely because the terms of a will give him an income while he is a student—so he has no desire to graduate. Another (Donald Sinden) neglects his books to chase women. There's plenty of juvenile horseplay, and more laughs come along when Dirk's

worldly roommates try to find a girl for him. James Robertson Justice is a dandy as a domineering surgeon.

ADULT

The Americano

RKO, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ With many vivid on-location shots, a Brazilian-style Western gives Glenn Ford a vigorous adventure assignment. A Texan rancher, he crosses the jungle to deliver four prize bulls to a Brazilian buyer. As he finds himself in the middle of a ranch war, with Frank Lovejoy as a land-hungry cattle baron, who despises the nesters and covets the small ranch owned by Ursula Thiess. Cesar Romero enlivens the proceedings as a swashbuckling desperado whose real character isn't revealed until near the finish.

FAMILY

Black Tuesday

✓✓✓ The violent account of a break from the death house sends Edward Robinson back to his old routine, as braggart gang-leader, and he's adept ever. With him goes another condemned man—a cold young killer, neatly portrayed by Peter Graves to suggest some faint spark of decency. Among the hostages taken by the fugitives are Jack Kelly, a cub reporter, Sylvia Findley, a guard's daughter, and Milburn Stone, the prison chaplain.

FAMILY

Underwater!

RKO; SUPERSCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ With sprightly Jane Russell, attractive Richard Egan and debonair Gilbert Roland, a treasure-hunt tale makes its way affably across the screen. For-



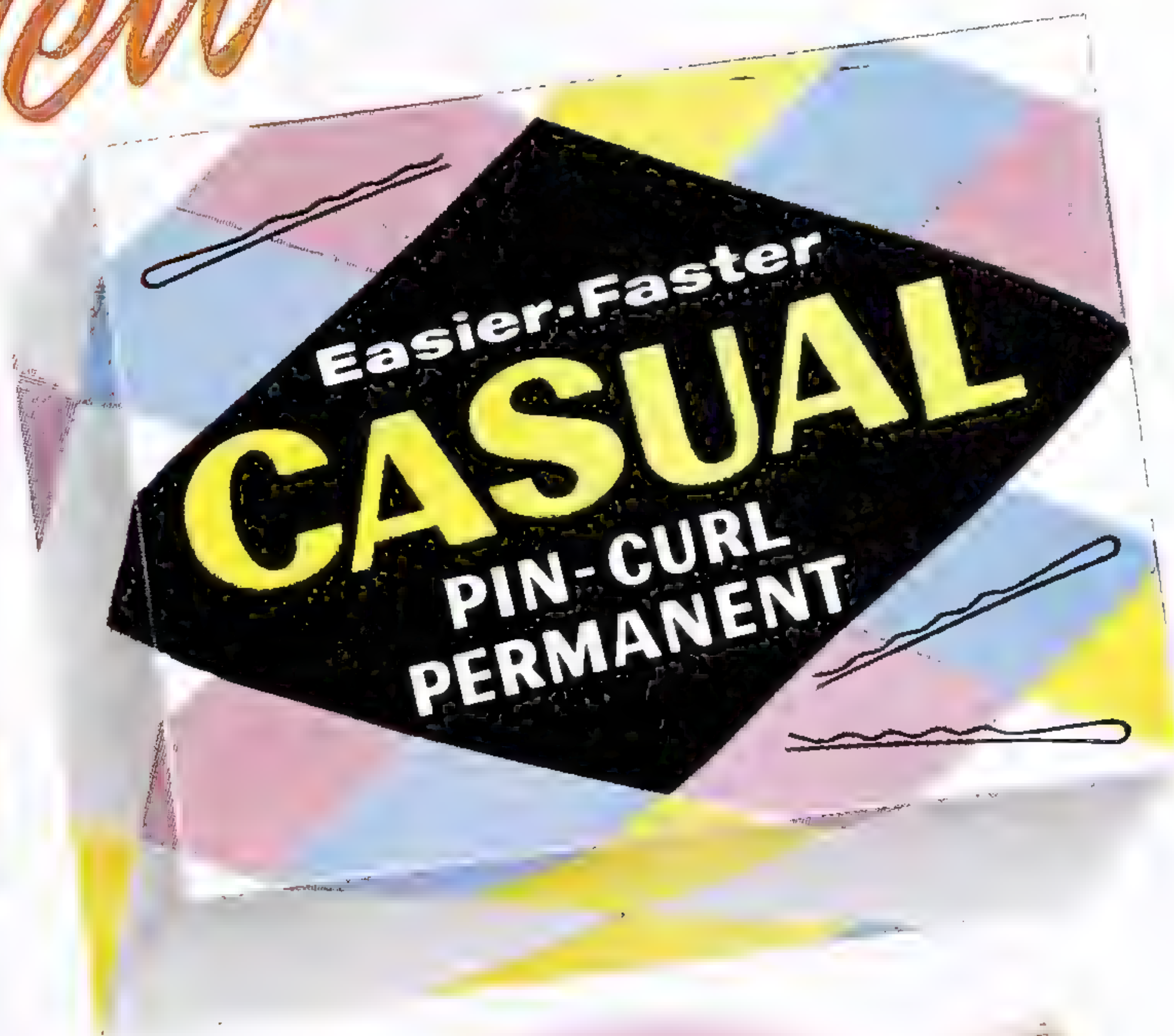
Finding no privacy on their ship, Dick Egan and wife Jane consider making a trip ashore

Navy frogmen, Egan and Roland want to dive after riches that sank centuries ago with a Spanish galleon in the Caribbean. As Dick's wife, Jane has little enthusiasm for the scheme, though it's endorsed by a science-minded priest (Robert Keith). But fisherman Joseph Calleia takes a sinister interest in the search. Oh yes, Lori Nelson is on hand. The expedition needs a boat, and she happens to be the nominal owner of a yacht. She is also very decorative. Tension builds up in breath-taking undersea shots; easygoing dialogue adds pleasant touches of humor.

FAMILY

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FORGET IT!



That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!

Naturally lovely, carefree curls that last for weeks . . .

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!

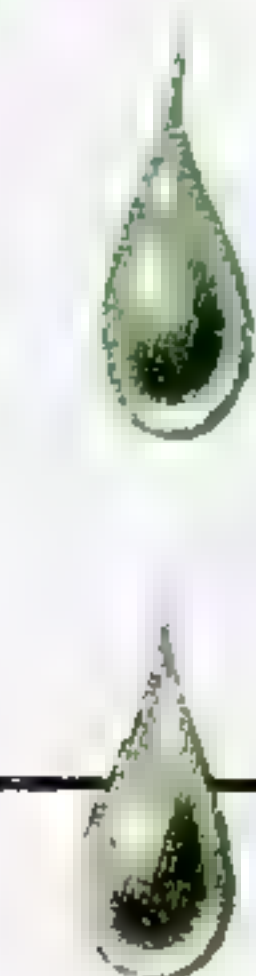


takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

At last!

A LIQUID SHAMPOO THAT'S EXTRA RICH!



IT'S LIQUID
PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Thrillingly new and different—
Procter & Gamble's emerald-clear
Liquid Prell! No other shampoo has this
unique, extra-rich new formula.
It bursts instantly into mounds of lather
—rinses in a twinkling—is so mild
you could shampoo every day. And
Liquid Prell leaves hair so caressably soft
and easy to manage—glowing with that
'Radiantly Alive' look! Try it *today!*

JUST POUR IT . . .
and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too
thin and watery . . . some too
heavy, and contain an ingre-
dient that leaves a dulling film.
But Prell has a "just-right"
consistency—it won't run and
never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair . . .

now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid
in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's
ideal for the whole family . . . won't
spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*
—ounce for ounce it *goes further!*



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE



Mr. and Mrs. Victor Damone. "I want to hold him close—but with my arms open"

HONEYMOON ON THE HEAVENLY SIDE

BY BEVERLY OTT

● Pier Angeli Damone, one of last year's most beautiful brides and one of this year's loveliest and happiest young matrons, curled up comfortably on the couch. "Of course, every day is important to a husband and wife," she was saying. "But I still often

think of our first few weeks together. They were so very special. For it was then that we set the pattern for our marriage."

She smiled as the memories, only a few months old, returned. For a moment she was in Las Vegas (*Continued on page 80*)

Pier Angeli is in "The Silver Chalice," "Green Mansions";
Victor Damone is in "Hit the Deck"

When their honeymoon began, Pier made a vow

"We learned to share each other's interests"



*Is He Your Type?

RACE GENTRY *You'll need a sense of humor with this fellow—he likes to pull pranks on his girls. But they're funny enough to be appreciated. He won't brag about himself, likes girls who are truthful, so don't hand him a line. Levelheaded, likable, he has two loves—acting and cars!*

BOB WAGNER *You'll be a perfect hostess, or else. But he'll take pride in how you look, won't object to low-cut gowns, will entertain you with interesting friends. He has the manners of a diplomat, dislikes eating in restaurants, sleeps in a draft—always gives you his rapt attention*

JACK KELLY *Don't pout if he suddenly decides to have the gang over for dinner—he'll do the cooking and you'll love it. The guy's a whiz at golf, swimming and spear fishing. Easy-going and generous, he'll surprise you with gifts. If you get a kick out of life, Kelly's the boy for you*

JEFF CHANDLER *Don't mother him—he can't stand it. Independent, he wants to be alone when he's in the mood. But he's a doting dad, never keeps a date waiting or scoffs at dieting. Thrifty with himself, he's generous with others, likes Hawaiian shirts and hardware stores*

GORDON SCOTT *A man worth listening to is this newest Tarzan, with an epicurian taste in food. His girl would have to be well-informed—he's sharp, witty and an interesting conversationalist. A lover of sports and the arts, he'd take you to the best places. You'd never be bored*

JEFF HUNTER *He believes in hunches, can't stand girls who are affected, will adore you if you share his love of sports. He dislikes dancing but loves music, excels at most things he does, is expert photographer, a dream boy at the piano. Quiet, sincere, you could always count on Jeff*



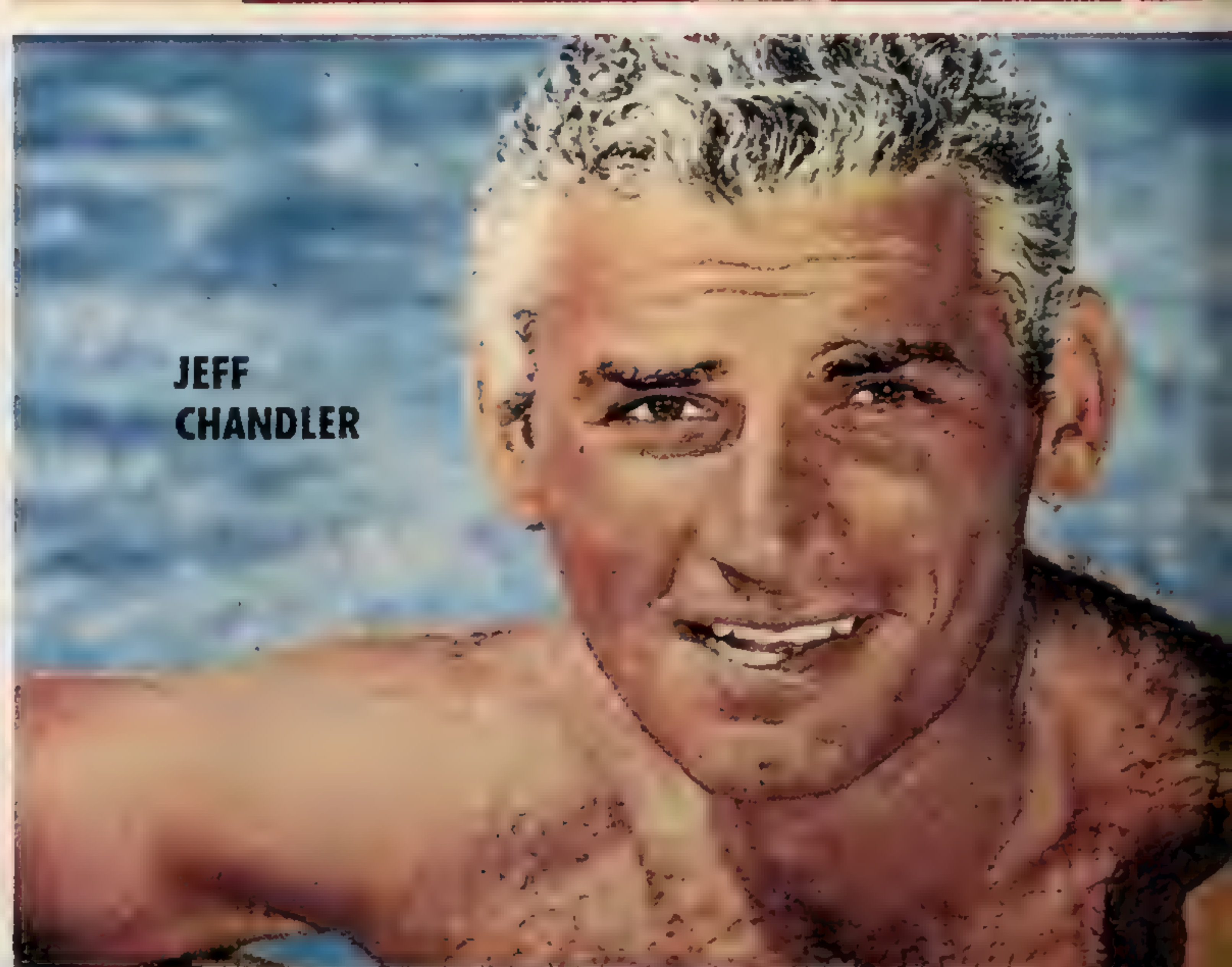
RACE
GENTRY



ROBERT
WAGNER



JACK
KELLY



JEFF
CHANDLER



GORDON
SCOTT



JEFF
HUNTER

Race Gentry is in "The Lawless Breed" • Bob Wagner, in "White Feather" • Jack Kelly, in "Black Tuesday" and "To Hell and Back" • Jeff Chandler, in "Sign of the Pagan" • Gordon Scott, in "Tarzan's Hidden Jungle" • Jeff Hunter, in "White Feather"

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Men at Work: Somewhere in Hollywood there's a wife waiting for Jeff Chandler! At least he received a letter from a fortuneteller whose crystal ball revealed he'd marry a famous glamour girl before the year is out! The lady's name? "There was a fifty-dollar charge for that!" grins Jeff . . . You think you have troubles? Western Costume Company had to make seventeen "Lord Vanity" costumes for Robert Wagner—that must fit him *after* he gains back the fifteen pounds lost during his recent illness. Weak as he was, cooperative Bob went right from his hospital bed and stood for five hours in the fitting room . . . Jeff Hunter went over

so well in "John Brown's Raiders," Allied Artists want to borrow him for two more pictures. And Jeff, who prefers to remain an unattached bachelor, can't escape those publicity romances. Now he and pretty newcomer Virginia Leith are supposed to be dunking two doughnuts in one cup of coffee. They did work together, but they've never had a date . . . And gay blade Jack Kelly prefers dates with no-name dolls. Working in Washington in Audie Murphy's "To Hell and Back," Jack's big splash with the Yakima social set was interrupted when he was wounded in "combat." Real TNT was used in the movie scenes! . . . He's still John

Pepiro to the home folks, but if he marries actress Joanne Cangi, you may call them Mr. and Mrs. Race Gentry. The handsome Italian couple prefer to make good in the movies before they make with the bambinos!

Top Trouper: Victims of insomnia please note! Rock Hudson also has trouble sleeping, especially when something important preys on his mind. "But I finally found a remedy that really helps," says Rock. "When I can't sleep I think of some happy experience in my life. I start with the tiniest detail and recall it step by step. Suddenly I'm so relaxed I (Continued on page 92)



Deb's best friend, the author

BY JEANETTE JOHNSON

Hi, Debbie, I'm talking about you

● Looking back, it hardly seems possible that I've known Debbie Reynolds almost eight years now. Seems only like yesterday that I bumped into her in gym class. We hit it off right away, and for the rest of junior high, we were what our parents called, "partners in crime." We did everything together—went to the show on Saturday afternoon; played baseball after school; camped out with the Girl Scouts; borrowed sweaters, loaned lunch money and studied together. We're still good friends. In fact, Deb's my closest friend (which means I know her well enough never to know what to expect from her).

For instance, one Saturday afternoon I set myself a rigid schedule, for I had lots of work to prepare for my class on Monday. I was in the bathroom sudsing my hair when the telephone rang and Mom called upstairs to tell me Debbie was on the phone. "Can I call her back?" I shouted. "I'm washing my hair."

Mom called up a few seconds later, "Deb says she'll wait."

Twenty minutes later, Debbie was still hanging on. I never thought she could sit still for twenty minutes let alone hang on to a telephone for that long, and I had wagered a silent bet with myself that she'd hang up before I got down.

"Can you come over tonight?" she asked. "I have something to show you."

"Can't make it tonight," I begged off. "I'm just loaded down with test papers. How about Tuesday?"

"Tuesday," came the loud scream from the other end of the phone. "Why that's almost next year."

And who can refuse Debbie Reynolds? Two minutes later I was saying, "Okay, I'll be over in half an hour. But what's all the excitement?"

Half hour later, I found out. Debbie must have been watching for me, for the minute I reached the front steps she was opening the door and thrusting out her hand to me. On her fourth finger, left hand, was the most beautiful diamond ring I've ever seen. Breathlessly happy, Debbie admitted, "This is what I wanted to tell you about. I wanted you to be one of the first. . ."

I had no inkling that Debbie was going to become engaged so soon. In fact, she'd never seriously discussed Eddie with me. But then, this is typical of Debbie. In all the years I had known her, not once has she discussed the boys she dated, other than speaking about them (Continued on page 110)

Do you remember the gorilla in the living room . . . that dizzy day at Coney Island . . . the day you called—and me with soap in my hair—to show me Eddie's ring!

Debbie is in "Hit the Deck"



On New York vacation together



"I'd never seen her look happier," Jeanette says of day Debbie became engaged to Eddie



DEBBIE REYNOLDS

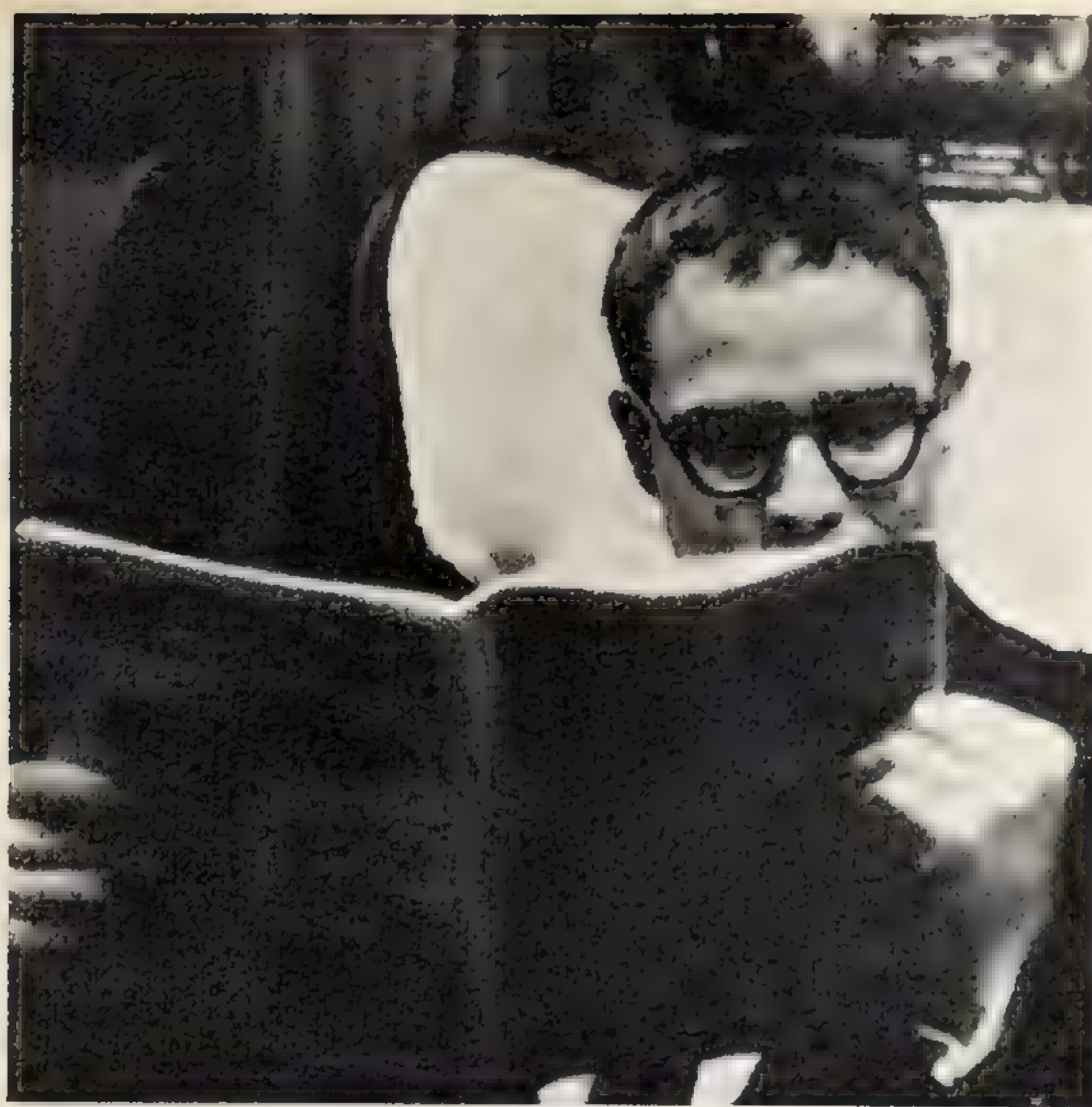
Marlon Brando is a man who must go his own way. And the road of a genius is hard to follow—even for a woman who loves him

Marlon Brando will be in "Guys and Dolls"





In Bandol, knitted sailor's shirts and scooters



Whatever else is said about Brando, no one has accused him of not being serious about his work



"Marlon," says Josane, "is tired of hotels and publicity." He stayed with her family



Newspaper pals didn't believe him—until he bought engagement ring

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

● The road of a genius is often strewn with brickbats and bordered with bouquets. The bouquets have no roots and soon their sweet odor passes and their blooms fade. The brickbats, expertly hurled, often find their mark and the sting lingers long after the surface black and blue bruises show no more. That Marlon Brando is trudging this road at the moment, there is little doubt. And that he will keep on this road is foreordained, whether or not in mere mortal existence, he's married to his Josane Mariani.

Marlon Brando is a genius—but a genius who is a product of his times. (Others before him have not only left their mark, but have been marked by their own era.) Marlon gripes because the public is interested in his love for Josane, yet he couldn't have chosen a more quietly spectacular way of revealing that love. Marlon gripes because people are interested in what he eats for dinner (steaks mostly), gripes because people note he once wore sweat shirts

(striped) and blue jeans (always clean). Yet, on the other hand, when he wants to correct the impression that he is not still aping the teenager's costume and show that he dresses like everyone else, he buys a Homburg (and who wears Homburgs?).

Brando reminds one of the old stories told about another acting genius, John Barrymore, who frequently carried a champagne glass in one hand and, perched on his shoulder, a monkey that as frequently bit people. Did Barrymore do this because he had an eccentric liking for impolite monkeys or because he wanted something around that could bite when he couldn't? Barrymore in his day was a serious actor who became as wildly eccentric as the torrid twenties demanded. Brando, another serious actor, is perhaps simply carrying out the eccentricities that only a genius would have a genius for in 1955.

Right at the moment Marlon is working hard at learning his routines for (Continued on page 93)

Say it with

Flowers..



TERRY
MOORE

Terry is in "Daddy Long Legs";
Janette, in "Helen of Troy";
Betty, in "Three for the Show"



JANETTE
SCOTT

One perfect rose is what she got
But, ah, thought impish Moore
He should have stretched his budget some
And bought eleven more!

by a market stall in Rome
Paused a lady far from home
Tell us, Jan-ette, did you find
Romance was not far behind?

an orchid to this pinup queen
Who proves that nothing dims
The appeal of a girl like Grable
If she's lucky to have her limbs!



BETTY
GRABLE



DORIS
DAY

VERSES BY RENA FIRTH

freckled-face and full of fun
Bright head shining in the sun
Doris goes her merry way
Gathering rosebuds while she may

Doris is in "Young at Heart";
Pier, in "The Silver Chalice";
Jane, in "Athena";
Liz, in "The Last Time I Saw Paris"



PIER
ANGELI



JANE
POWELL

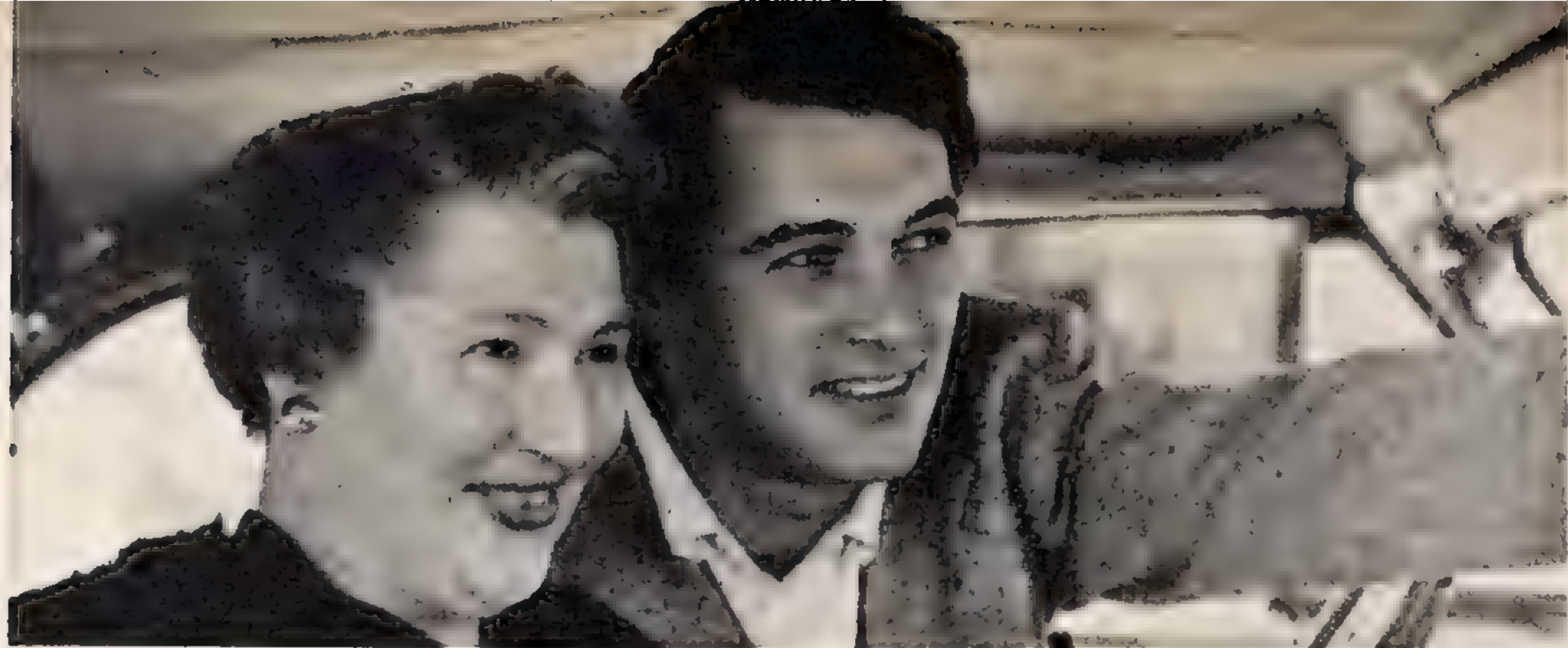
mirror, mirror on the wall
Who's the fairest flower of all?
Though we're charmed by roses red,
We would choose Pier instead

When a lady dresses to please her date—
And Jane goes along with that,
A flattering nosegay is not only très gai
But inspiration for romantic chit chat!

all eyes turn in her direction
For Liz's face is pure perfection
Only a flower could dare to be
In such close proximity!



ELIZABETH
TAYLOR



MY SON, YOUR YEARS BECOME YOU

As his mother, I'm more conscious than others of everything Rock does. And to say he has surprised me is an understatement!

BY MRS. KAY OLSEN
ROCK HUDSON'S MOTHER



Once party-shy—now he mixes easily



Now food means more than just eating



Success changed him, but not his v

● We were just finishing our Christmas dinner and were starting to clear the table when Rock turned to me with a most unusual request. "Mom, what are you going to do with the turkey that's left over?" "Eat it tomorrow, I suppose," I said. "We always . . ." Suddenly I thought I knew what was on his mind. "How silly of me, I should have thought of it myself," I added. "You take it home and have it for supper tomorrow night."

"I'd like to take it along, Mom, but not for myself. An elderly fellow who works at the studio, we call him Pop Schroeder, had a heart attack a few days ago and is now at the Santa Monica Hospital. I thought I'd stop by on my way home and take it to him. I'd like to wish him a happy Christmas, anyhow." (Continued on page 85)

Rock is in "Captain Lightfoot"

Shirt by Saks Fifth Ave.





Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini set the date—and didn't keep it. And though they're still a woosome twosome, Hollywood wonders if Grace isn't being overcautious

Marry in haste, repent in the divorce court. Just how true is this truism? Bud Abbott met his one and only bride on the overnight boat to Albany and married her the next morning. That was thirty-seven years ago. Marilyn Monroe went steady with Joe DiMaggio for two years and they fizzled after nine months. Ann Blyth took three years to make up her mind about Doctor Jim McNulty and I expect to dance at their diamond wedding anniversary. But I'm just as convinced that Pier Angeli and Vic Damone will make a go of it despite the fact that they were married within weeks after discovering they were in love. I guess there is no golden rule, but there is a law of averages. So gather around all you boys and gals about to take the plunge. Here are facts.

Grace Kelly met (Continued on page 89)

Wait and you may be minus your man. Rush him to the altar and you may lose him later on. These Hollywood stars went their own romantic way—and look what happened to them!



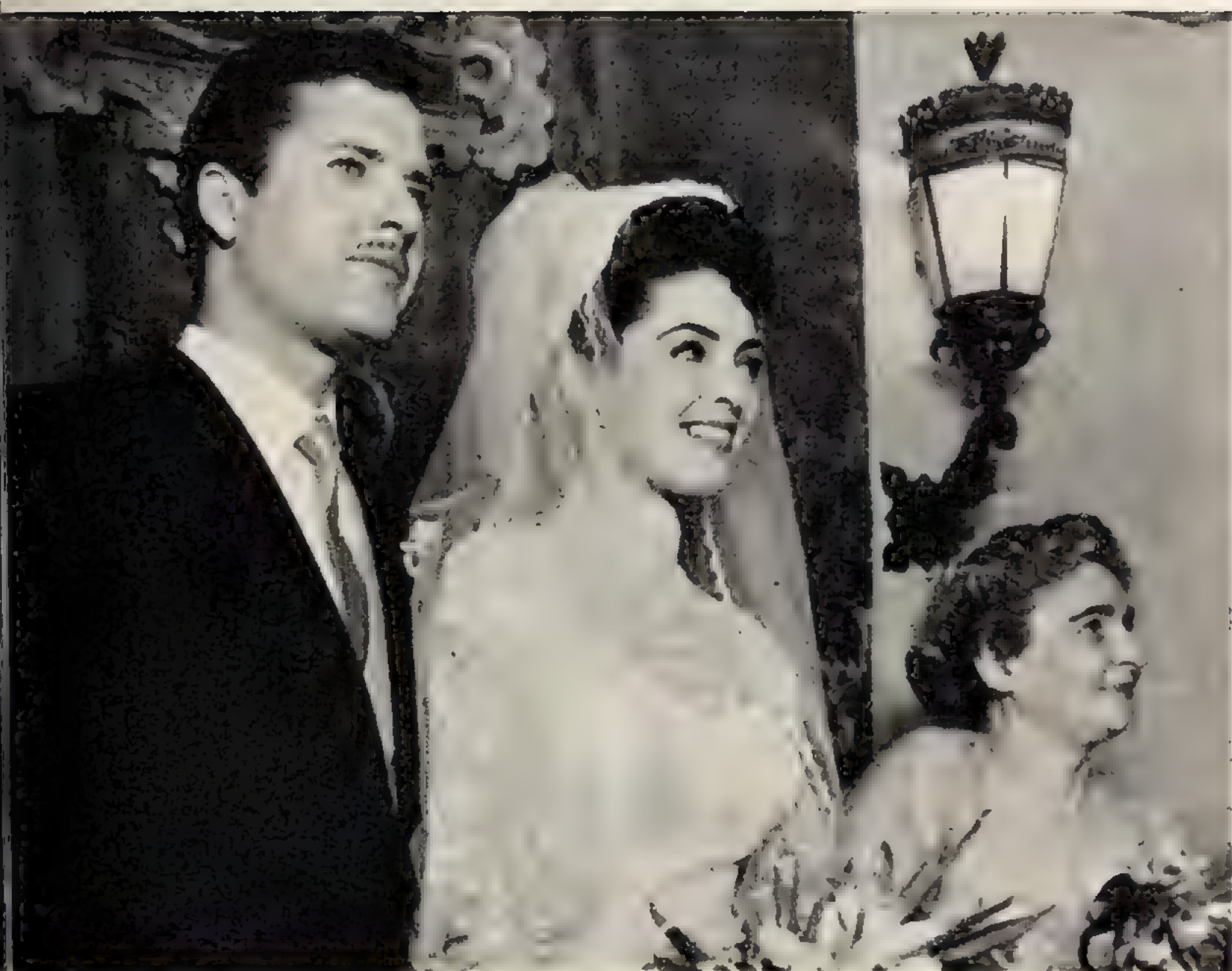
Jane Russell lost her heart to football hero Bob Waterfield the first time she saw him in high school. But they went steady for five years before tying that marriage knot—twelve years ago!

Jean Peters waited nine months after Stuart Cramer popped the question. Now there are rumors of trouble. Jean, it would seem, didn't wait long enough to be sure her heart was hers to give

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

An Engagement

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT



They knew in their hearts they were sure, but even love could wait for that triumphant moment when, eighteen months after they met, Suzan Ball walked down the aisle as Mrs. Richard Long

Hollywood tried to hustle Ann Blyth into marriage with every man she dated. But Ann wouldn't be rushed—even when she met the man of her dreams. Waiting a year only made the Jim McNulty surer

Mitzi Gaynor was a girl with time on her hands and a man in her arms. And Hollywood couldn't understand why she kept postponing marriage to Jack Bean. But Mitzi had good reasons for the delay

A fast game of tennis with Victor Rothschild and other boy friends were forgotten! Within weeks, Vera-Ellen was wearing his wedding ring. Time will tell if it would have been wiser to wait



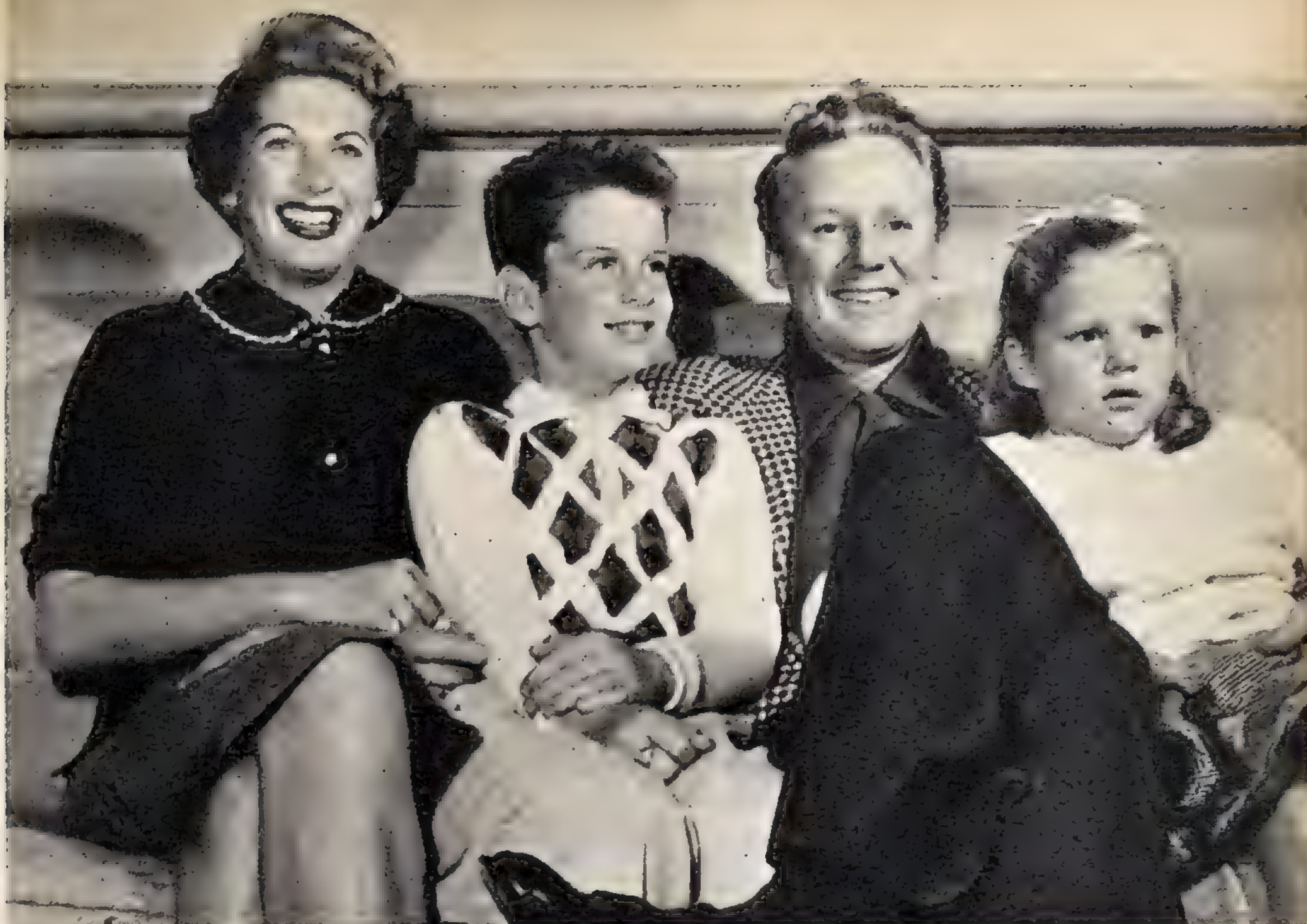
Van is in
"The Last Time I Saw Paris"

Van Johnson Learned

NO MAN WALKS ALONE

*He had been stumbling
along on his own. Then
people reached out and
touched him with faith*

BY DEE PHILLIPS



Van with Evie, her son Tracy Wynn, Schuyler Johnson. "Giving and receiving love, sharing, becoming responsible for someone else, rounds out a man's life"



In his acting, a new maturity. Above, in England for "End of the Affair" with Deborah Kerr



"My wife is the heart of this good life," says Van

● Four short years ago, a freckled-faced young man half-heartedly gave his famous boyish grin, which had set so many bobby-soxers' hearts aflutter, looked into his future and concluded that at the end of his rainbow there was no pot of gold.

For years, Van Johnson had been winning young hearts as the boy-next-door; the boy who at the end of the picture carried the girl into a rainbowed sky and a life of eternal bliss. But at thirty, Van Johnson no longer felt like the boy-next-door; he could see no future in it, neither could the studios. And while he wondered what to do next, he slipped from star billings to second leads, finally found himself without even a part. For Van Johnson, back in 1951, the future seemed only to lead to failure. To imagine then that he would play the dramatic role of *Maryk* in (Continued on page 94)



JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

ASKS:

what's the



**She loves hot dogs
with "goop,"**

housework and peaches.

**He likes boxing, in-between
snacks and loud shirts.**

**Both have a weakness
for shoes**

and each other

*Tony Curtis is in U-I's
"Six Bridges to Cross"*

Janet Leigh is next in Columbia's "My Sister Eileen" and RKO's "Jet Pilot"

ifference!



● They do not have towels marked His and Hers.

She never eats between meals, but he is constantly nibbling on something. "I like it better than regular meals."

He smokes less than a package of cigarettes a day, but she averages two packs.

They always agree on politics.

He is inclined to be quick-tempered and she assiduously scrubs her teeth after every meal. "That's why I have no cavities."

He was born Bernard Schwartz.

She was baptized Jeanette Helen Morrison.

He drinks only one cup of coffee a day, but she puts away seven. She likes her coffee black and hot. He is forever riding hunches and has a passion for shirts. She loves to walk in the rain and has a passion for skirts—"all colors and styles."

He favors Italian restaurants and has a fierce hatred for people who push others around. He was born June 3, 1925.

She wears a girdle only in dancing.

Continued





SHE CALLS HIM TON-A-LA, HE CALLS HER JANIE, BOTH LIKE WATCHING MOVIES ON TV, SURPRISE GIFTS LIKE GOLDFISH



HE LIKES TO NIBBLE, IS PROUD OF SANDWICHES HE MAKES . . . SHE GOES FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLES, CANDY AND DESSERTS

what's the difference!

scenes for support and clings sentimentally to a rag doll that Tony gave her five years ago. She was born at Merced, California, on July 6.

She dislikes watching a boxing match; he is an excellent boxer and is an avid boxing fan.

They are both right-handed.

He abhors the smell of a stable, thinks himself a poor business man and hates to get up early in the morning.

She prefers a nightgown to sleeping pajamas, considers herself pretty good in business matters and she doesn't mind rising early.

They both like garlic, onions and anchovies.

He was born in a New York tenement and she was born in a hospital.

She values most his "honesty and warmth" and wishes he would stop wiping his comb on the towel.

He has no superstitions, is bored by tennis, golf and football and declares that "she wants me to eat too much." His eyes are blue.

She never tries to talk herself out of a traffic ticket; neither does he: "I'm too scared." Her eyes are hazel.

They don't like hillbilly music.

They both have a weakness for shoes, she has sixty pairs and he has twenty. Their mutual best friends are Marge and Gower Champion, Gene Nelson,

Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer. She is five feet five and one-half inches tall and thinks her most vivid memory is her first sight of Paris.

He confesses that he is not tidy or orderly, declares that his worst fault is "not making up my mind" and is proud of the sandwiches he makes.

They like to go barefooted.

She calls him Ton-a-la, which means "little Tony" in Hungarian. He calls her Janie, and when they have children they would like "more than one."

Tony is always postponing answering letters, insists on paying bills promptly and gets seasick at the first lurch of a



THEY'RE NEVER BORED WITH EACH OTHER, ENJOY HAVING PEOPLE AROUND, BUT INSIST ON SOME EVENINGS BY THEMSELVES

boat. His hair is black and polo bores him.

Janet dislikes cooking, has no interest in winter sports and gets seasick only when on the lower deck but not in the open air. Her hair is dark blond and she answers letters promptly.

He doesn't like popcorn.

She has never been to a horse race.

He loves to play poker and she doesn't like gambling in any form. They cannot endure wrestling matches, oysters or clams and both are rabid movie fans, seeing all they can.

He finds machinery completely baffling, loves baseball and track meets and believes environment infinitely

more important than heredity. They love to play Scrabble, badminton and guggenheimer.

She owns twenty-five pairs of earrings. "Never gaudy or jazzy." Tony has an aversion to flashy jewelry.

They have a French miniature poodle whom they call "Houdina" and two little goldfish brought home one day by Tony on what they call "Love Day."

She has "no affinity for cats."

He wears no rings, dislikes opera and confesses he is "terrible in English and spelling." He yearns someday to visit Italy and has read *Fancies and Goodnights* by John Collier several times.

Tony doesn't mind long telephone conversations "so long as I don't have to pay for them," and Janet doesn't like them "except when Tony's on the wire." She likes to watch football and basketball games.

Neither one is affected by claustrophobia and he admires Janet because "she's a nice girl." She never has a dietary problem because "usually I can stand two or three pounds more."

She dislikes potatoes and beans in any form, but he is very fond of them. She saves nothing she "doesn't need."

He never wears an undershirt. "It itches."

He hates "all (Continued on page 103)





"Took Betty and Margaret, two of the women who take care of our house, to luau . . . won cocoanut frond hat for native dance. Right, Robbie Robinson and I with housekeeper . . . wore leis, lava-lavas (skirts) for kicks"

My Hawaiian Diary

BY TAB HUNTER

Orchid leis, perfumed breezes, Hawaiian sunsets, cocoanuts everywhere. Feel like one is in my throat. This is work?

Monday, Sept. 20: This is *it!* I'm on my way to Kailua, Kona, Hawaii where Lana Turner and John Wayne are making "The Sea Chase" and lucky you-know-who is in it, too! Promised good friend and writer, Jerry Asher, I'd keep a diary for him and PHOTOPLAY. So her-r-e it is (with apologies to Mr. Gobel) and this is the show!

Tuesday, Sept. 21: Up at dawn. Packed my gear. To early mass at Blessed Sacra-

ment. Can't help thinking—was that really me back in the Coast Guard who got *halfway* to Honolulu on a weather patrol? Will I ever make it *all* the way? I often asked myself. Now all this—with Warner Bros. picking up the tab, too, *I think!* To the studio where best friend, Dick Clayton, introduced me to Dick Davalos who plays my best friend in the picture. Coffee at drugstore across the street. Too excited to drink the stuff. (Continued on page 74)

At sea, with stand-in and pal, Fred Stromsoe. Fred was also Tab's stand-in for current picture, "Battle Cry"

Tab, Robbie, Fred. "Robbie, terrific towering actor and stunt man, moved in with us—nothing but laughs"

Aboard the Ergenstrasse. Getting to ship for filming of "The Sea Chase" took three and a half hours





I'm in love with a wonderful guy

*I'd come to Hollywood
to be a movie star.*

*Then one night
something happened.*

To my heart

BY SHEILA CONNOLLY
MADISON

● When Guy comes home from work, he always whistles. By now, I know the slam of the car door, the number of steps to the living room. And I wait for the tune to break and the words that follow. "Hey, Mrs. Madison, where are you?"

If I'm not right there to meet him, it takes only a moment for me to get to the door.

"Now I know where you are," Guy says, taking me in his arms, adding, "Mrs. Madison."

"Say that again," I ask. "That part about being 'Mrs. Madison.'"

"Well, since you're still a bride, maybe I'd better humor you," he answers, "Mrs. Madison."

"Humor me that way for the rest of our lives," I beg. For, you see, the first time I heard those words, on our wedding day, I could hardly believe them.

We were standing on the courthouse steps in Juarez. It was a warm, dusty day, and the sun was beating down as if it were concentrating upon this one little town and no other place in the world. It was our wedding day.

"Hello, Mrs. Madison," Guy was saying.

For a moment, I couldn't answer. "Am I?" I asked him in my happy daze. "Am I really your wife, Mrs. Guy Madison?" (Continued on page 106)

*Theirs was no night-club courtship.
Guy, Sheila share liking for outdoors*

*On the beach at Miami, Florida. New-
lyweds spent week of honeymoon here*

*"Who wants to be a Bernhardt!"
Sheila would rather be Mrs. Madison*



Guy Madison is in "Five Against the House"



Memo to my Husband

FROM SYLVIA (MRS. DANNY KAYE) FINE

Danny Kaye's next is "The Court Jester"



"You thought you had the world fooled—that as long as you played the jester, they wouldn't find you out. But they knew you all the time, Danny, the way I did. Only you wouldn't believe it—until now"



"Daughter Dena, who adores her father, plans to marry him when she grows up! He took portrait"



Danny and Sylvia, with George Jessel. "On-stage, high-pressured, completely zany. Off—as relaxed as a rag doll"

An exciting and very important thing happened to you this year, Danny—you grew up!

There have been other important and exciting events and developments in your life this past year (the most topical being Irving Berlin's "White Christmas" in which you co-star with Bing Crosby and, on the distaff side, Rosemary Clooney and Vera-Ellen). But of them all, the most important is that you have grown not only in your profession but also within yourself.

It took you quite a time to grow up.

At first, and for some years after you made "Up in Arms," "Wonder Man," "Kid from Brooklyn" and became a star, you thought you had to project your stage personality all the time. Remove the cap and bells, even for a moment, take off the jester's costume and they'd find you out. Or so you believed.

"The bubble will burst," you used to say darkly. "All this will pass away," you'd say, waving your long arms in a gesture that appeared to take in all of Hollywood, including our home and all our worldly goods. "And when it does, I'll hear voices saying, 'We're on to you, feller, the jig is up!'"

Of Dena, our eight-year-old daughter, who is unmistakably bright for her age, you often say: "She's really twenty-four, you know, she doesn't fool me for a minute!" Of you I used often to (Continued on page 104)



June Allyson is in
"Strategic Air Command,"
"The Shrike" and
"The McConnell Story"



"There'll always be a little fright for me," says June, "because that's the way I am. And I'll always need Richard and Ricky and Pam—and what home represents—these safe, warm walls I know so well. But the one big fright—that's over"

She was a prisoner

It is not especially difficult to drive a car off the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. It is, in fact, much easier than to drive one on to it. But for June Allyson, one day not too many months ago, this simple act was a matter for genuine, nerve-shattering terror.

For she was leaving, after eleven years, the only picture home she had ever known. In a state of fearful panic, she had decided to free-lance and declined to sign a new contract. Weeping

from both fright and sorrow, on her last day she made the studio rounds, saying goodbye to persons she was convinced were the only professional friends she had or could expect to have again in her lifetime. Then, in a panic, she drove out the east gate, past the Irving Thalberg Building into the ugly golden smudge of Culver City.

Sounds absurd? Then let June Allyson tell you.

"I didn't think anyone would hire

me. And please don't laugh. I'm not hamming or fishing for a kind word. I'd never worked *anywhere* but Metro. I didn't know any other studio people. Maybe they wouldn't like me. I didn't think they would. It seemed to me there were just Richard and the children left, no other security. Wasn't that a horrible way to feel? I'm ashamed in a way. I'm so easily frightened. I guess I'll always be frightened. But it's so much better (Continued on page 78)



The battle was half won when June faced up to her fears and knew that she, alone, must take the step to freedom

As a child, June had none of the loving warmth and security she and Dick are trying to give to Pam and her brother

of fear

This story may sound fantastic.

It seems that way now to June.

But her ordeal was real.

So was the courage that freed her

Audrey Hepburn

the girl,
the gamin
and
the star



Audrey's career had not yet begun when she first met the author in 1951. But, "she had that star quality even then," recalls this noted columnist

BY RADIE HARRIS

*Darling Radie
I just wanted
to thank you again for
being such a friend. I
was so touched by your
consideration for me,
that I would like to
tell you how much I
appreciated it.
It is indeed all very
new to me and strange
and every bit of advice
you give me is
just what I need.
I am
yours
Audrey*

Although busy, Audrey wrote the author frequently



In Holland, to raise money for Dutch Military Invalid Fund, Audrey modeled, sold pictures of herself, was awarded medal



At benefit fashion show she modeled gown she wore in last film, "Sabrina." Mel Ferrer accompanied Audrey on tour



Audrey and Mel visit with Secretary of fund, A. Grims, and wife. Audrey's known him since war years in Holland

March 25, 1954. On this night the eyes of the world are focused on Hollywood. The annual Academy Award sweepstakes are about to end with the giving of filmdom's highest honor—the little gold statuette named "Oscar." Only tonight, when the time arrives for the final choice of "The Best Performance by an Actress," the spotlight shifts. Not Hollywood but New York is the backdrop for this suspenseful, exciting moment. Sitting in a gala audience at the NBC Center Theatre, with her mother and her future groom, is the twenty-four-year-old newcomer who, on the strength of her first Hollywood picture, is to win this coveted prize over such competitors as Deborah Kerr, Leslie Caron, Ava Gardner and Maggie McNamara.

I watch as Audrey Hepburn, trembling with emotion, leaves her seat to come on stage and acknowledge the honor bestowed upon her by the motion-picture industry. And suddenly the scene before me recedes in the distance and like a flashback in the movies, the calendar turns back.

July 18, 1951. The setting was London, where Audrey and I met for the first time at a dinner party given in my honor at Mayfair's most popular private club, Les Ambassadeurs. Faye Emerson, who had just flown over to spend a few days with me, was among the guests. So were Humphrey Bogart, John Huston, Sam Spiegel (who had just finished filming "African Queen") and Lauren Bacall. My (Continued on page 99)



GOLD MEDAL ACTRESS OF 1954

Loved first for the fizz and sparkle of sheer youth, June Allyson now has shown fans all the richness of her warm, witty, wise self. They vote her the best!



GOLD MEDAL ACTOR OF 1954

Personally, William Holden's a pretty reserved character. But before the cameras he opens up, giving moviegoers a full measure of fine acting every time

**ANNOUNCING
PHOTOPLAY'S
AWARD WINNERS
OF 1954-55**



GOLD MEDAL WINNING PICTURE OF 1954

With the love story of Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman, U-P's "Magnificent Obsession" touched every heart. And its inspiring theme left an imprint on memory



Hollywood history was made on the evening of February 10th. For the thirty-fifth year, PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal awards singled out the movies and the stars that have won the public's deepest affection.

And, for the first time, newer stars who may be the Gold Medal winners of tomorrow stepped up to claim their honors on the same evening. These were the victors in the "Choose Your Stars" contest, decided by the ballots of PHOTOPLAY's readers.

Celebrities gathered in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel felt a nice extra glow of sentiment about the occasion. For Dick Powell, as master of ceremonies, had the pleasure of presenting the Gold Medal to his wife. It seems June Allyson is the American filmgoer's favorite wife, too. Her delightful portraits

Continued

MOST PROMISING ACTRESS OF 1955

Asked to "Choose Your Stars," the readers of PHOTOPLAY saluted Grace Kelly, the lass with the delicate air and the sturdy talent



MOST PROMISING ACTOR OF 1955

When opportunity knocked a second time, Guy Madison was there to answer. Readers see a shining future for this action hero



ANNOUNCING PHOTOPLAY'S AWARD WINNERS OF 1954-55 *Continued*

of marital devotion in U-I's "The Glenn Miller Story," M-G-M's "Executive Suite" and 20th's "Woman's World" brought her the accolade as the most popular movie actress of 1954. She continues the tradition this year in Paramount's "Strategic Air Command" and Warners' "The McConnell Story," but slips from wifely grace in U-I's "The Shrike."

By coincidence, it was one of June's movie husbands who joined her at the top of the Gold Medal list—William Holden (wed to her in "Executive Suite"). On the subject of Holden, moviegoers agree heartily with Bill's fellow movie-makers, who last year voted him an Oscar. A playboy in "Sabrina," a serious young director in "The Country Girl," he starts 1955 by again doing Paramount proud in "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," as a valiant jet pilot.

The competition was so close that each one of the runners-up for the Gold Medal also holds a secure place in fans' hearts. Jane Wyman won her award with only one 1954



Jane Wyman, one of the five most popular actresses, has a flair for expressing courage and charm in her film roles



Tony Curtis goes on the five most popular actors' list. Here's a climax in a thoroughly American saga of success



James Stewart reinforced his long-range popularity with honest, humorous portraits of bandleader, amateur sleuth



Marlon Brando electrified the public with his acting power, whether as young rowdy, dockside thug or emperor



Ann Blyth, earlier permitted only a few notes of song, proved last year that her voice is as sweet as her personality



Judy Garland dazzled audiences with her showmanship, soaring "Over the Rainbow" to a Hollywood home-coming



Debbie Reynolds finally let the fans have it—the whole force of her delightful, irrepressible, zany zest for life

SPECIAL AWARDS:



Rock Hudson—last year grew in stature as a star, and the fans hailed him for rising above the Western-hero class

Y. FRANK FREEMAN, production head of Paramount, made a magnificent contribution to motion pictures with the introduction of a dazzling new process—VistaVision. Unveiled for a delighted public in the smash hit "White Christmas," VistaVision provides a big, big picture of superb clarity. Film runs through a new type of camera in a different way, so that each frame of the negative is larger than the standard size. Therefore, every detail remains bright and clear even when the pictures are enlarged to fill today's vast screens. And movies shot in VistaVision can be shown in various proportions.

OTTO PREMINGER, talented producer-director, gave the filmgoing public a rare treat by translating the classic theme of the opera "Carmen" into a distinguished American movie, "Carmen Jones." Lyricist Oscar Hammerstein wrote this version of the Bizet music-drama for the stage, where it won acclaim. But in his production for 20th, Preminger took full advantage of CinemaScope spaciousness, told the story with the free-ranging vitality that only the screen can achieve. He chose his players (headed by Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte) shrewdly, guided them unerringly.

DANNY KAYE did credit to the motion-picture industry and aided the cause of world friendship through his work as Ambassador at Large for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. Welcomed by dignitaries in Burma, India, Thailand, the Philippines, Danny was still more deeply impressed at meeting the children helped by UNICEF. He reports on his trip in the movie "Assignment—Children," shot with Paramount's cooperation. This studio starred him in "Knock on Wood" and "White Christmas" and presents him next in "The Court Jester."

VAN JOHNSON emerged during 1954 as an actor of real scope and force. He first impressed fans as simply a boy-next-door type, noted more for exuberance and an engaging grin than for versatile performances. After that phase of his career faded, he even deserted the screen briefly to try his fortune as a nightclub entertainer. But he returned last year as a new, far more imposing Van Johnson. He was equally convincing as a rugged Navy man in "The Caine Mutiny" and as a troubled husband in M-G-M's "The Last Time I Saw Paris." His next: Columbia's "The End of the Affair."

Continued

ANNOUNCING PHOTOPLAY'S AWARD WINNERS OF 1954-55 *Continued*

picture. But that one happened to be the Gold Medal picture—U-I's "Magnificent Obsession," best-loved movie of 1954. Jane's splendid dramatic performance set all the studios on her trail. Warners

gets her for "Miracle in the Rain"; Paramount, for "Lucy Gallant"; U-I, for "All That Heaven Allows."

A similar wholesome sweetness is the essence of Ann Blyth's appeal. Her (*Continued on page 84*)



The Egyptian, one of the Gold Medal runners-up, featured Edmund Purdom, Bella Darvi in a tale of ancient intrigue. 20th



On the Waterfront told a startling story of violence, redemption, love (Marlon Brando, newcomer Eva Marie Saint). Columbia



A Star Is Born close-upped the real Hollywood, tracing the romance and careers of James Mason and Judy Garland. Warners



The Glenn Miller Story excitingly combined good jazz, tender personal history (June Allyson, James Stewart co-starred). U-I



White Christmas was rich in songs and starshine—Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen, Bing Crosby (and Rosemary Clooney). Paramount



Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, enchantingly unusual musical, teamed Jane Powell, Howard Keel as pioneer couple. M-G-M



Susan Slept Here found gay and giddy comedy in writer Dick Powell's entanglement with youthful Debbie Reynolds. RKO



The Barefoot Contessa saw Ava Gardner rise to fame, search for happiness—with Rossano Brazzi. Bogart also scored. U.A.



The High and the Mighty took us on a danger-haunted plane ride—John Wayne, Doe Avedon, Bob Stack in crew. Warners

PHOTOPLAY STAR



SPRING FASHIONS IN THE CAMERA EYE

Our Star Fashion Award to Dream Step's sling-back draped sandal, beaded button. Pretty leather colors. About \$4

Smile pretty! Lovely film star Pat Crowley introduces a preview of new fashions to make glamour days of Easter and all spring. Her navy sleeveless sheath, with dotted silk tie, is sparked with a white Empire jacket. All silk and worsted. 7-15. By Jerry Greenwald. About \$45. Hat, a John Frederics Charmer. Striking accessory: Cliquot, champagne poodle

For Where to Buy turn to page 77

Continued

Photoplay
STAR AWARD FASHION



Susan's lovely stockings in skin-tone colors by Bur-Mil Cameo



Award-winning smooth leather d'Orsay pump, white-touched at tabbed, barrel button front. Fashion colors. Dream Step. About \$4

A photographer's dream, lovely star Susan Cabot graces the camera lens in her fresh as spring middy-look suit of navy sheer wool. New straight top has Martingale belt placed low at back and sides, emphasizing pencil-slim skirt. Striped faille scarf at V-neckline. Sizes 5-15. By Felix Safian. About \$35. Added flair, Madcaps striped straw beret, striped sheer gloves. Not for sale: Vickie, beautiful champion French miniature poodle

For Where
to Buy turn
to page 77

Last seen in U-I's "Ride Clear of Diablo,"
Susan Cabot's now starring off-Broadway in "A
Stone for Danny Fisher"

FASHIONS IN THE CAMERA EYE continued

Below left, charming Pat Crowley gets snapped for the celebrity page. Her youthful suit in wearable navy or black rayon faille has a full silhouette with wide-flare gored skirt, stiff enough to stand out on its own. The short bolero jacket features a buckled front. Pat's sparked it with a striped tie-back scarf. The suit, sizes 10-18. By McArthur, Ltd. \$14.95. Her perky hat, a John Fredericks Charmer. Navy calf bag by Wilcof.

Stunning Barbara Lawrence of Hollywood fame, below right, makes a lovely picture for any press photog. Her smart three-way suit has a square-necked camisole top, slim skirt in black linen-look rayon, yellow calf belt accent. The frosting—a yellow and black cotton tweed cutaway jacket Barbara wears as an all-round topper. 8-16, also 7-15. By Joselli. About \$40. Handsome jet straw bag by Simon. Betmar's straw bonnet.

Continued



Perfect all-round casual shoe. Dream Step's Star Award shell flattie, white buttoned flap trim. Black, red, blue, white smooth leather. About \$3



All fashion photographs pp. 67-72 by Bert and Stan Rockfield • Drawings by Andy Warhol



FASHIONS IN THE CAMERA EYE continued

Off to her Easter parading, pert Pat Crowley loves the fresh look of polka-dotted silk. These in black against pale crocus yellow make the V-necked and bowed bodice of her slim black silk shantung sheath, with short snug jacket lined in the same dotted silk. Comes also in navy and pink, black or navy with white. Sizes 10-20. A Cirilo design by Bloomfield. About \$35. Straw pillbox by Madcaps. The black fox muff, Harold J. Rubin

Look for the beautiful spring outfit Pat Crowley made, plus news of an exciting new contest on page 109



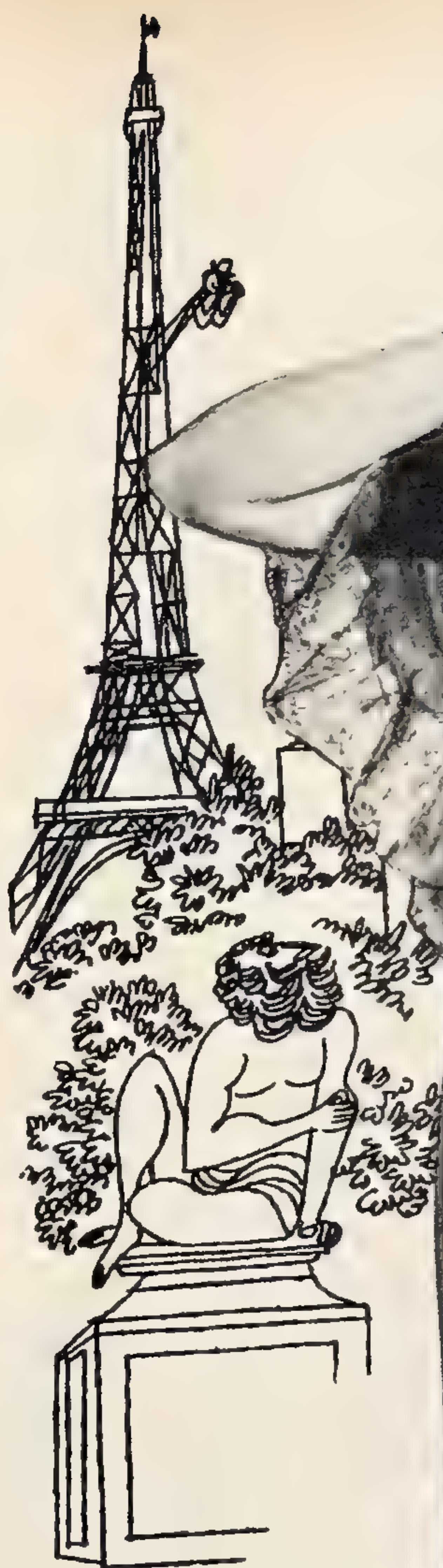


lucky be the passers-by to glimpse
 San Cabot, dressed so smartly in
 a gem of a suit for this year's spring.
 smooth navy or black faille, a real
 fashion fabric, it features a fitted
 jacket with wide hip pockets pointing
 the slim skirt. 'Bonus is a striped
 blouse with winged collar jutting from
 sparkling jewel-buckled tie. Look
 buckles everywhere this spring.
 a suit, sizes 7-15. By Junior Accent.
 complete, about \$40. Hat by Madcaps

Continued

For

Where to Buy these Fashions
 turn to page 77



Adventures of FRAN, the Formfit Gal, or

An Eye-ful in Paris



skippies

BY FORMFIT

* SKIPPIES GIRDLE • LIFE BRA

Here Fran's wearing figure-making Skip-
 pies Girdle #953 . . . nylon elastic net,
 front and back satin lastex panels. Small,
 Medium, Large. \$6.50. The bra is the lovely
 Life Romance #582. 32A to 38C. \$3.50.
 Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Of course I took to Gay Paree,
 But golly, how they took to *me*!

I strolled each sunny boulevard
 The subject of intent regard;

Those Frenchmen, in their funny cars,
 Deluged me with their *Oo-la-la's*!

To consternation of gendarmes
 I halted traffic . . . *moi, sans armes*!

Folks headed for Folies Bergere
 Would miss the show to stop and stare

They'd "*vive la*" me where'er I'd sally,
 From mad Montmartre to Place Pigalle.

With such approval by the hour,
 My ego topped the Eiffel Tower.

Complete responsibility:
 My Formfit outfit*—ah, *mais oui*!

Look for Pat Crowley starring in NBC-
 TV's new comedy, "My Man Sing"



For Where to Buy
turn to page 77

A striking picture for the newsmen, Barbara Lawrence loves the look of smart separates. The jacket, in black and white cotton tweed, has a standaway neckline, soft cummerbund belt. \$8.95. Full gathered skirt in red, white, black striped cotton tweed, \$17.95. Both 8-16. By Nelly de Grab. Chic white satin beret, a John Frederics Charmer. Gloves by Dawnelle

IF IT RAINS ON EASTER SUNDAY . . .

Stay dry and stylish as ever in smart, light Rain Dears Deluxe rainboots by Lucky. Your pretty shoes peek through the pliable, seamless molded plastic. They feature a triple-thick, non-slip tread, easy-on-and-off bow-tie snap closings. Universal fit for all shoes; fashion-fit for higher heels. In smoke or clear. About \$2

Sheer skin-tone stockings by Bur-Mil Cameo. • Barbara Lawrence is in Broadway's "Put Them All Together." Look for her soon in the new film version of "Oklahoma!"

FASHIONS IN THE CAMERA EYE

continued



Each time you wash your face

— your skin ***"Dies"*** a little

There are 1- to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—"open" to such troubles as stretched pores, coarsened texture, cracking, "shriveling." This is right after washing. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little...

After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin

No complexion, however young, can escape this problem of skin "un-balance." You've noticed these *first* danger signals—right after washing: A pulled-tight, "burning" feeling. Flaky little roughnesses.

Must you *avoid* washing your face? "No," skin specialists say, "but after each washing 're-balance' your skin *instantly*..."

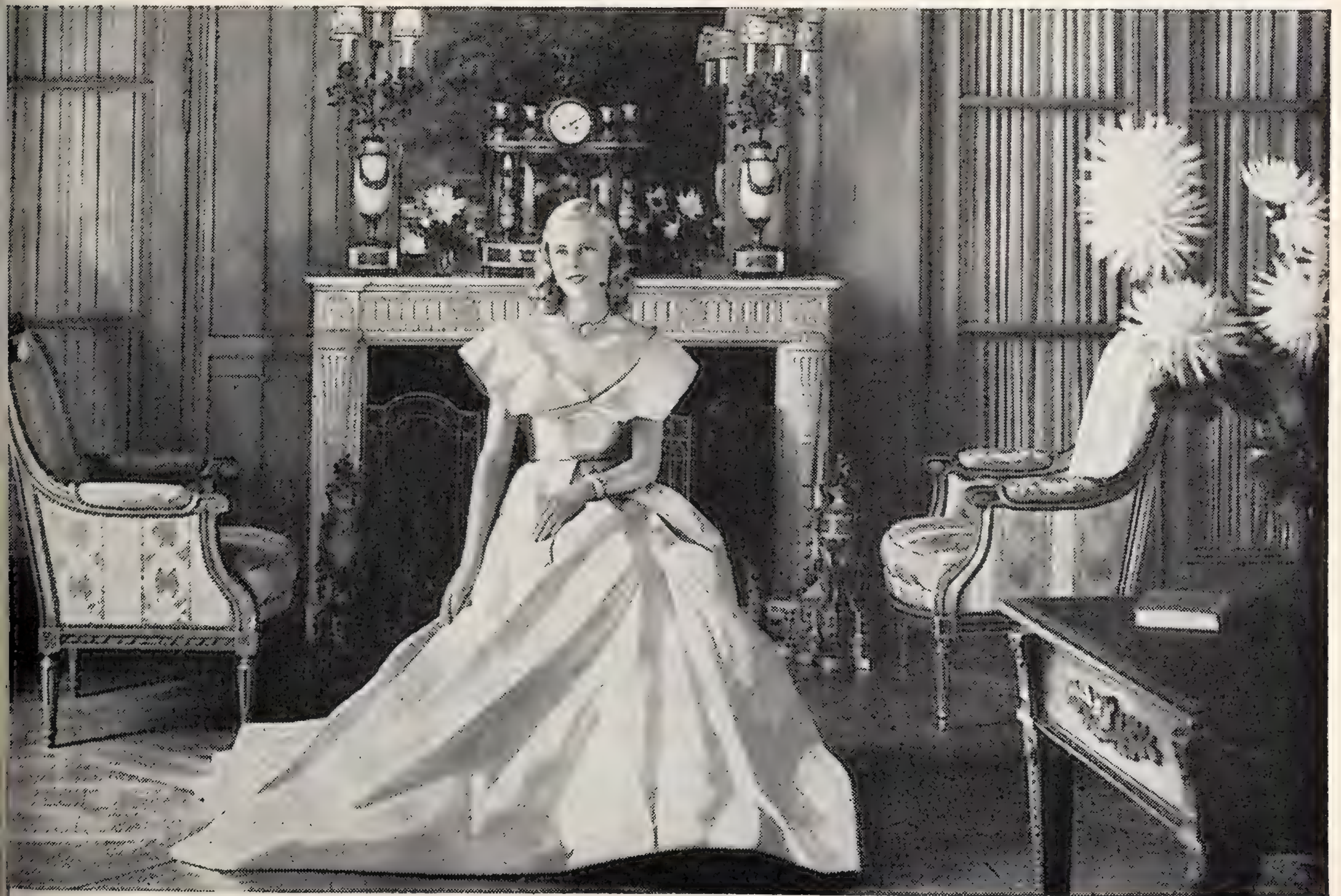
Never leave your skin unprotected a *single moment* after washing. Re-establish its defenses at once with a smoothing application of Pond's Cold Cream. *At least 60 times faster than Nature*, Pond's combats dryness, "shriveling." Restores elasticity. Keeps skin's texture smooth.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides an immediate "re-balancing" each time you've washed your face, your skin

The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar. More women use Pond's Cold Cream than any face cream ever made.

needs *thorough clearing* with Pond's Cold Cream each night. A *deep* Pond's Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, radiant! Start now to give your skin perfect care, with a perfect cream. Reap the quick rewards of a *noticeably* lovelier complexion!

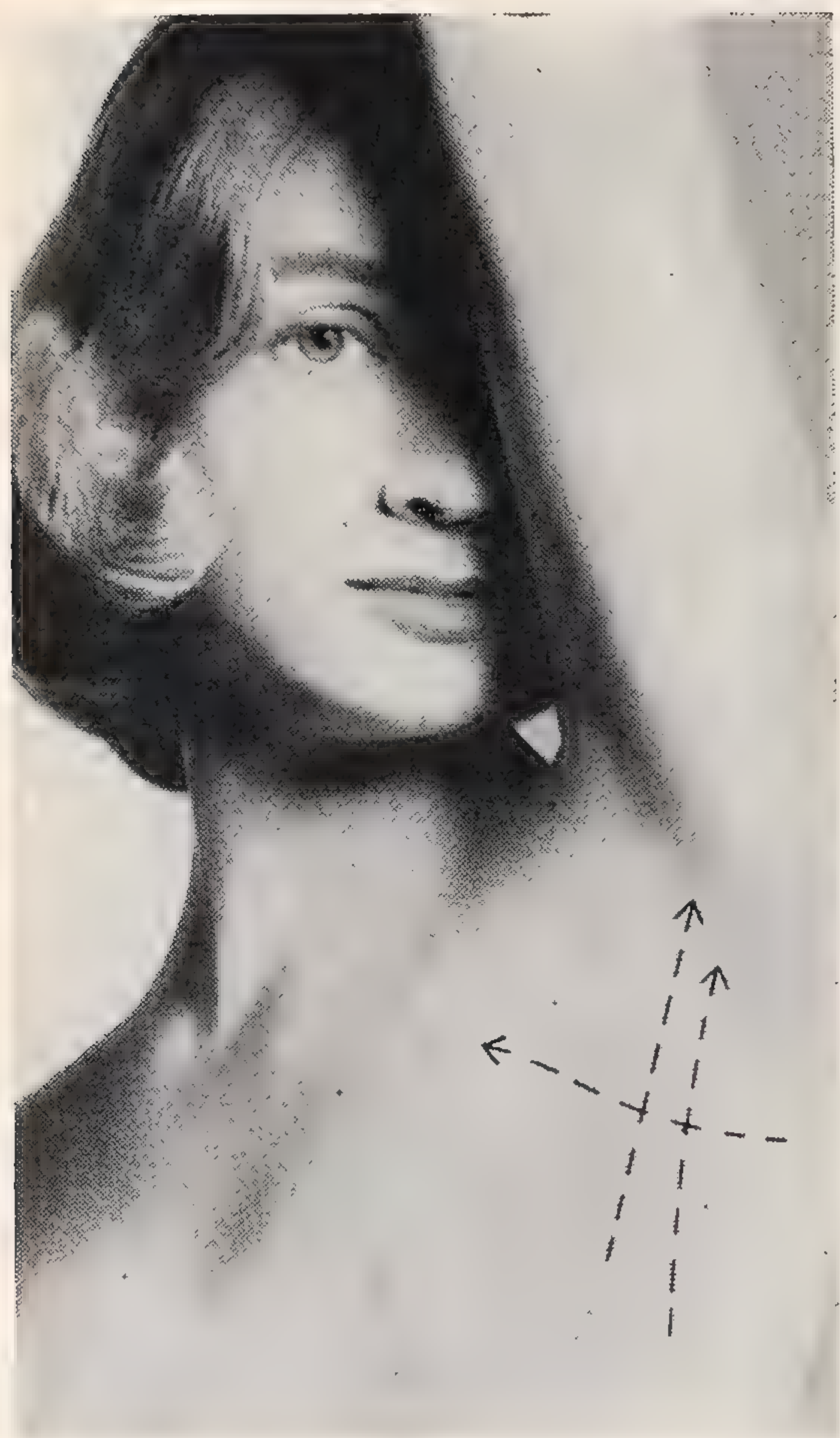


Mrs. Michael H. McCormick

Mrs. McCormick, photographed in Paris during her honeymoon, is a member of the distinguished Chicago family. Although in her earliest twenties, she has worked out a skin care program effective yet simple enough to fit easily into her active life. She says, "My skin just doesn't agree with

frequent washing, unless I give it a quick smoothing with Pond's Cold Cream right away. The improvement these daytime creamings make is astonishing. And, of course, for thorough *cleansing*, I always use Pond's each night." The results show in Mrs. McCormick's exquisite skin.

How you can stop odor, check moisture...



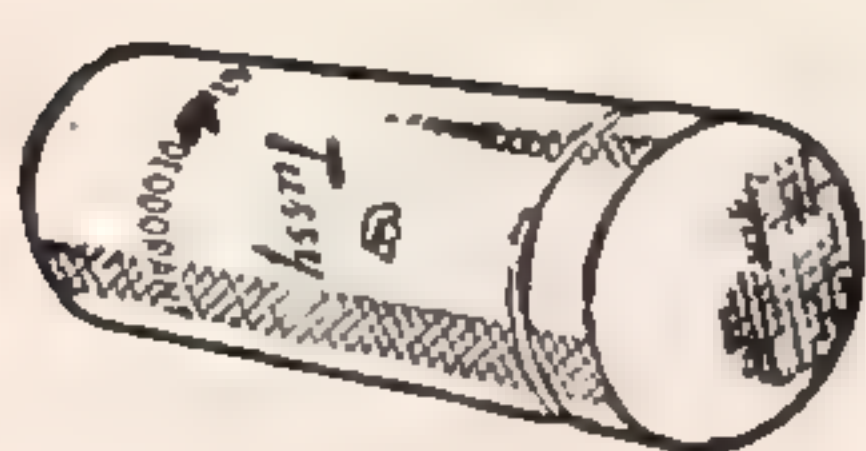
with Tussy ...the instant Deodorant

Instantly checks perspiration moisture. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer . . . even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Blend Tussy Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to the sides. It's a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . smooths the skin.



Won't fade out! You can't become immune to its effects. Each time you use it . . . it protects you. Safe for normal skin and fabrics. 50¢ & \$1.



When you travel, carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant. Easy to use any place. Only \$1. prices plus tax

My Hawaiian Diary

(Continued from page 53)

Later, 10 A. M.: Pineapple juice and sweet rolls in Aloha Room at Los Angeles International Airport. So I'm getting into the mood! Just saw a bewitching blond. Lana Turner going over on the same Strataliner—I hope—I hope! False alarm. Beautiful take-off at 11 A.M. Aloha toast and champagne at noon.

Sundown, Same Day: What can I say! It's absolutely out of this world! Flight a bit long but great. Arrived shortly after sunset, greeted by hula dancers, orchid leis, palm trees swaying, perfume breeze. Where's Dorothy Lamour? Cocoanuts everywhere. Feel like one's in my throat. No wonder I can't eat dinner. On to Kona, greeted by Hawaiian orchestra, more hula girls, more leis, more of everything. This is work?

Wednesday, Sept. 22: Up at 7 A.M. This is the way to do it. Arrive at night in excited state of exhaustion. Wake up in paradise. Davalos, Alan Hale, Jr., and myself sharing house mile and a half from Kona Inn. Most of the company there. Two bedrooms, two baths, large living room, phonograph and piano. Flowers and windows everywhere. This C. V. Crellin house originally planned for Lana. Studio reconsidered. Afraid of prowlers. It figures!

One Hour Later: To breakfast on terrace of Kona Inn. Stray dogs, barefoot kids, happiness everywhere. On to Disappearing Beach. Need sun tan badly. Too white from skating at Lake Placid recently. Wow! Went to sleep in sun with vinegar on my body. Woke up smelling like a tossed green salad! Can't get over this fabulous place. White sand disappears on beach one month each year. Only lava remains. Body surfing so great here. Kona water is cool, very clean. Still no Lana!

Thursday, Sept. 23: No work today. Up at 6:45. I'm nutz! Too excited to sleep, no doubt. Starting to jazz it up with Aloha shirts and crazy hats. Breakfast at Kona Inn. Such cute little Japanese waitresses and polite waiters. What service! Only wish I could bring back Lloyd, Japanese boy who waits on our table. And Norma, the hostess. Beautiful like Hollywood glamour gal. Always smiling, these people. Bought bamboo pole, hook, sinker. Fished island way. Caught two "nothing" fish, measuring six inches *together!* Better I should stick to ice skating. Dinner at Inn. Filmed short subject on "Island Tour," then home. Who misses the Mambo at Mocambo!

Friday, Sept. 24: First day of work. Nervous as a cat. Wish I could relax like natives. Three and a half hour trip out to sea. Work on the *Margaret Schaffer*, called the *Ergenstrasse* in "The Sea Chase." First shot after lunch. John Wayne gave me his navy jacket to wear for luck. Said he saw "Track of the Cat." Wishes Wayne-Fellows had me under contract. What a great guy—even if he hadn't said it. Not so nervous now.

Later: Home at 7:30. Long trip back and forth really cuts into shooting schedule. To bed. Am pooped in paradise!

Saturday, Sept. 25: Time to get up. Wha happen! Seems like my head just hit the sack. Got home early today. Saw familiar face. Harry Cerny, dock boy two summers ago at Lake Arrowhead. Small world isn't it? Wayne very nice today. Still no Lana!

Saturday Night: Lana is here! Wonder if

she ever got *that* fan letter. I blush. I think of what I said! Dinner at Inn. working there also entertain. Got into dancing native hukilau. Person Fred Astaire: Please stop worrying! native cocoanut frond hat. Lana wa and laughed. That *wonderful* laugh. I ly found courage. Placed plumeri around her neck. Home to dream dreams. Lana never looked lovelier!

Sunday, Sept. 26: To mass in oldest cl on Hawaiian Islands. Went shop. Bought Mom Miss Hawaii bathing hibiscus pattern. On her it looks. Went swimming with my stand-in, Stromsøe. Caught up with Gail "Rob Robinson, terrific towering actor and man. Robbie now shares house wit Nothing but laughs.

Monday, Sept. 27: My first disap ment. Supposed to have big scene Lana. Now it's big nothing. Lana so and encouraging. What a doll! Begi to be a bit uneasy about my part. Di John Farrow assures it will grow a go along. Keeping my fingers crosse

Thursday, Sept. 30: Nothing eventfu three days. Trying my darnedest in ever bit they give me. No work. Just s ing by on rolling ship—and waiting. S have only said aye, aye, sir, yes, sir just plain sir. Oh well, guess I can a sell used cars in Culver City if I don it. Fine talk from a bright-eyed youth loves Hollywood!

Saturday, Oct. 2: No work today. Wayne suffering from skin-diving injury. Some reward for such a hard- ing hombre. My first weekend on I lulu. Lunch at Hali Kelane hotel on V ki Beach. Run into Wayne's son Pat a nice guy), also Nick Adams. Both ing in "Mister Roberts" on location. Dinner at the Embers. More yakki Queen's Surf. Run into friend Perry I played Marine in "Battle Cry." Whic minds me, must send wire to Jeff and

Sunday, Oct. 3: Cocoanuts falling on roof sounded like bombs. Breakfas 10 o'clock mass with Pat and Nick. stop Waikiki Beach for sun and s What a job. Wish I were Superman. to luau with Pat and Nick. Wore lavas and leis for kicks. By mistake w into strictly formal black-tie lua Queen's Surf! One bottle of smelling coming up for the official greeter.


Monday, Oct. 4: Back to Kona. Rea news from home. A wire from Mor ing me about brother Walt's losin youngest little girl, Mary Claire. It d seem possible. Feel sort of empty. can I do here? Sent flowers. Thought Walt all day.

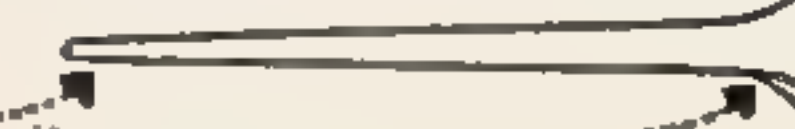
Thursday, Oct. 7: No work last three Wayne's painful ear acting up Keeps flying to Honolulu for treat Thank the good Lord for friends who letters. Received 16 today. Wrote 16 How they'll hate me! Love it here, b beginning to get lonely. Such a ron spot—but no romance except six y beautiful girls just walked in. Smot me with leis. All around nine and Took them all to a bar and treat Shirley Temples. This wicked life is ting me.


Saturday, Oct. 9: Wayne has been wo ful. Am definitely unhappy abou part. Talked to Wayne who said:


The Towle Touch


sterling craftsmanship at its best... painstaking devotion to detail... personal pride in each and every piece.

CONSIDER THE FORK: See how Towle achieves added grace and symmetry for this particular pattern by setting back the center tine space—thus 

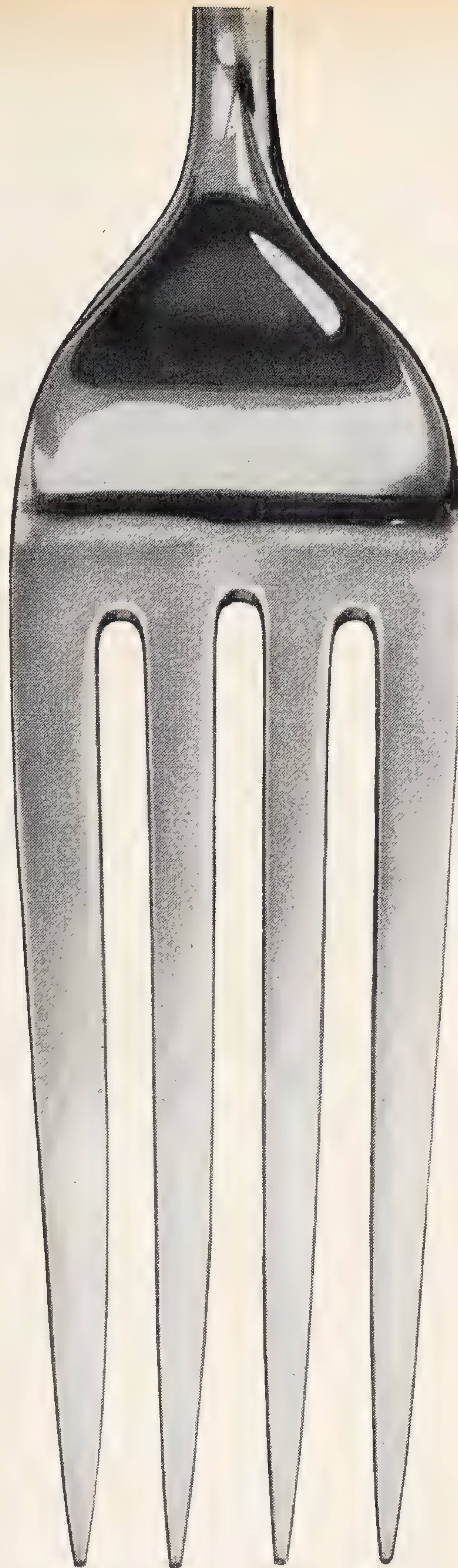
...And a truly practical Towle Touch—a tiny notch between each tine to make washing easier. For *extra* cleanliness—every tine surface is hand polished to smooth perfection. 

AND NOW THE KNIFE: Towle's *French Provincial* knife, for example, is designed to give superb "feel" and balance in the hand...to lie correctly flat upon the table. The handle is *permanently wedged*  to the blade through *solid metal*. A Towle knife is air-tight, water-tight, sanitary, safe... and will not rattle, loosen or come apart!

TOWLE DESIGNS "TIP-TO-TOE." Many silversmiths design their patterns only from here to here. 

They use the same bowl and tine designs from pattern to pattern. Towle tines and bowls are *part* of the pattern because Towle designs from tip-to-toe... 

See this distinction of Towle Sterling in the elegantly turned bowl of the *Candlelight* teaspoon...in the unique handling of the *Contour* butter knife and...the graceful tine detail of the *Madeira* salad fork. To bring out the full beauty and detail of Towle patterns, the warmth and richness of precious sterling itself, a last Towle Touch—Towle's prized "deep burnish" hand-finish on every piece!



THE TOWLE TOUCH AND YOU

Owning Towle Sterling will give you particular pleasure, for The Towle Touch is the *sterling touch*...beauty of form and detail, richness of surface possible in no lesser material...recognizable *always* as the *finest* in sterling. See the complete array of Towle patterns today at selected stores everywhere...they cost no more than *standard* sterling brands. *Crafted by Towle of Newburyport, Massachusetts.*





2



1 Kirk gets advice on underwater photography from a Navy expert, Lt. Comm. Charles Hooper, observer

2 In the blue seas around Nassau, skin-diving's a favorite sport, and Kirk's set for undersea sight-seeing

3 With diving suit, aqua-lung and special camera, Kirk strolls the sea floor, among brilliant-colored coral

4 At a picturesque outdoor market he tries on some Bahamian headgear. This model's a bit extreme, maybe?

5 Cocoanuts and more exotic fruits for sale on the docks catch his eye; a Nassau bobby answers his questions



"20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

BUSINESS and pleasure obligingly teamed up while Kirk Douglas was making "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." He drew a choice role in Walt Disney's version of the pioneer science-fiction story—and a free trip to a vacation paradise went along with the deal. On location at Nassau, in the Bahamas, he spent spare hours roaming the lovely

subtropic island and its surrounding waters. Jules Verne's book imagines a submarine miraculously invented in the 19th century. So many underwater shots were called for, and Nassau was chosen for its spectacular coral reefs. Any time Kirk wasn't busy before the cameras coping with the mad captain (James Mason), he turned tourist.

have a nice honest quality when you a But I was like you at your age and had learn to keep broader in certain scen and not play down emotionally." Gotta r member this. Must never forget advi from an expert.

Sunday, Oct. 10: Real treat. Slept un 6:45. Went to 8 o'clock mass. Hawaii sing hymns with great joy. Amazing peop Later, went to luau at Napoopoo. Start to rain. Danced in mud in bare feet. To Betty and Margaret, two wonderful Hawa ian women who take care of us. Stru leis. Always keep the house filled wi flowers. Betty and Margaret's first par since they married. Mother of six, Ma garet always hapai (pregnant). Told h am writing a song called "Hapai Honey Well, she thought it was funny! Lu rhymes with WOW. Low tables, Hawaii music, native dances, swaying palm tre star-studded skies, so romantic and romance. Who says I'm getting homesic I do.

Thursday, Oct. 14: My lowest day. No staying on until November. God has be very good to me. Shouldn't complain. M Mom, home and friends. Can't help Letter from Mom thanking me for gi Clipping from Dick Clayton. Hollywo says Lori Nelson and I no speakee. Sh a real honey. Where do they get tl feuding bit?

Monday, Oct. 18: Finished shooting ear Finished off ole Davalos, too. Shark him. In the picture, that is! Three days thanks to director John Farrow. Honolu here I come. Closing night of Aloha we Big parade, fireworks and big send-off. Jane Harlan, Lana's seamstress. Go home. Lucky girl. Fireworks until f under my window at Surf Rider Ho Slept right through it all.

Saturday, Oct. 23: Sent wire to Deb and Eddie. Tried to send her white ging lei and orchid lei to him to wear at e gagement party. Invitation reached here too late. Bought myself a coolie co Just the thing to wear at the Brown Der

Monday, Oct. 25: Back to Honolulu. T Margaret and Betty to Carnival, starr my friend May Edwards in Ice Class She's just terrific. Back to Kona. Way feels much better. Lana feels much h pier. Lex Barker just arrived—lucky g Work here's winding up rapidly.

Friday, Oct. 29: Longest week of my l Getting ready to go home. Gave pa for Betty and Margaret. They gave shirt with white ginger blossom patte flower of love. Dancing, singing, cry Promise girls I'll be back. Know I wi someday. Blissfully happy. To bed. S keeping my promise to Mr. Roberts (His son is one of the three top skaters the world.) One decade of the Ros every night. Have never missed, a promised Mr. Robertson when he gave the rosary.

Wednesday, Nov. 3: After seven weeks never forget as long as I live—home. T wonderful word—home! At the airp Everyone there, more crying, more pro ises to return, more Hawaiian music, perfume, swaying palm trees. And one look at the most beautiful sunset in e world. Learned a lot watching these pee of the Islands, this simple, friendly, ca free race. So much closer to God tha lot of phonies who can peel off a rol bills when the collection comes aro every Sunday. It's been a beautiful perience. Aloha and God bless them

THE END

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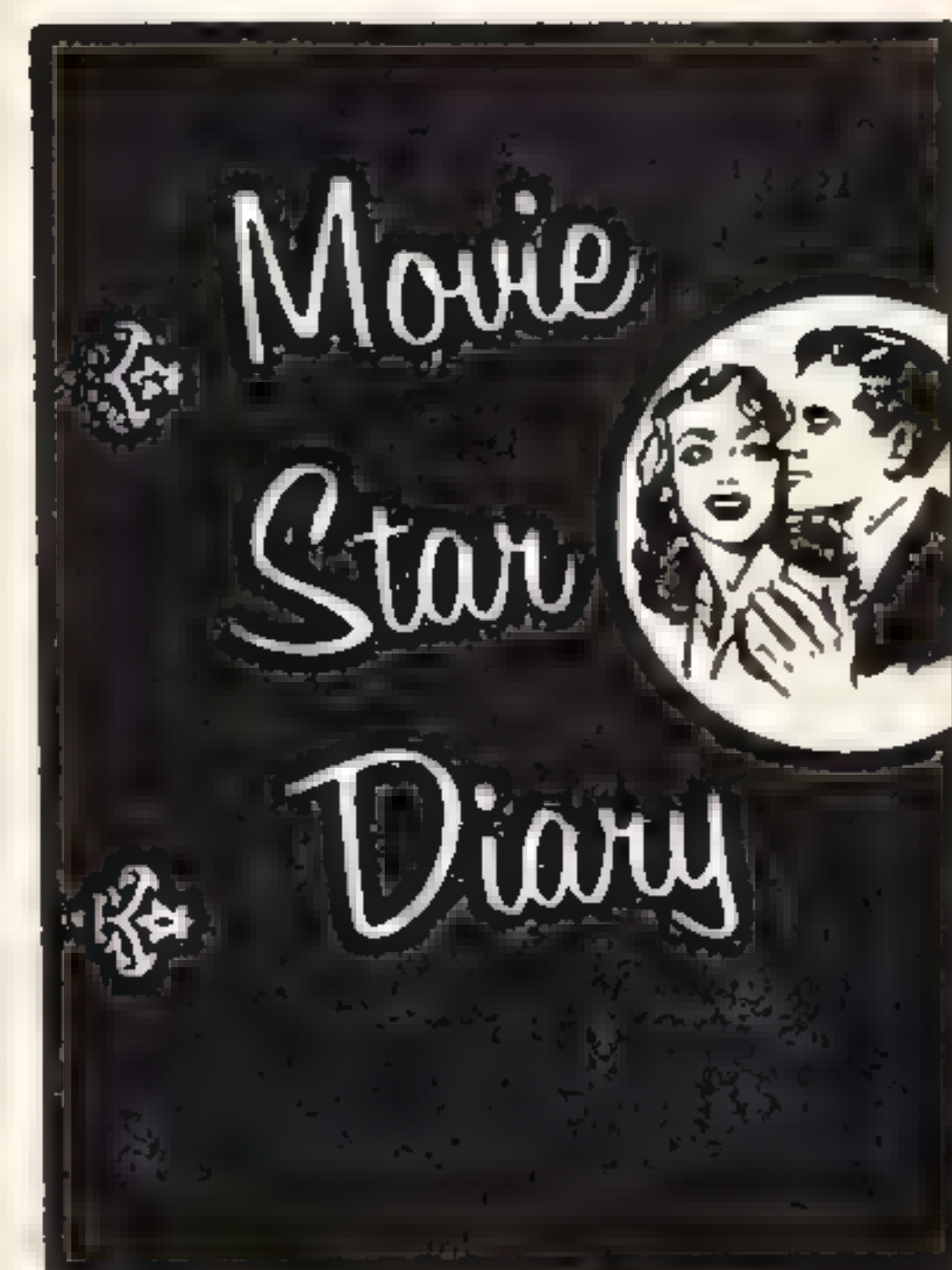
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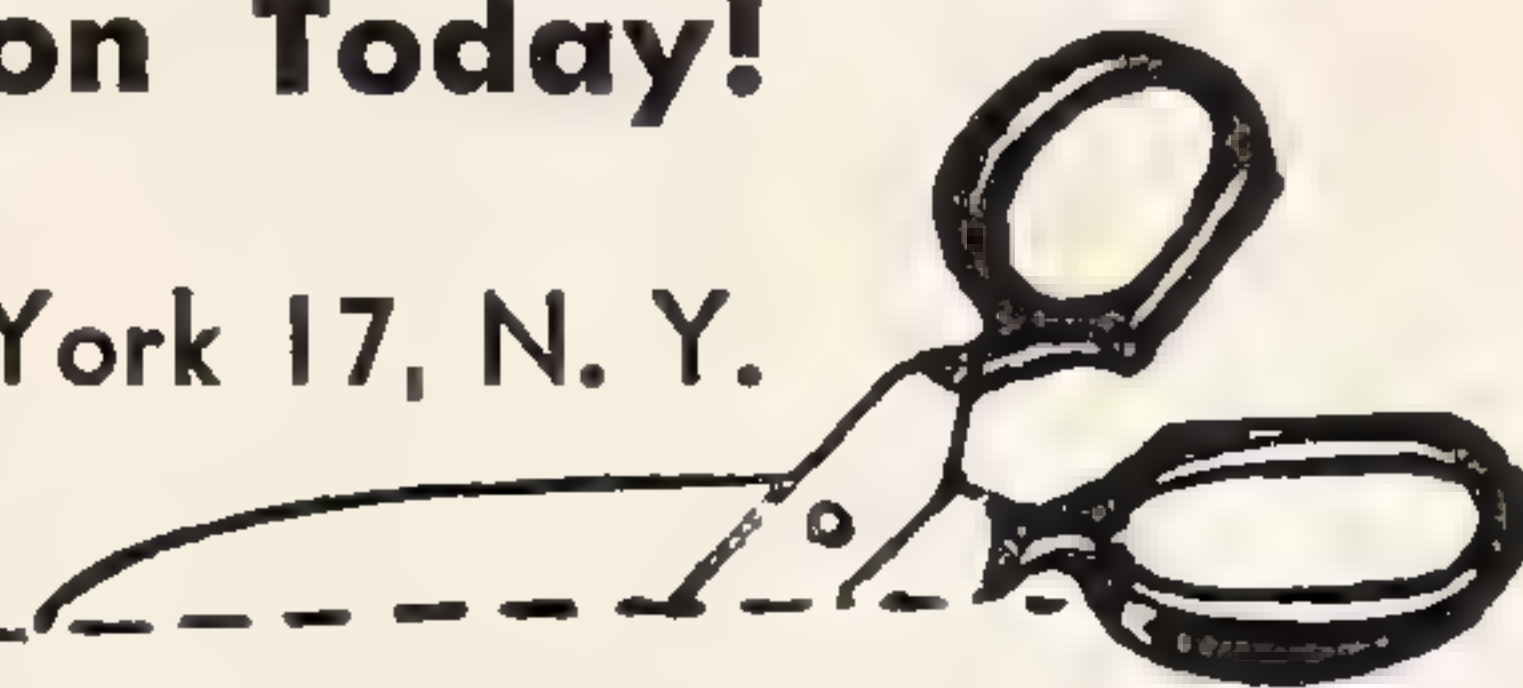
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Accepted for Advertising
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She Was a Prisoner of Fear

(Continued from page 59)

now. I've done what I was always scared to do and it has worked—knock wood—so far anyway. I found it wasn't dark out there after all. It was bright daylight.

"Even if I *hadn't* been wanted by the other studios, even if not a single one had asked me to work, I wouldn't regret now what I did. Leaving M-G-M meant something to me. It meant I had the nerve to go out on my own, and that's led to a lot of other things. It'll seem silly to you, but I do marketing now. You can laugh *this* time and I wouldn't blame you. Isn't that raw courage? Marketing. But I used to hate it. I was afraid of things, afraid of people, afraid—oh, I don't know what. It was like wanting to hide your head under a blanket—you know? I guess, really, I was afraid of failure, afraid to try anything because I might fail. That's terrible. I admit it now. I'd even admit it then, but it didn't make me braver. And I don't think it ever once occurred to me that if I was secure in my own little way, I was—well, a prisoner, too. A prisoner of my own fear, or for that matter, my own security. Does that make sense? Before I couldn't exactly get off the ground. Just hopped around like a chicken. Now, well, I have a sense of freedom. I don't mean I'm an eagle yet. I'll never be an eagle. But here I am, without being told to, walking right up to the man and saying: 'What shelf do you keep the ketchup on?' Or if it's a real good day: 'Would you kindly direct me to the canned meatballs?' For me, that's good."

June Allyson's confession was made at her home one bleakish Saturday afternoon. There was an open fire, soft lighting effects and an Early American decor that slammed the door on inclemency.

In truth, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ewing Powell of West Los Angeles, California, is something of a masterpiece of opulent warmth. It may also be regarded as vaguely symbolic of the onetime state of mind of the lady of the house. It is a reconverted farmhouse that once was the property of John Charles Thomas, the singer, and before him of a wealthy Los Angelean with a great deal of money and the desire for both luxury and retreat in a single package. But this man died less than two months after fulfilling his dream, leaving what he had built for those who sought the same things.

The home is in that section of West Los Angeles called Brentwood, off a canyon road named Mandeville. Most Mandeville homes are in cozy proximity to each other, even those of such notables as Robert Mitchum, Richard Widmark and Ben and Esther Williams Gage. But the Powells' home cannot be reached so easily. It stands atop the highest residential hill in the area, accessible only after a half mile of twisted climbing driveway, free from encroachment. Call it a retreat, a hideaway, what have you; for the small, nerve-ridden, extremely talented young woman called June Allyson it was a haven from all she did not know.

But now that's all behind her. June Allyson has gone through a nightmare and a revelation. The result is a sort of personal triumph that June Allyson has managed herself. For she alone had to open the door; the door whose very knob she was afraid for so many years even to touch. She opened it and found on the other side not monsters and lonely winds of night but sunshine and freedom.

When June left M-G-M something bright and familiar had been turned aside to be replaced by—what? She found it almost impossible to think about it and, when she did, she was scared so badly

that she came close to crawling under the bed for keeps.

"And thank heaven I didn't!" she confessed. "This much I've learned: We have to see our own private haunt for what it is. And we must go out to meet it—alone. That's more than half the battle. And until we've won that battle, we're never whole, never mature. I can't honestly say any one thing is the most wonderful that's ever happened to me because there have been many wonderful things. But right now, I'd be inclined to put the new feeling of confidence right behind Richard and the children on my all-time good luck list. I just can't tell you."

In the firelight, her face seemed to soften for a moment. Firelight, though, is a tricky business, and it didn't have to mean anything.

"Maybe," she said, "I'll never be what you'd call a New Woman. I'll always need Richard and the children and—*here*, what this home represents. The safe, warm walls I know so well. There'll be some fright as long as I live because that's the way I am. But the one I'm afraid of, that I couldn't step out of protection and go it facing the wind—that's over. If I never make another picture as long as I live, that's over. I can't help sounding square about this, but it's like being born again and seeing a thousand things you never knew were there. Now I'm not *sure* I was really living before. I was in a cage. Life couldn't get in to harm me, but I couldn't get out either. Now I'm out and I love it."

Nothing is more dangerous than amateur psychoanalysis, but the old June Allyson, the immature one, can be pretty well understood if one goes back to her wretched childhood and her fearfully precarious adolescence. This insecurity left her with the belief that no altitude is high enough, no grip so firm that it cannot be pulled loose. She lived in constant terror that somehow she might lose all she had gained and have to start over again.

As a youngster, June lived under New York's Third Avenue El, on a clanking street of tenements, hock shops and casual bars. And if this were not bad enough, she suffered a near-crippling accident when her spine was injured by a falling tree. Later, at an age young enough to conflict with child labor laws, she was a night-club dancer and still later a musical comedy novice, dancing in the line with a chap named Van Johnson under the direction of another chap named Gene Kelly. Such experiences could have been fun except that they meant the difference between eating or starving. For June, the struggle from a chorus line to star status and boxoffice darling was a long, hard pull. Which is why June was so grateful to Metro for signing her and giving her an opportunity. It was also the reason why she found it difficult to leave the studio. But June left Metro and the reason was a simple one. She didn't like the picture she was doing. It was simple as that—or as unsimple. In her last months there, because of a number of lightweight films that frankly leaned heavily on June's boxoffice drawing ability, she was most unhappy. On the other hand, her devotion to the studio that gave her her chance and nurtured her to classic stardom was not only sincere but intense. These, coupled with her morbid fear of the outside world and you have the reason for her severe emotional schism.

Advice—except from Richard—was the worst thing she could have got, but she got it. The new contract was ready for her and Metro was bearing down on

on words like loyalty. It was a word which Miss Allyson was tenderly susceptible and this didn't make her choice easier. But finally she made it. Her conflict had its aftermath. She broke out a skin rash, caused by nerves; holed up in Mandeville and became what the Hollywood press calls waspishly uncooperative.

At this time Richard, the children and home were her bulwarks. Richard had loved her decision. But Richard wasn't going the hiring that year and June soon settled on an attitude that no studio in its right mind would give her the back of its hand.

Richard, however, was quite an asset. As stable as June was, at that time, he was as philosophic about her business as she is single-minded. He says there has been something vaguely paternal in Richard's approach to June. However, for any man over the age of thirty-five not to feel somewhat paternal toward June Allyson would be unusual, and much of her appeal is childlike. He is never cute in the uncomfortable sense of the word. She is merely buoyant, a little like a puppy tugger, at a leash with a small wistful face. He is probably one of the most expressive in films. Richard's guidance has always been steady and able. A writer friend of the Powells can remember, for instance, one night when he and his wife were waiting downstairs in the Powell home for June to finish dressing. Richard was ready and the three were talking. Suddenly a servant came into the room with a very pale, innocuous version of a peach and soda.

"I have one, thank you," said Richard. "It wasn't for him, the servant exclaimed. This was June's. June did not, however, dabble much with strong drinks and had instructed that Richard's hers before she drank it. Evidently this was the only trustworthy decision she could rely on—whether or not the highball contained the extra drop that would make her spinning. The degree of this remark struck the visitors as a trifle amusing.

At there is another side to June. On her way into town that evening, a matter of gossip arose, some mild criticism of her had been tapped with in one of the columns. June became ferociously protective. "Nobody can say things like that about Richard!" she exploded. "Nobody has the right to! Richard never hurts anyone! He is the sweetest person in the world. Don't you, Richard?"

"How right you are," said Richard solemnly. "How do you think I made Eagle?"

That's about how it is with the Powells except that maybe these days, June is beginning to show healthy signs of an independent independence.

On this day on Mandeville, Richard was out hustling a buck somewhere and she was doing her own talking about her freedom. And from the sounds of it June intends to go right on doing her own talking.

THE END

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SEND OUT POSTCARDS. Cash daily. Write Box 14, Belmont, Mass.

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BOOKS & PERIODICALS

WORRIED? READ "RELAX First, Riches Follow." \$1.25 Press, Box 1022-W, Oak Park, Illinois.

(Continued from page 33)

again and the desk clerk at the Sa Hotel was saying, "Your suite is rea Mrs. Damone."

Upstairs on the door hung a pink white sign. It read, "Bridal Suite." management of the Sands had outd itself. Inside, the rooms were of plush delicate decor and could easily have b the setting for a fairy tale. For the new weds, it was to be a home for seve weeks.

Soon it was. Before long, stuffed anim and dolls, large and small, were loung everywhere, feeling perfectly at ease golf bag stood in the corner. And th was a note pinned to the curtain. It gan, "I love you. Anna." It ended v an answering postscript. "I love you, Vic."

"Our honeymoon," said Pier, return from her dream, "was the happiest t in my whole life.

"Cloud Number Seven?" grinned I "We were waltzing on it. But we also k that we should be sensible and that was a time to adapt ourselves to real . . . to the problems we would be fac problems a couple should learn to s with thoughtfulness and consideration understanding."

Mrs. Vic Damone leaned back upon couch and spoke reflectively. "I rem ber," she said, "as I was walking down aisle. I felt faint. There had been so m to do. So much excitement.

"The lilies of the valley that I car were shaking. And all of the faces. I were blurred to me, but everyone see to be crying. I saw Debbie Reynolds there were tears streaming down cheeks.

"Then I heard someone snuffle whisper, 'She's still such a child.'

"I suppose everyone believes that bride on her wedding day," laughed "But I said to myself, 'I am not a c I am a woman marrying the man loves.'

"In my heart there was no doubt."

Pier Angeli went into marriage wit open heart and an open mind as And with a wisdom far from child "My mind has been pretty clear on i riage since I was fourteen or fifteen y old," she says today. "I grew up so inside. I didn't necessarily speak a lot I observed what was going on. I lea as I watched the marriages of othe saw what a lack of consideration and derstanding could do to a marriage. I a lot of people ruining what they together by becoming overly posse and jealous. I learned that a sens humor could save many a situation seemed impossible. And I knew tha moment I became a wife, I should forget to recall these things."

If the honeymoon was hectic, the mones could take it in their stride. they could build a good marriage.

As a matter of fact, the honeyo began with fairly long strides—up a When Pier and Vic slipped away from wedding reception at the Bel Air I they climbed into their car to driv their hilltop home. "You've been so today," Pier was marveling. "It is ama

Then the car began to sputter. finally it came to a dead stop. " could it be?" she asked.

"Your cool, calm and collected hus forgot to fill the gas tank," grinned

It took the pair fifteen minutes to t the hill. "We were loaded down," remembers. "We had my jewelry and and many of Vic's belongings tha didn't want to leave in the car i middle of a lonely road."



7211



7013



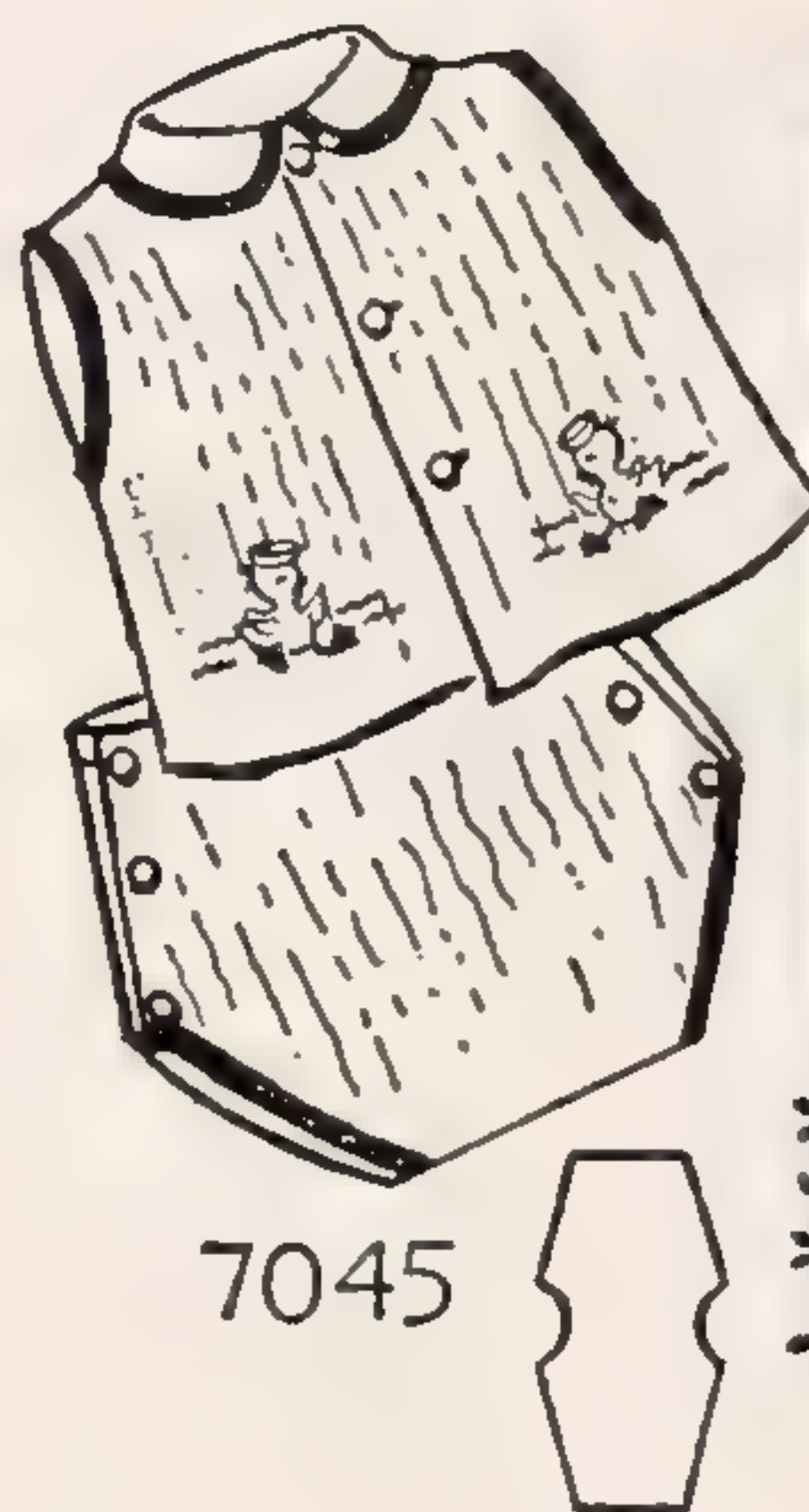
616

SIZES

S—10—12

M—14—16

L—18—20



7045



7381



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When they reached their house, they called the hotel to see if one of the guests might come to their rescue. "They've all gone," said the manager. "However, we'll see if we can't locate someone."

Before a half an hour had passed, five cars had arrived with cans of gasoline. "You'd have thought we were opening a filling station," laughs Pier today. "It was quite a beginning for a marriage!"

Pier and Vic spent the first night at their new home and drove to Las Vegas the following day. Vic was scheduled to open at the Sands Hotel as the star of the show there. "We had our moments of tension. Both of us," says Pier. "Vic was very nervous about this personal appearance. He hadn't done a show like this since he came back from the Army. And he wondered about the reception he would receive from the audience. Before he went on, he wanted to relax."

"I had been out and when I returned, I didn't know that he was trying to sleep."

Pier began knocking playfully at the door. "I must have knocked ten times at least," she recalls.

"Go into the other room," Vic called out.

"All right," replied Pier. "I am sorry. I didn't know."

The last thing in the world she wanted to do was to disturb him at this time. "I go to my mother's room," she said, feeling very badly.

Mrs. Pierangeli had come to Las Vegas for the opening, and Pier went to her. A few moments later, the phone rang. It was Vic. "Honey, are you there? What are you doing?" he wanted to know.

In another moment, she was opening the door to find him standing in the hallway. She tried not to smile. He was still in his robe. "I'm sorry," he said. "I sounded so abrupt. I didn't mean..."

"I understand," said Pier. "And I am not mad. I feel the same way when I am doing a scene. So I do understand. Honestly. And now," she finished, "you go and rest."

"You come with me."

"I will come and sew in the living room while you rest."

Vic's opening was a real occasion. Pier prepared a surprise. She rushed down to his dressing room to be there before he arrived. And when he came in, he found that the lights had been turned off. He looked again. In one corner blazed a dozen sparklers.

"It is our seven-day anniversary," Pier informed him of the fact he well knew. She was standing there, holding a cake. In the center were the words, "Vic and Anna, Love."

"Would you mind staying backstage during the first show?" Vic had asked. "If you're out front, I'll be twice as nervous." And he added, "And if there isn't much applause, I wouldn't want you to know."

"It will be like thunder," predicted Pier. And it was. She listened backstage and when she heard the audience roar its approval, she rushed to meet him in the dressing room. She hurried so fast that she tripped and fell and two stagehands had to help her into the room. Then she was aware of Vic's voice outside. He was thanking his well-wishers and accepting congratulations. And he was saying, "The only person I want to see now is my wife."

The words brought tears to her eyes. "Tears?" she smiles today. "To be honest, I was crying like a baby."

Vic was beside her. "Hey, look, you're supposed to make me feel good tonight. Didn't you like the show?"

"I loved it," she told him. And Mr. Damone tenderly dried Mrs. Damone's tears.

The second show found Pier at a ring-side table. And Vic singing to her, as he did upon each of the following evenings.

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"Those tears of happiness were my only tears," Pier told a friend while she was in Las Vegas. "When I was first thinking of marriage, I thought of my mother and sisters. Everything I had done for them and they for me. We were very close. I thought, 'I'll miss them so. I'm going to cry every day. I know it.'

"But I don't. I have a man who loves me so much and gives me so much understanding, who does everything to make me happy."

Each day there were little things. "I wrote him notes and pinned them to the curtains or slipped them under the telephone. Sometimes I even put them in the closet or in one of his coat pockets," remembers Pier.

"And he gave me dolls because I have a collection."

"Zip," the monkey was the first. Pier had been tired and had gone upstairs to rest. After an hour, there was a polite rap on the door. "Who is it?" she called.

"The valet," came the reply. "I have some roses for you."

In a few minutes, there was another knock. It was Vic. He came into the room with a package. "You know, I missed you," he told her. "It's been an hour since I've seen you and I missed you all sixty minutes."

"Then where have you been?" she asked him.

He looked sheepish. "I've been standing outside in the hall waiting for the flowers to be delivered. I thought they'd never get here!"

And he gave her "Zip."

"I think if you do these things, it means you care for one another," says Pier. "And we still do them—even after our honeymoon. I think we always will. And how I think about him—every minute. Even when I am with others."

"Yet, I am not and I shall never be possessive. I know in Italy, where I grew up, it is the man who is possessive. Often too much so. Here, often, it is the woman."

"On our honeymoon I would catch myself thinking that life is so short; I wanted Vic to be with me all of the time. But I knew that although it is a good thought, in reality it is bad. So I think instead, 'We have all our lives—so much time. And nothing is rushed.'

"I want to hold him close but with my arms open so he'll be free."

In Las Vegas, occasionally people would see Pier alone. "Where's your husband?" they'd ask.

"Playing golf," she'd smile.

"You're still on your honeymoon and

already Vic's made you a golf widow." "The show has made him tense and he relaxes him," she'd say. "So of course I'll him go."

Vic gave Pier a set of clubs. "But I won't play with him just yet," she says. "I am still taking lessons. I think perhaps another month I will be good enough. And then we will go out together."

They share many interests together. "My interests have become his interests and his have become mine. Yet, we know that we should not completely submerge our personalities. It is not right for a husband and wife to lose their individuality. compromise, to make adjustments, yes. But the qualities about one another which we each fell in love with, these we keep."

Vic has long been known as one of the most thoughtful men in show business. And Pier was never more aware of it than on their honeymoon. "I felt so safe. So protected," she says.

"If anyone would say something that Vic thought might embarrass me, he would speak up, 'Please, my wife is here.'"

It was always, "Darling, are you sure you aren't cold? Let me get you a sweater. Or 'You look tired, would you like to go upstairs and rest a while?'"

The day their honeymoon began, Pier made a vow. "I vowed that I should never demand, 'Where have you been? What have you been doing? Account for every minute and right now.'

"I promised myself that I would wait for him to tell me, if he wished," smiles Pier. "And he always does!"

Although Pier has her career, she well knows that, emotionally, women are more dependent upon marriage than men. Though although a husband and wife share the responsibility of marriage, a woman has the greater responsibility in making the marriage work. She is the one to set the example. "Some men don't understand that," says Pier. "But Vic does. I shall always try to live up to his belief in marriage."

"Naturally, we have had disagreements. But from the first, we have not fought. When I say something, he listens quietly. He may think I am wrong, but he does not simply and bluntly say so. We talk the matter over for an hour or longer. And we leave no upsetting thought to simmer inside our minds. If you spend time brooding ever after, it is no good."

Wise resolution? They were resolved upon a honeymoon, which seemed over too soon. In Las Vegas, they faced the future . . . two weeks in Florida, two in Havana and then separation while Vic was to make personal appearances in Australia and Pier

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In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

ACTRESS:

(1) _____
(2) _____

(1) _____
(2) _____

I want to read stories about:

(1) _____
(2) _____

(3) _____
(4) _____

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1) _____
(2) _____
(3) _____

(4) _____
(5) _____
(6) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

Paste this ballot on a postal card and send it to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

begin a picture. "We knew we wouldn't be together for at least two months and we knew it would be difficult. But we have our lifetime on our hilltop!" says Pier. They'd searched for months to find the house. "The man had shown us at least a hundred of them—or so it seemed," says Pier.

Then one day he called, "I've got it," he said. "I think. The owner doesn't want to rent it, but you might talk him into the lease if you like the place."

They went to see. "We flipped," says Pier. "We got there at six in the evening and stood out on the terrace and watched the lights below shine so brightly. We knew it was perfect."

The owner agreed. "The house is much better for you two," he told them. "I'm alone. And there should be two here."

And he gave them an option to buy. "It's modern—white and green. 'It reminds me of a boat,'" says Pier. "Everything is circular, you see, which makes it seem so much larger than it is."

"I decorated it all. Sometimes in person, sometimes by long distance. While we were honeymooning, I'd think of new decorations and call my mother and ask her to see if she could find them for us."

And who shall keep the house? "Since the house was only a few years old," says Pier, "my mother has taught me. I sew and I can house. I cook, too, only when I cook. I see all of the food for so long, I lose my appetite. Then I don't eat!"

"So Vic will be our chef. He's much better than I am!"

"We have a maid. While we were away, we stayed with my mother and learned Italian cooking. So when Vic doesn't feel like cooking, we have someone who knows how. And she will also be able to help me for the family we want to have," Pier adds.

"We want children. All that God will send us. And I hope that I will be able to give him a son. Vic says it doesn't really matter, son or daughter, but he thinks perhaps he would like a baby girl!"

"We have so much," says Pier. "And the future to look forward to..."

During their first courtship days, the future seemed dim to Vic. They'd met in Germany while he was in the Army. And they'd dated, always in the company of Mrs. Pierangeli, who loved Vic like a son from the beginning. "He asked me to marry him there," says Pier. "But everything was so uncertain. And when I came back to the United States, we said goodbye—for good, we knew, forever."

Still, every so often I would think, 'I wish he would come back.' But I did not go to him."

"We both dated others. And for a time I went with my sister, Marisa. Although he came to our house, I didn't see him often. I always seemed to be in my room studying a script or out."

"I had never noticed that he still wore the ring I had given him when we were in Germany..."

Until they met again at M-G-M, that is. Then, as they danced in the small restaurant across the street from the studio, he danced to "September Song," their favorite, and sipped tiny glasses of champagne, she noticed. "I've always worn it," he told her. "I always thought of you."

"Our engagement, sudden?" asks Pier. "I'm alone today. No. I believe that Vic was waiting. He'd never talked again about going out or about marriage when he returned because he knew I wasn't ready. He knew his heart and he was waiting until we were both certain that I knew mine."

Once upon a honeymoon, the story goes. And it's a continued story—with a happy ending.

THE END

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Announcing Photoplay's Award Winners of '54-'55

(Continued from page 66)

charm and musical skill in "Rose Marie" and "The Student Prince" brought her a PHOTOPLAY award, and her following can look forward to another Metro romance, "The King's Thief," Ann's first film since she took time out for motherhood.

Like Jane Wyman, Judy Garland was voted one of the year's most popular actresses on the basis of a single 1954 performance. But what a performance! Judy lavished on Warners' "A Star Is Born" enough incomparable song-selling, enough heart-catching dramatic acting to put across half a dozen movies. The emotional sympathy that audiences expected to feel at her comeback was completely overshadowed by sheer admiration.

In a lighter vein, Debbie Reynolds also combines singing talent with a fetching personality. M-G-M's "Give a Girl a Break" and "Athena" exploited her sense of rhythm, as will its forthcoming "Hit the Deck." But delectable Debbie was applauded chiefly for her exuberant clowning in RKO's "Susan Slept Here."

On the masculine side, the list of runners-up is another powerhouse of fan appeal. After all, Gold Medal winner Holden was a runner-up in 1953, and any of his four 1954 rivals may next year claim one of those coveted golden discs for his own. U-I sent Tony Curtis from modern adventures in "Forbidden" and "Johnny Dark" back to medieval days in "The Black Shield of Falworth," for some light-hearted, highly entertaining swashbuckling. His studio again makes variety Tony's slogan for 1955, casting him as a singing, dancing sailor in "So This Is Paris," an incorrigible crook in "Six Bridges to Cross," a man of action in "The Purple Mask."

Youthful stars like Tony can't make loyal fans overlook the solid experience and mature attractions of such established idols as James Stewart. Jimmy mixed the bumbling bashfulness of his early roles with his later poise to keep everyone absorbed in "The Glenn Miller Story." He was a witty but never bored sophisticate in Paramount's "Rear Window." The year 1955 brings him vigorous western adventures in U-I's "The Far Country" and Columbia's "The Man from Laramie," exciting plane exploits in "Strategic Air Command."

The year 1954 brought Marlon Brando to the fore as much more than a publicity-worthy eccentric. His PHOTOPLAY award marks public acceptance of Brando as an outstanding actor and a personality with great screen presence. If Columbia's "The Wild One" and "On the Waterfront" and 20th's "Désirée" haven't sufficiently proved his versatility, just wait till you see him as a Damon Runyon character set to music in Goldwyn's "Guys and Dolls."

In 1954, Rock Hudson thoroughly justified the fans' faith in his ever-growing ability, and their gratitude is symbolized by the PHOTOPLAY award. "Magnificent Obsession" marked a high point for Rock, while "Bengal Brigade" continued the action-film career that moves into 1955 with "Captain Lightfoot." With coming assignments in "One Desire" and "All That Heaven Allows," U-I gives its husky star the wider opportunities that the public has demanded.

If the runners-up are likely bets as future Gold Medal winners, so, too, are the ten young players named most often by PHOTOPLAY readers in the "Choose Your Stars" balloting. These the fans count on to deliver outstanding performances in 1955. A walkaway leader in the feminine division was Grace Kelly. Handicapped earlier by colorless roles, Grace

was last year given the chance to prove that she has talent to match her loveliness. She showed emotional power in Warners' "Dial M for Murder," subtle sex appeal in "Rear Window," indomitable strength of character in "The Country Girl." This year, in M-G-M's "Green Fire" and Paramount's "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" and "To Catch a Thief," she may be depended on to live up to the voters' predictions.

Her companion "Choose Your Stars" winner scored a unique sort of triumph. With Warners' "The Command," Guy Madison firmly established a second Hollywood career, canceling out his youthful failure. Ten years ago he was termed promising, but the promise wasn't kept. Now a flood of ballots has signaled the readers' confidence that Guy has the mature skill to meet the challenge of such films as Columbia's "Five Against the House" and 20th's "The Tall Men."

Barbara Rush, among the players also singled out for future distinction, is lucky in that her studio shares the fans' high hopes for her. Her appealing secondary performances in "Magnificent Obsession" and "The Black Shield of Falworth" convinced U-I that she deserved a leading role, and she gets one in "Captain Lightfoot," another in "Kiss of Fire."

Kim Novak, too, has her company's enthusiastic backing. Columbia introduced her in "Pushover," gave her a piquant comedy assignment in "Phffft" and will present her next with Guy Madison in "Five Against the House." Touted in advance as another Monroe, Kim turns out to be very much herself, tall and delicately curved, with a subdued, feline sort of allure.

Seen only in 20th's "King of the Khyber Rifles" during 1954, Terry Moore turned down other offers, holding out for a truly suitable role. Apparently, her fans approved her caution, for their ballots indicate the unshaken conviction that Terry is headed for top stardom. They'll welcome her back to the screen in 20th's "Daddy Long Legs."

At the same studio, Maggie McNamara enchanted millions of moviegoers with her gay romancing in the sensationally popular "Three Coins in the Fountain." An enticingly different film personality, Maggie has appeared so far as a comedienne, but 20th puts her versatility to the test in "Prince of Players."

This highly dramatic picture serves as an encore for another of PHOTOPLAY'S

"Choose Your Stars" runners-up. Remembered vividly for his performance in "Robe," Richard Burton has an even more rewarding role in "Prince of Players," the great 19th century actor, Edwin Booth.

Richard's fellow countryman Edmund Purdom stood out as the most sought-after new male star of 1954. The young Englishman, with slight Hollywood experience to his credit, was given leads in 20th's "Egyptian," a fabulously expensive spectacle, and in "The Student Prince" and "Athena," lavish musical romances. The votes of PHOTOPLAY'S readers show they are sure that Purdom can keep up the pace this year, in M-G-M's "The Prodigal" and "The King's Thief."

Fans were quick to welcome a rarity in the Hollywood scene: a very attractive young man who is also a very adept comedian. That's Jack Lemmon, a hit at Columbia in "It Should Happen to You" and "Phffft." Jack follows up his sudden success with equally rich assignments in "Three for the Show" and, on loan to Warners, in "Mister Roberts."

George Nader made the grade more slowly. But his solid appeal and assurance registered even with a brash sympathetic role in RKO's "Carnegie Story" and an amusing character job in U-I's "Four Guns to the Border." This year his fans will see the U-I newcomer advance to leads in "Six Bridges to Cross" and "Lady Godiva of Coventry."

Like the winning players, the most popular movies of the year covered an exciting range of types to please every taste. These pictures, excellent acting united with all the other great talents of the film industry.

U-I's "Magnificent Obsession," produced by Ross Hunter and directed by Douglas Sirk, stood out as a drama touched with both romantic love and love for humanity. Spectacular settings, action and religious feeling distinguished 20th's "The Egyptian," produced by Darryl F. Zanuck and directed by Michael Curtiz. Columbia's "On the Waterfront," produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by Elia Kazan, drew respect for its brutally honest examination of a present-day problem. In Warners' "A Star Is Born," produced by Sid Luft and directed by George Cukor, Hollywood looked at itself both affectionately and critically.

Filled with music, U-I's "The Glenn Miller Story," produced by Aaron Rosenberg and directed by Anthony Mann, was not really a musical, but the endearing story of a man's life. On the other hand, Paramount's "White Christmas," produced by Robert Emmett Dolan and directed by Michael Curtiz, with Irving Berlin's loved tunes, was frankly, gloriously musical. So was M-G-M's "Seven Bridges for Seven Brothers," produced by Jack Cummings and directed by Stanley Donen, but its imaginative dances and amusing situations made it unique in its class.

Witty lines illuminated the bitter, ironic story of U.A.'s "The Barefoot Contessa" written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. RKO's "Susan Slept Here," produced by Harriet Parsons and directed by Frank Tashlin, was a sunny, carefree story of comedy. In arresting contrast, Warners' "The High and the Mighty," a Wayne Fellows production directed by William Wellman, kept audiences in an exhilarating state of tension.

As the Gold Medal celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary, the gratitude of PHOTOPLAY and the moviegoing public goes out to all the award winners, for the wonderful entertainment they have created—and will continue to create.

THE END



Color portraits of Race Gentry, Jack Kelly, Gordon Scott by Stern; Robert Wagner by Smith; Jeff Chandler, Jeff Hunter by Ornitz; Debbie Reynolds by Apger; Terry Moore by Stern; Janette Scott by Julian; Betty Grable by Lippman; Doris Day, Pier Angeli by Warners; Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor by Apger; Rock Hudson by Stern; Van Johnson by Apger; Janet Leigh by Fraker; Tab Hunter by Stern (shirt by Saks Fifth Ave.); Guy Madison by Ornitz

Your Years Become You

(Continued from page 42)

"Don't you think the hospital will have turkey dinner for him, too?"

"I suppose so. It's just the idea to let him know someone cares enough to show an interest."

To say that I was surprised is an understatement—not that Rock hasn't been kind and considerate before. Only until now, he has never been able to show, to express his feelings in any way, even to me. For that matter, lately I've seen all kinds of changes in my son. Being the perfect host at my Christmas dinner—actually his party since the guests were Rock's friends—was not the least. He used to be quite indifferent to parties, even disliked large gatherings of any sort. But lately he is having more fun mixing with people at my house and at S.

Yet he hasn't developed, and I don't believe he ever will, into the handshaking lad to see you, what did you say your name was?" kind of a person—partly because he dislikes small talk, partly because he hasn't completely outgrown a shyness, particularly toward women. This is also one of the reasons why most of his dates are connected with the film industry and usually from his own studio.

However, in telling me about his dates, Rock has eased up considerably, a sharp contrast from his onetime reluctance to tell me more than their names. Once this put me into a most embarrassing situation, though I'm still not certain who was most embarrassed—Rock, myself, or the two girls involved.

At the time, Rock was still in the service, at a naval air station somewhere in the Philippines. One day he sent me forty dollars and a short note advising me to use part of the money for a new dress for myself, the rest to buy some roses for Nancy.

Two weeks later he got a very sweet and very surprised letter of thanks from the girl.

Two weeks after that I got a most emphatic note: "Mother, you sent the roses to the wrong Nancy!"

"That's what you get for not telling me more about your girls," I replied. "How could I know which one you meant?"

To hastily make up for my mistake, I bought "the other Nancy" a very nice lacelet and mailed it to her with a second note from Rock. Fortunately, this was the only time he dated two girls with the same first name.

Naturally, to me, his mother, there's a significance in everything Rock does. I am more conscious of the little things easily overlooked by someone not as close to him as I am. His manner of dressing, for instance.

As a youngster, he liked any outfit—as long as it included yellow corduroy pants! In high school, he still hated white shirts and ties. And until recently sports clothes were his favorite dress. Imagine my surprise when he came back from his trip to Europe this summer looking like something straight out of *Esquire*.

Going along with this new change, I gave him white shirts at every opportunity until at last he protested. He had so many, he couldn't even get them in his wardrobe. When I asked him what he wanted for Christmas, he insisted, "Anything but white shirts."

Yet, as Rock has learned to relax, he has passed the peak of clothes-consciousness. Not that I think he'll ever go back to yellow corduroy pants, but he is growing more casual in his manner of dressing as well as in his outlook which, I feel, is very becoming.

1955 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL



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Rock's change in taste is even more pronounced in the type of presents he buys. When he was little, his gifts were often given with a purpose—usually to get back into my good graces after he had done something wrong.

I can still remember one chilly Saturday afternoon in November when he showed up at the house with a bag full of candy.

"It's awfully nice of you to bring me this," I told him appreciatively, but there was something in his expression that made me look for an ulterior motive. "Anything wrong, Son?"

Rock looked at me sheepishly. "Oh, no, Mom. What should there be wrong?"

"Maybe a bad grade in school?"

"No. Everything's going just fine."

I should have known this was a stab in the wrong direction. While a bit lazy about schoolwork, Rock learned so easily and quickly that his grades were far above average.

Frequently, his dean would call me into his office, quite exasperated. "Your son could be on top of his class, if he would only study a little more," he'd complain. I knew what Rock's trouble was. There wasn't enough challenge. With comparatively little effort, he could get good grades. Had he been a poor student, I'm sure he would have worked harder.

But since bad grades were not the cause of Rock's gift, I couldn't think of anything else he might have done. It was not until the next morning, quite by chance, I found the reason when I made his bed. Underneath the mattress was a wet bathing suit. "Rock!" I shouted angrily into the kitchen. "Come here immediately!"

Rushing into the room, the instant he saw me holding up his wet bathing suit, Rock knew his secret had been uncovered. "I meant to tell you, Mom," he explained sheepishly. "I went for a little swim yesterday."

"A swim? At this time of the year?"

"It was easy. We just dove off the end of the ice and..."

Now I knew why I'd gotten the present. It was a pure and simple bribe! And, of course, it was his favorite candy which he ate ninety per cent of himself.

Needless to say, he doesn't have to bribe me any longer. But even in his choice of presents he has shown such increasing consideration and thoughtfulness that lately I've found myself calling upon him to help me select many of my gifts.

Knowing my fondness for Wedgwood china, when Rock was in England he

brought me a beautiful Wedgwood vase, sugar shaker, earrings and several other lovely pieces. To find a Christmas present I really wanted, he talked to my husband several times. When they both could reach a decision, Rock finally asked me directly. "I won't beat around the bush, Mom. You have your choice between a deep freeze, a dishwasher and an automatic washing machine. Which one would you prefer?"

After much deliberation, I decided on a washing machine. Imagine my surprise when, in addition, he also gave me a matching drier. "Thought I'd save you some steps so you can conserve your strength to cook dinner when I come over," he said beaming over my delight.

I was particularly appreciative because Rock has put himself on a strict budget to save for the house he hopes to buy. And the two pieces meant he must have gone without some of the things he wanted.

Rock has always been thoughtful and generous, willing to spend his last cent to surprise or please a friend. Without an efficient business adviser to manage and restrict his expenses, I believe he would be constantly broke.

Rock has the wonderful ability of not only getting a tremendous enjoyment out of giving, but does it without expecting anything in return. This way he never has been disappointed in people. And it seems to be paying off: I don't recall an instance where someone has taken advantage of him.

His generosity is obvious in many ways. For instance, the mere mention by a friend of a liking for something he has will cause him to part with it immediately.

When I visited him on the set of "On My Own Desire" after he had finished his scene, he asked me to his dressing room for a cup of coffee.

"Did you bring along a thermos?" I inquired on the way.

"No, Mom. I bought a new coffee maker. Makes pretty good stuff, too."

A few minutes later I agreed the coffee was delicious. That was a mistake. He wouldn't let me off the set without taking the coffee maker along. This is typical of Rock.

Naturally, I try to give him presents he will enjoy. My most fortunate selection was the movie camera I gave him a year ago for Christmas. However, I must confess that like Rock a dozen years ago I had an ulterior motive.



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TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

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When their parents parted from each other in hatred, it was up to the children to choose between them. Read "ORPHANS OF DIVORCE" in March TRUE STORY MAGAZINE at newsstands now.

We already knew he would go to Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot." By giving him a camera, I reasoned, he could take pictures which would provide a permanent record of his trip for him, and give me, upon his return, a chance to share many of his experiences.

I was right. Since he came back, we've spent many evenings looking at his films, particularly enjoyable since Rock, thanks to his terrific memory, is able to describe in detail the many places he has seen. I feel that I've traveled through Europe with him.

In addition to pictures and presents, Rock also brought back a taste for foreign foods which all but amazed me. Except for my strawberry shortcake, he never had any interest in food and showed even less interest in cooking. When he was little, once in a while he would ask me to let him mix some chocolate brownies. When he got through, the kitchen used to look like the aftermath of a department store after a sale.

But being on his own has not only increased his interest in food, but also made him appreciate my cooking. More and more he stops by for dinner, alone or with a date, frequently on short notice, too. And I love it.

He's asked me to show him how to prepare some of the dishes he grew fond of and has adapted himself so well that he's learning to prepare meals for himself. After his last trip abroad, our teacher-pupil relationship was switched—he taught me a cooking trick or two.

A couple of weeks after Rock returned, he called late one evening and asked me to pick up some food from the market and to come over the next day and show me how to prepare a new dish he'd discovered. It was delicious! And he's done this so frequently that I, too, am acquiring a new taste for food.

In recent years, even more in recent months, Rock has changed in another respect. He used to concentrate on one hobby at a time until he got bored, then gave up for a new venture. It's part of the normal, maturing process. But too many people never outgrow that stage, never really fully develop as they grow older years.

Fortunately, Rock has. During the last couple of years when he took up a new hobby, he stuck to it. Collecting records is one example. So is photography, oil painting, and his number-one pastime of earlier days, mechanical drawing.

If Rock hadn't become an actor, he'd be a mechanical engineer today and, I think, a very good one. He has both mechanical talent and imagination. As a boy, the one thing he used to draw most consistently was his "dream house."

I'll never forget the day I walked into his room and found him leaning over the drawing board, so intently studying the design in front of him that he didn't notice me till I put my hand on his shoulder. "That's a mighty fine drawing," I told him.

His face was aglow as he turned to me. Someday, when I'm rich, this is the kind of house I want to build."

And then he explained the details: the two-story construction, the swimming pool, the kind of living room, paneled den and even the hallways he had in mind.

This was the one sketch Rock never threw away. On the contrary, whenever I found a new idea he liked, he promptly incorporated it into his design. To him, it was more than a house. It was his future. And now it's about to come true. Some of his friends have wondered why for so long Rock lived in rented houses and apartments. Part of it is due to financial reasons. He got into the "big money"



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With fellow cave-crawlers Bob Hudson and Rudy Turilli, Rory edges past weird rock formations in Meramec Caverns, Missouri. These, he reports, are probably 100,000,000 years old



Rory serves an explorers' lunch cooked over a wood fire in a vast, domed cave. The food's informal, but the dining hall's de luxe—150 feet high, decorated by Nature with pure onyx



Finding a dry spot for a night's sleep wasn't easy. Rory and his pals made a nick-of-time, movie-style escape before rain flooded the caves—and this fillip of danger delighted him

HE-MAN CALHOUN

● Smear'd with clay and soaked to the skin, Rory Calhoun said casually, "I'm always doing stuff like this." The Outdoor Writers' Association of America had named him "Outdoor Man of the Year," and, instead of toting his award to the comfort of the nearest night club, the outdoor champ had proceeded to crawl a good deal farther "indoors" than most of us would care to go. In Meramec Caverns, Stanton, Missouri, where the writers held their

convention, there are plenty of well-lighted, easily accessible wonders. But Rory's zest for adventure took him into the darkest, farthest reaches of the caverns, never before explored. He spent four exciting days on this strange safari, following underground rivers, scaling slippery rock walls. This is fun? Yes, for a guy like Rory. Even the lusty action of such films as U-I's "The Looters" can't supply enough thrills to satisfy Calhoun.

only recently. After taxes, agent's fees which are normal for an actor, everyday expenses and Rock's own generosity, he hadn't much money left to put into real estate.

Another reason as well has kept Rock from going ahead. He was looking for a specific kind of lot: hillside property with a view, comparatively isolated, yet too far from the studio. He wouldn't settle for anything half-right. It had to be exactly what he wanted. And finding it takes time.

Till a short while ago, he searched for it only halfheartedly. But now that he's reached the point where he can afford to build, he spends most of his free time looking. I don't think it'll be long till he finds what he's after.

Living for the future, seldom looking back at the past has always been one of Rock's strongest convictions.

Aside from the house and the fact that someday he'd like to settle down and raise a family of his own, Rock's most persistent thought, understandably, centers around his career.

He wants to improve his performance. In order to become more versatile and qualify for a bigger variety of parts, he has just taken up singing and dancing. But his dreams extend beyond acting. Someday he also wants to direct, and sure he would be excellent at it. Not only because he goes to work with his eyes open and constantly learns about the business or because, I believe, he has the necessary talent, but mainly due to a quality all too rare in our day: He has remarkable patience.

I've seen many examples of his patience. For instance, a couple of weeks ago he drove to the Salton Sea, south of Pomona Springs, where Rock goes for his favorite sport, water skiing. During early afternoon as Rock slid ashore on his skis, a freckle-faced, redheaded youngster of about twelve walked up to him, full of admiration. "Can you teach me to water ski, Mr. Hudson, that was terrific. I wish I could water ski like that."

Rock smiled at him. "Ever tried it?"

"No."

"Do you know how to swim?"

"Sure I do. Like a fish."

He handed his skis to the youngster. "Okay. Put 'em on."

Rock spent the rest of the afternoon showing the boy how to put on the skis, grab and hold onto the rope, raise himself up in the water and hang on as long as he could.

The boy didn't become an expert. He spent more time in the water waiting for Rock to swing the boat around to get him another try than on his feet. But he learned the fundamentals, and what's more important, had a wonderful time. And so did Rock.

If anything, Rock has always had an overabundance of patience, to the point where he seems incapable of losing his temper. It's his only characteristic that worries me.

When he gets upset about something, instead of exploding right then, or even just coming out and saying what's the matter, he'll keep it to himself, carrying it with him for days.

That's hard on others, harder on Rock himself. If he would lose his temper from time to time, he'd get over whatever is bothering him much faster.

So you see, I really have very little to complain about in Rock. As a matter of fact, I think he's a pretty wonderful person who has changed in many ways, but in the one that counts most: Success has not gone to his head, and I don't think it ever will. Do I sound prejudiced?

Probably. But then, what mother is?

THE END

The Long and Short of It

(Continued from page 44)

Oleg Cassini at a party five years ago. Afterwards Oleg confided to a pal that he couldn't see what people saw in the socialite blond actress. Then he saw what Clark Gable saw in "Mogambo." Time out for a long, low whistle. And now it's last spring—exactly a year ago. Oleg is now divorced from Gene Tierney. He meets Gracie in a New York restaurant and wants to marry her right away. But Kelly is the cautious kind. When she marries, it's for keeps. It was to be. The columnists announced their engagement and the date of their marriage for last October. They're still a woosome wosome, but Miss Kelly of Philly and Filums is a spinster, as of going to press.

Before Ann Blyth married her Doctor Jim McNulty, she used to pray to her patron saint, "Please, Saint Anne, send me a man I can marry." Hollywood tried to hustle her into marriage with Tom, Dick and Harry, but Annie smiled that sweet smile and kept right on praying. And then the lovely New Year's Eve Dennis Day introduced her to brother Jim. They dated and dreamed. Two years later, Ann said, "I'm sure." They were engaged for a year, and they'll be married forever.

Jean Peters is the faithful kind. And she was in love with a bachelor Hollywood producer for a long, long time. But when she decided to marry, it happened before anyone here even knew she knew wealthy young Stuart Cramer. They met on a TWA plane in the sky between Rome and Paris. Jean was on her way home after filming "Three Coins in the Fountain." And who knows what her thoughts were for her wish when she tossed her dime into the fountain of Trevi. Stuart got off in Paris. He came back to the USA. A week later, he followed her to California and popped the question. She made him wait nine months. Then, one Saturday morning in May, my phone rang with the wedding bells in Washington, D. C. But now there are rumors of trouble in the marriage. Maybe Jean didn't wait long enough to be sure her heart was hers to give.

Jane Russell is a big girl, in every department. And she's slow to get angry. But now Russell ranted at rumors affecting her marriage. "Look," she told me not long ago. "I met Bob [Waterfield] in high school and

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Kleinert's

it was love at first sight for me. He was a football hero even then and he didn't know I existed." Jane was hard to overlook during Bob's UCLA days. It was at the beach and Jane was in a swim suit. But they went steady for five years before tying the knot—twelve years ago. I'm betting on them for another fifty.

I thought Mitzi Gaynor would never marry Jack Bean. Here was a girl with time on her hands and a man in her arms, but she kept postponing the happy day, with the flimsiest of reasons. Nothing like, "We want to be sure." They were sure, said Mitzi. It was just that, "Every time we try to buy a house to come back to from our honeymoon, they recognize us and raise the price eight to ten thousand dollars." So they finally rented a house, went off into the wild blue yonder and left this skeptical reporter with egg on her typewriter and respect for Mitzi who was previously engaged, if you remember, to lawyer Richard Coyle for four years, which is longer than some marriages you and I know about last.

The prize for the most rushed marriage of recent Hollywood history goes to Vera-Ellen, who broke devoted swain, Richard Gully's heart, when she suddenly produced Victor Rothschild as her imminent husband, after a fast game of tennis at store magnate Jerry Ohrbach's estate. Gully goo-gooed over Vera for years and years and while she didn't seem to be madly in love with him, he was with her, and they seemed real cozy together. So here comes the Victor and within weeks she's flashing his diamond engagement ring, and the wedding is set for December, but Vic couldn't wait and they dash into matrimony five days before Thanksgiving. We're hoping that time will tell that they really should give thanks.

Suzan Ball and Dick Long told a sympathetic, admiring world they were engaged in the fall of 1953. And it was wonderful that she walked up the aisle on her own steam and courage to marry him April 11, 1954. They knew each other for eighteen months. But this was no ordinary year and a half. Suzan was on crutches the first time they talked across a crowded cafe at U-I where both were under contract. Suzan left the table on crutches. Which Dick, fresh out of the Army, was surprised to see belonged to the pretty dark-eyed brunette. He followed her to the door and asked, "What's the matter?" thinking she'd just stubbed a toe or something. She told him cancer. No tears, just a plain statement of facts. He admired her bravery. She admired his kindness. Very soon they were in love. And when her leg was amputated, faith in him pulled her through the dark portal and into the bright wedding day of the pretty bride and the handsome groom. And the whole world wishes them long life and happiness together.

It was three weeks from the first meeting to the nuptials of little Maggie McNamara and tv producer David Swift. And they've already chalked up three years of all hits, no errors. Dave, who produces Eastman Kodak's "Norby," saw Maggie's picture in the William Morris office in New York. And it was love at first photo. He asked to meet her and they are more in love now than then. When Maggie was here recently starring in "Prince of Players," Dave called her two and three times a day. And when the picture was canned, she didn't wait. She went flying to her mate in New York. When Maggie had to go to Italy for "Three Coins in the Fountain," David joined her there and they went sight-seeing all over Rome on a motor scooter. That's living, boys and girls. They only had three weeks of getting to know each other, but that was long enough for them to know what they wanted.

If Olivia de Havilland means what she has been saying, her name will be Madame

Pierre Galante as you read this. As writing, Livvy and her very charming Frenchman have been engaged since August 14, 1953. They met in April of the same year at the Cannes Film Festival. Pierre told me in Paris last year that the marriage would take place after his fiancée completed "That Lady" in Spain. The last bulletin had the cautious characters planning marriage when Olivia finished "Not a Stranger," which they certainly are not. Don't get me wrong. If there is the shadow of doubt in Olivia's mind about the matter then she's a smart girl to take her time. It's much less heartbreaking to break engagement than a marriage.

Gloria Grahame and Cy Howard love to fight. They fought happily for two years before they finally fooled us in August 19. Gloria wore a black dress at the wedding which I hope was not symbolic. They're still arguing. But Cy doesn't breathe right unless he is. And Gloria, for all her vagaries, is hep where her man is concerned. And as Cy said in answer to the trouble talk, "Of course the marriage will last—never write on spec." The introvert Gloria and extravert Howard seem to need each other. And they had two years before the marriage to find out why.

When a girl is lonely and used to a man around the house, the California marking time of a year from the granting of the decree to the final papers of freedom is a great insurance against another marriage mistake. No one was more in love than Jane Powell with Gene Nelson. He never did get his divorce. And now it looks like he'll swap it for a reconciliation with Miami. But Janie has to be in love. Fortunately, she had an enforced nine months meditation before she was free to marry Pat Nerney. Janie, who sure isn't, always played dumb when she was asked, "Are you and Pat going to marry?" Who knows maybe she really didn't know until right the end. Lord knows she had a lot of fidgeting to do. She's a great mother to her two children. She had to be sure that I would make a great father. I'm holding good thought for them all.

There were rumors about Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne, even before Julie London who was separated from Jack at the time brought her divorce suit against him. It's nothing doing with Dorothy until after the slow measured tread of the twelve months prescribed by law. And even then, Sergeant Friday may take more time to close the case with a wedding band.

Even impetuous John Wayne had to wait. The lady judge who knows her man, made him promise, "No quickie divorce in Mexico." John knew Pilar's predecessor Esplanza for four years before they married. And he met his first wife, Josephine Saxe when he was in college and married her three years afterward. He would have married Pilar the day after he met her in Paris if he had been free. It makes no difference with the Duke whether he waits ten minutes or ten years. If that's the Duchess wants, he gets her. And he's usually in a much of a hurry to care whether they have tastes in common. But this time, Pilar had a year to adapt her ways of life to his. She likes people around. She learned to like them. John plays cards until dawn. And now Pilar, to please Duke, just loves the aces, jacks and queens.

I was against the long engagement of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. There's such a thing as turning caution into suspicion. I thought Fernando was selling himself too dear and I told him so. And lucky Arlene tired of the Long Wait, broke off the "understanding," and took off in romance with another guy. Or they'd still be unmarried. I was always convinced that the redhead and the Latin were made for each other. Like a lot of intelligent reer women, Arlene likes to be dominant

ernando has to be the boss. I'm betting
 at their marriage will last at least ten
 nes as long as their engagement.
 Fred MacMurray and June Haver didn't
 it very long. This marriage was made in
 aven and they didn't need time to prove
 Two lonely souls meeting at a Gay Nine-
 s New Year's party. It isn't true that all
 e world loves a lover. But the world and
 wife certainly rooted for June and
 ed. They waited six months to marry.
 ey robbed themselves of six extra
 nths of wedded bliss.
 No one in this town had a longer court-
 p than Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell. With
 s couple it wasn't caution, it was dollars
 d cents. People think that because a man
 a star he makes a lot of money. Even
 w, after "Battle Cry," Aldo's salary is
 der \$500 a week. And after taxes, agents'
 s, supporting his mother, putting his
 oter through USC, there isn't much
 e-home pay. But "Battle Cry" con-
 nced Aldo he had a future, so he leaped
 o marriage with Jeff and tried not to
 k at his bank account. The net divi-
 nd so far is happiness, and I hear a
 nor of a raise.
 Robert Taylor's ricochet romance with
 sula Thiess started in 1952, but she didn't
 the ring—I mean the wedding ring—
 til last May. It wasn't that Bob wasn't
 pressed with Ursula; the fact was Ur-
 a wanted to be sure. Bob and Ursula are
 e the waiting was worth it—especially
 w with a baby on the way.
 And while we're waiting, isn't it great
 it Debbie Reynolds won't let anyone, not
 en the impatient columnists, rush her
 rriage plans. "It's not until June"—the
 dding with Eddie Fisher, Debbie told me
 initely at the Pier Angeli-Vic Damone
 eption. "A good thing can always wait,"
 d Debbie. I'd say she's about seventy-five
 cent right.

THE END

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 Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West
 Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Mar-
 arathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gow-
 er Street, Hollywood 38

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 Avenue, North Hollywood

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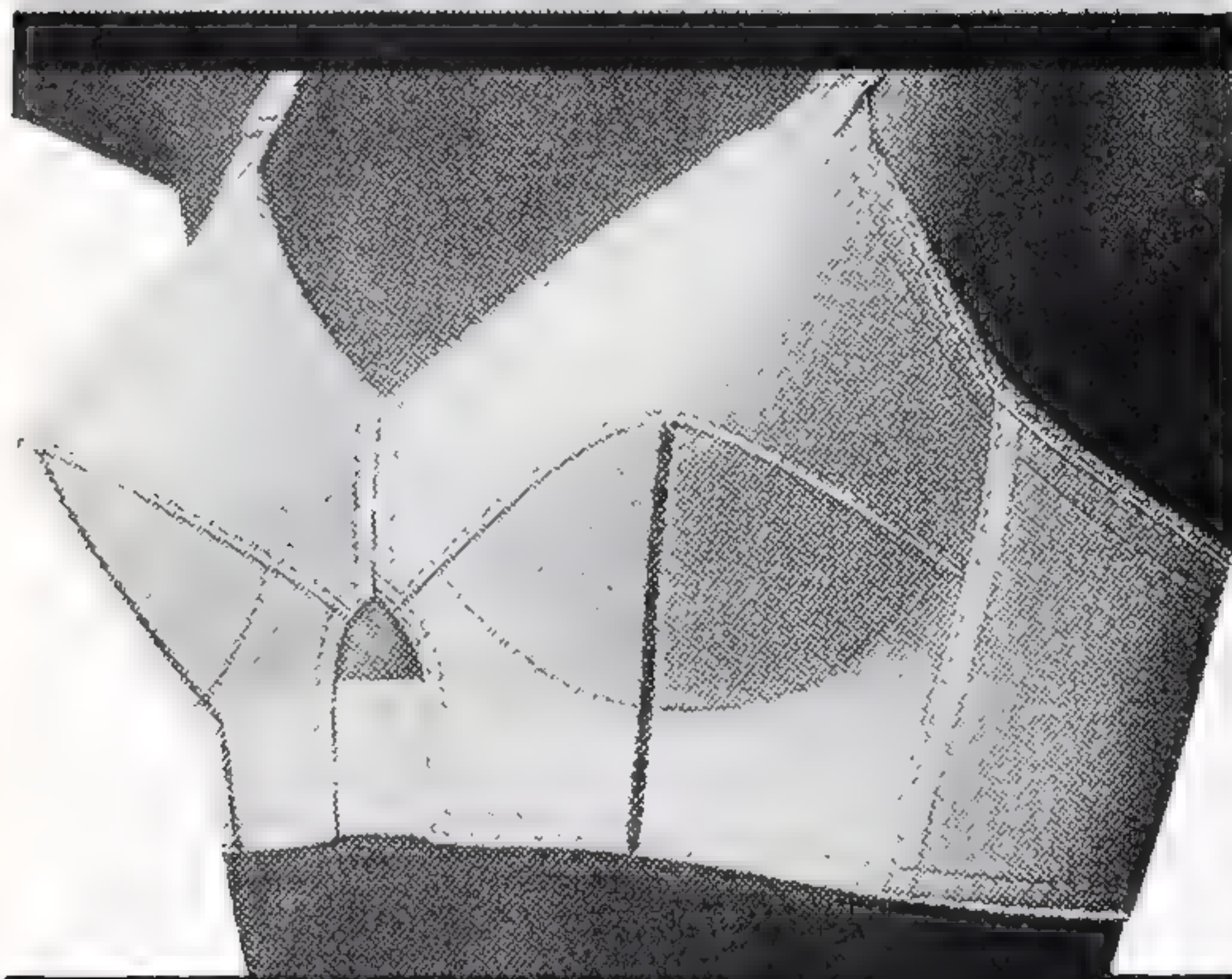
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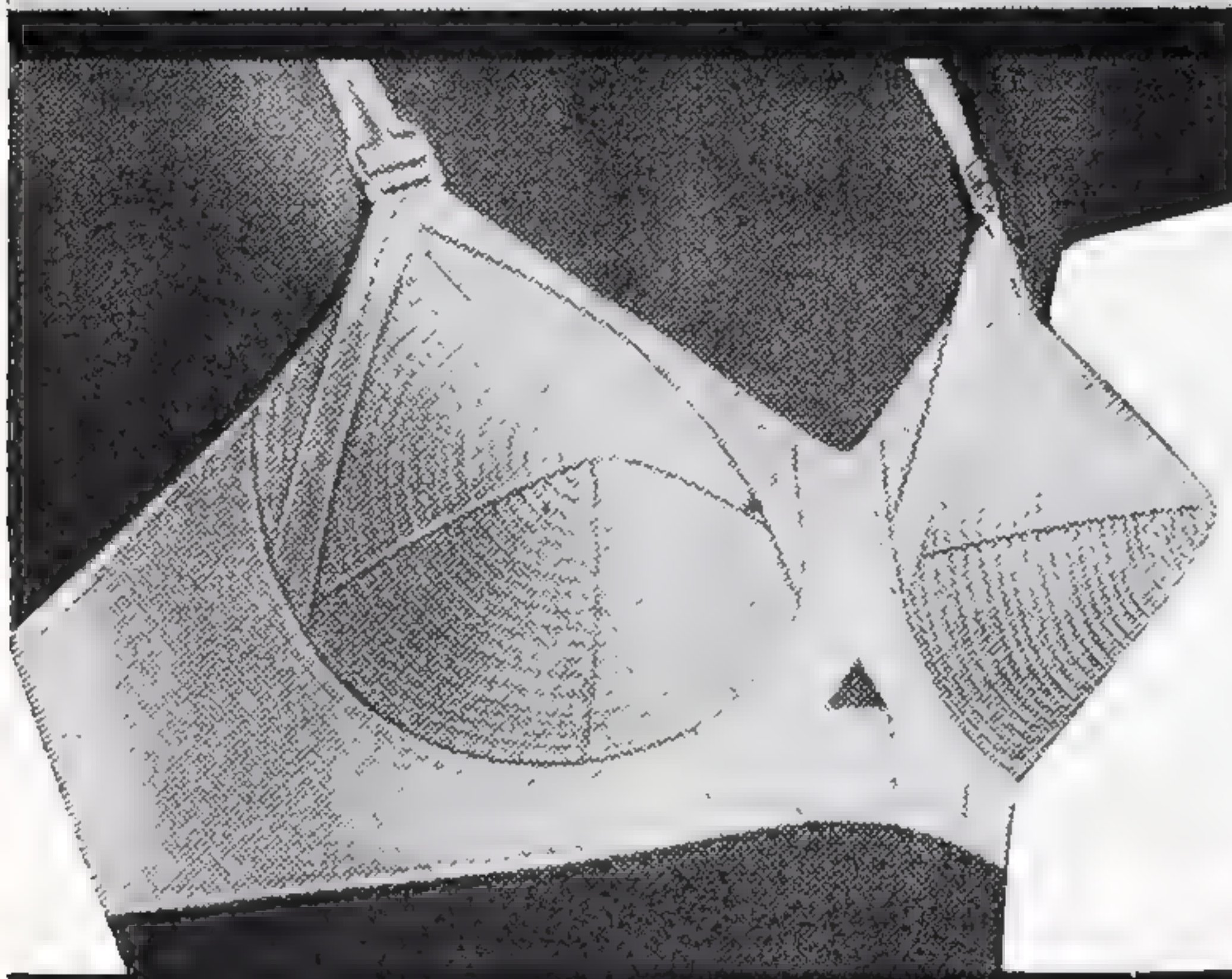
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(Continued from page 35)
can't keep my eyes open." And in the wide-awake department, it's so typical of Hollywood that Rock and Bill Holden had never met. As everyone knows, Rock won that coveted starring role in "Giant" when Bill wasn't available. Well, one day Rock went into the U-I steam room and there was Bill who had come over to sweat it out. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence. Then Bill introduced himself and this is how they got to know each other!

Last Laugh: Tucked away in forgotten files at Warner Bros. there's a talent scout's report on a then unknown little lady named June Allyson. "Too difficult to cast," it reads. So today Warners is paying Miss Difficult-to-Cast \$200,000 for playing opposite Alan Ladd in "The McConnell Story!"... And once upon a time M-G-M turned thumbs down on Mitzi Gaynor because she was too "scrawny," "immature" and "inexperienced." Today they're thrilled to have her on their payroll and, whether newly married Vera-Ellen retires or not, Miss Mitzi gets zee grand and glorious build-up.

Hail and Farewell: Glamour puss Elaine Stewart, who is generally interested in doctors and particularly interested in Dr. Herman Platt, admits she's finally serious. If and when it happens—"We'll announce our engagement one day and marry the next"... Handsome Jeff Richards waited until his wife returned from Florida, where her sister had a baby. They talked things over again. Result, Jeff packed his bags and moved out because, "We were not compatible!"

Medium Rare: The Gower Champions, now out on a dance tour, spent their last night in town with good friends Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. "Send us a steak when you get to Kansas City," kidded Mr. C. Gower and Marge didn't forget—only they sent a whole side of beef! Speaking of the inimitable Tony, guess *who* thinks he has the most versatile talent in Hollywood? None other than Jose Ferrer—praise from Caesar indeed!

Gable-Gram: It's so much hokey, that printed report that his doctors tabooed cocktails for Clark Gable. The King's health is churning and so is his interest in Kay Williams Spreckels and *not* Marilyn Monroe as 20th subtly hints! When Clark went duck hunting recently, it was Kay whom he asked to hostess a party for him. She

made arrangements with Chasen's where they cooked and served the wild birds in their private dining room. Clark loves gay so Kay dressed up an hysterical-looking dummy and placed it at the head of the table. The lady guests were instructed to wear sweaters and tweeds and—"no pearls or mink allowed."

Bright Star: The new year started off with a big bang for Tab Hunter. Three studios tried to borrow him from Warner Bros. and were turned down cold. Then Jolene Wayne ran a print of "Battle Cry" and became so enthusiastic about Tab's performance, he went in and tried to buy up a contract for future Wayne-Fellows productions. When he heard the asking price "Duke" just grinned and shook his head. "Sorry," he said, "for that amount I could get the state of Texas!"

Blessed Bundles: It's true! Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas were buying tiny garments for an expected baby—the baby Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wildgen are expecting! "Someday soon," sighs the beautiful one, "we'll be doing our own shopping—I hope!"... But the Howards Keels have already placed their order with the stork. They expect their third baby next June. "Boy or girl, its name will start with a 'K,'" says the singing star, "that's our system and it always brings us good luck..." The Guy Madisons are also wearing that happy look!

The Truth Is: Doris Day actually got lost the first day she worked on the huge M-G-M lot in "Love Me or Leave Me." A messenger came to her rescue and guided her back to the sound stage!... And the same studio couldn't give Eleanor Park a day off to buy a wedding dress. When a married artist Paul Clemens the beautiful redhead wore a gray lace gown that was strapless formal last year. Eleanor sent her back to designer Don Loper, who set long sleeves and a top!

News About Twos: Reporters and eager beaver jewelry salesmen are turning Marilyn Brando's life into one long game of hide and seek. And if his engagement to his French fiancée is just a publicity stunt, he sure does give another Academy Award performance denying it!... Naturally Debbie Reynolds doesn't date when Ed Fisher's out of town. And Barbara Ruess doesn't want to date until her divorce is settled. So they go to the movies together.
THE END

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Pursuit of Happiness

(Continued from page 39)

"Guys and Dolls" and you can bet your bottom dollar that he'll be as good in this as he was in "On the Waterfront" and "Désirée"—for whatever else is said about Brando, no one has yet accused him of not being serious about his work. Serious? Rather, he's dedicated!

Whether or not Josane is the girl to share that dedication, to take a back seat to Marlon's career, only time can tell. Josane, for all her youthful nineteen years, is ambitious. And as Marlon said, "She has a lot of growing up to do yet. Jumping right into this thing (marriage) wouldn't be fair to her." Fair or not, Josane wanted an immediate trip to the altar and wedding plans proceeded immediately. So far, she has been able to avail herself of television offers that have come about as a result of her romantic attachment with Brando. All hats will have to be doffed to little Josane if she makes a go of marriage for love.

For genius husbands have mentally and emotionally disturbed more mature women than Josane. A taste of what is in store for her, as long as Brando is a popular performer, came wayback last October.

Brando had arrived in Paris last October after a trip aboard the *Ile de France*. In Paris he found refuge with his friend Herve Mille, Director of Paris Match, a French magazine. Josane came up to join him from Bandol, where she had been staying with her parents since July. She had gone directly to Bandol from Hollywood where she had been a frequent visitor on the set of "Désirée." In Paris, Marlon took her to various restaurants and even told newspaper friends they were engaged. Typically, his newspaper friends did not take him seriously for they remembered another incident of his "engagement" to Denise Darcel. Brando even went so far as to have his "engagement" photograph made with Josane. While he managed to avoid all but his closest friends among the newspaper people, he told everyone he was going to the French Riviera to get away from newspapermen and get a rest. Sending Josane back to her parents in Bandol, Marlon did just that.

In Nice, Brando was interviewed by the press with shaving cream on his face and when he was asked where he was going, he told the truth. "I'm going to Bandol, then Rome, then Paris and then back to New York. Next year I must make two films here, one in France and one in Italy. I cannot at this time give you any details, but you will surely see me again in your beautiful country. This is my fourth trip here, and I am beginning to feel at home in France. Your Frenchwomen manage to be the most attractive in the world, without having to buy clothes at the big dressmakers. An American is impressed by seeing them on the street. How chic and well-dressed they are even though they don't have much money—they have excellent taste." Incidentally, Brando speaks excellent French and when conversing with newsmen speaks in their language. When speaking with Josane, he speaks partly in French, partly in English.

From the moment Brando reached Bandol until he returned to his home at the Carnegie Hall apartments in New York City, his love affair with Josane was carried on in the public eye. After taking the train from Nice, Marlon arrived at Moulon from which he had to take a bus to Bandol. There he found a taxi which took him to Henri's, a small bar, over which there is an apartment in which Josane Mariani's mother and stepfather



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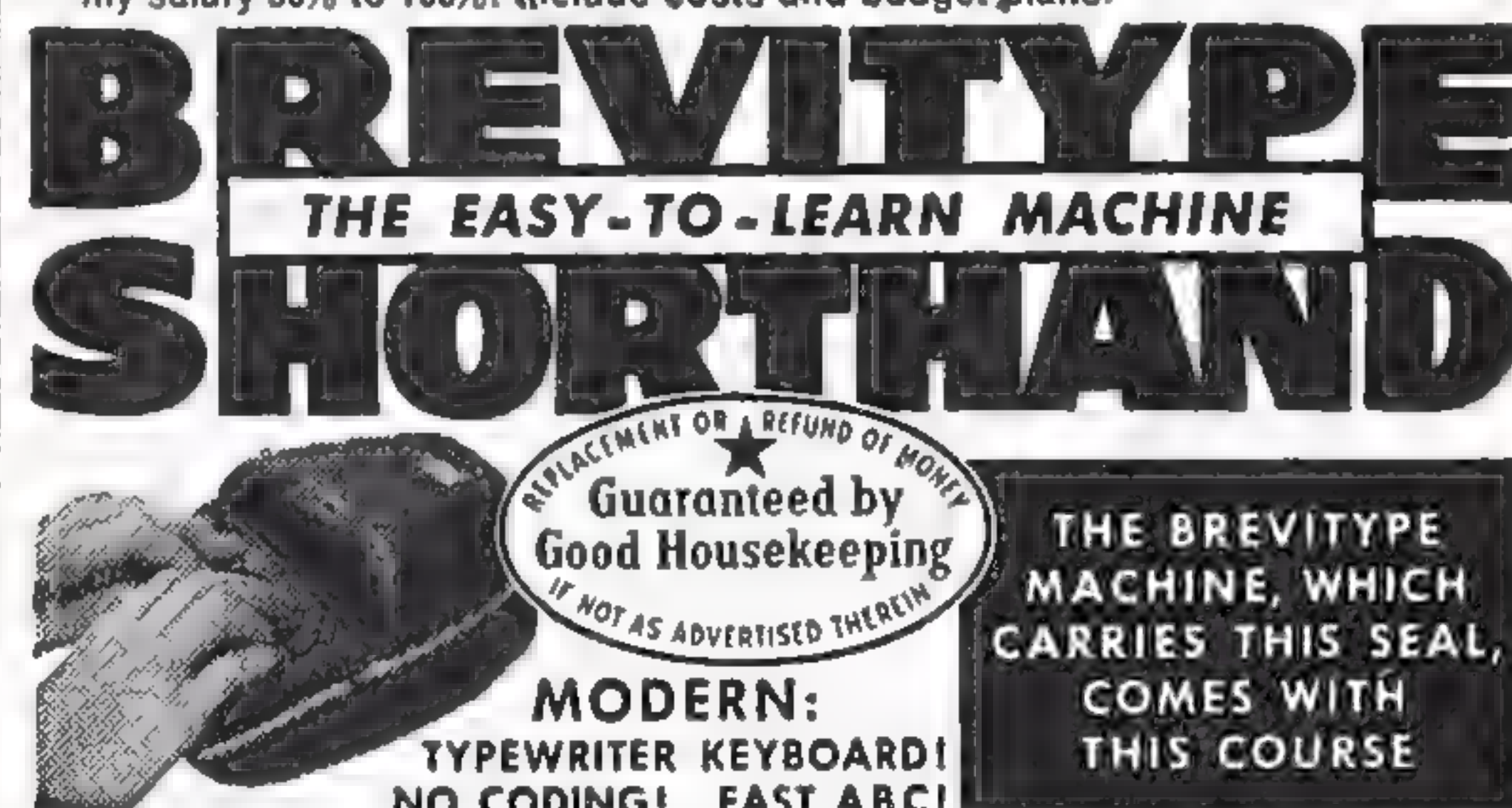
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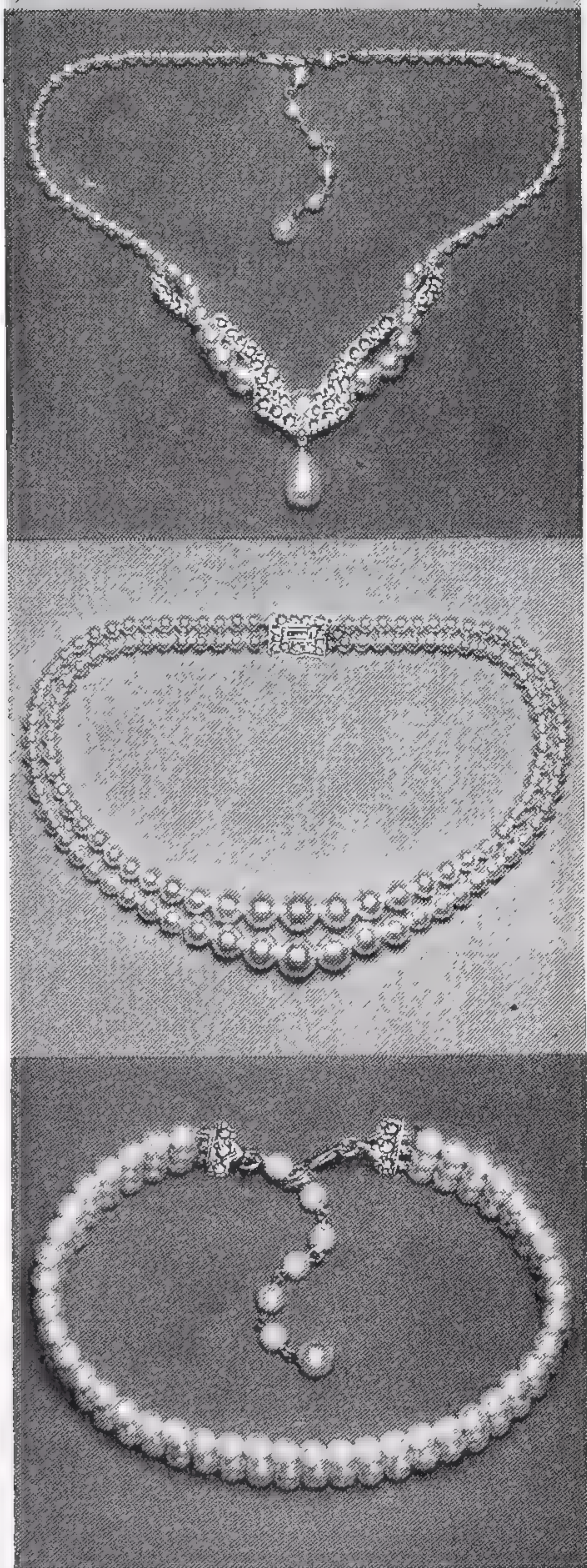
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live. Josane's mother had married Paul Béranger, a local fisherman, after she was widowed during Josane's childhood.

As Brando alighted from the taxi, he called "Hello, Baby" and Josane ran to meet him. And as they embraced each other, all Josane's girl friends came from neighboring houses and the introductions began. This was the American actor about whom Josane had written from the United States and about whom she had talked repeatedly since her return home.

In their modest three-room apartment, the Bérangers had prepared for the arrival of this great star. New chintz curtains were put up, the Provencal furniture polished and shined. A couch was prepared for Marlon to sleep on in the dining room. Marlon planned to stay just two and a half days and it was during this two-day stay that the Bérangers inserted into the local papers the now-famous sentence—"Mons. and Madame Béranger are pleased to announce the engagement of their daughter Josane to Mons. Marlon Brando."

If Marlon had deliberately designed a more spectacular way of disturbing his own peace, he couldn't have done a better job—he had exploded his own personal atomic bomb. By noon the next day, literally hundreds of photographers and reporters arrived in Bandol, one even flew there from London in his newspaper's special plane.

It was then that the whole story of Josane Mariani's background came out and Brando's love for her was revealed. Josane was a model for the late Kisling, one of France's famous artists, whose wife discovered Josane and was struck by her youthful beauty. Madame Kisling convinced Josane's mother that Josane should pose for her husband. After several months of working for the artist and his wife, she allowed Kisling to paint the two famous nudes over which there was so much newspaper comment. Through the Kislings, Josane met a New York psychiatrist and his wife (not the one Brando has had sessions with) and came to New York as tutor for their children. Here, through Kisling's influence, she got a tiny part in a Jose Ferrer New York stage play. Mean-

while, Josane had enrolled in a dramatic school and it was through one of the parties that she met Marlon.

Naturally, because of the large part that the late Kisling played in Josane's life, it was at Madame Kisling's villa that Josane and Brando had their first meal in Bandol (Madame Kisling's villa has now been turned into a restaurant). Incidentally, it was here during Josane and Marlon's separation that Marlon was able to reach Josane by telephone from the United States. Josane would go to the villa at appointed hours and there await his telephone calls.

Josane has the words which Marlon cannot (or will not) say about his particular pursuit of happiness. "Marlon is tired of big hotels and of all the publicity around him. I was hoping my country would give him the peace and quiet he seeks. My parents live very simply from the profits of my stepfather's fishing. That's all. We're happy. I believe, as does Marlon, that happiness lies in simplicity."

"Why do they say that Marlon is eccentric? Just because he doesn't like newspaper people to ask him personal questions. That's why this legend of eccentricity has been built around him! For example, he wore a knitted sailor's shirt. What so extraordinary about that? He rents a scooter. Millions of people rent scooters. It's fun. What's wrong with that? He is a boy with simple tastes, that's all. It's nobody's business whether he writes me often or not, or whether he phones me or not. I want everyone to know that those who believe that Marlon is like the person he played in 'Streetcar Named Desire,' is not true. He is a good steady boy and ours is a pure story, deformed by his world fame."

Perhaps Josane's picture of Brando is more accurate than she realizes—the picture of a genius in our times who must somehow or other get back to the simple things. For the thirty-year-old Brando perhaps his release from genius lies not in the champagne of the twenties, but in sailor shirts and scooters. Perhaps with Josane, such a simple life can be his.

THE END

No Man Walks Alone

(Continued from page 47)

"The Caine Mutiny" or win hearts, not with a boyish grin but by a sensitive and moving portrayal of a reformed alcoholic and father in "The Last Time I Saw Paris" would have been lunacy. He wasn't an actor in 1951, he admits, he was a personality. Such roles went only to established dramatic stars.

A lot has happened since then to Van, to his career and to him personally. You can feel this when you talk to him. When Van speaks today, the old Van is still there—warm, gentle, friendly, but there is a subtle difference. There is more fire to the warmth, more assurance in the friendliness and more strength in the gentleness. The eternal boy the studios had perpetuated has disappeared. Van now speaks with the authority of a man who has lived long with the questions concerning his faith and has arrived at three satisfying conclusions.

"I have the things no man can take from me: my faith in God; my wife's, my children's and my friends' faith in me; and a growing faith in myself," he said recently. "I've gone through all the phases: naive, starry-eyed, awed, sophisticated, finally came back to the elementary truths. The great things in life are simple. I think we're discarding the phony facade of

sneering sophistication of the last era and coming home to honesty, faith and our going love.

"Look," he said suddenly, with the familiar gesture of running his hands through his hair, "this is all pretty personal and a rather probing subject to delve into. But if by reading of my struggles, take the crosses and blessings of life, someone else will get belief and hope then sure, let's talk—we can talk all night. Fact. Okay? Okay."

"In my search for happiness amid confusion and sometimes even despair through things helped me. They are my faiths."

"The first of my three faiths is in God. My father and mother were separated when I was three, so I thank God that my father, who raised me, believed in the Scripture: Train a child in the way I should go and he will not depart from me. For Sunday school and church were habit to me. Every Sunday morning I waited for Virginia Sullivan, nee Cutter, a dear family friend, to pick me up. I learned God and His mercy, grace and love; and for me, the most important of all, blind faith—a built-in armor for the human fears, insecurities and uncertainties that come to every man. There, in the old Trinit Church in Rhode Island, I learned enough to help me keep a balance and a sense

values when I finally spread my wings and tried to fly by myself.

"The second is the deep and abiding faith of my wife, Evie, and my friends which was a wonderful revelation to me. Although I had gathered a hope chest of New England antiques for a future home, I was still living in hotels, feeling free and unattached, and enjoying my success when the sudden pang of loneliness hit me. At thirty, I was what men like to call a confirmed bachelor and what women call eligible. I became aware of Evie just a shade before I became aware of my loneliness," Van laughed. "Somehow it didn't take the confirmed bachelor long to realize that he had been missing the most important part of life—sharing it. Sharing love and fun a man expects from marriage, but certainly the faith and belief that Evie has in me is way beyond what any man should expect. Too, my friends, and sometimes strangers, have reached out in faith to make the difference between success and failure.

"And the third part, the faith I have in myself, is much less of a driving force than the other two," Van said soberly. "For I am filled with the same self-doubts, lack of confidence, lack of vision and faltering faith as other men. Insecurity itself fired my early ambition.

"When I sit in church on Sunday, memories of the old Trinity Church and my childhood flood over me. I feel a sadness at the loss of that child's purity of acceptance. As the entire congregation unites in prayer and I can feel the full power of it, I wonder how many others are trying to recapture the simplicity and blind faith of a little child.

"I've never admitted this before," Van said sheepishly, "but when I was a kid, I used to dream of high, long gray walls and long corridors. I figured it out then that they had to be a movie studio. It was a recurring dream. The desire to act came at an early age and never diminished. That dream of high, long gray walls and corridors was filled with longing and untapped ambition. Years later, after a lot of hunger and hoofing, Warners brought me to Hollywood. The studio was exactly like my dream—except the walls were beige. Warners dropped my contract and the inevitable conclusion of the pattern came when I was signed by M-G-M. It was exactly like my dream with gray walls. And M-G-M is where I stayed for years and became the boy-next-door, with a grin."

From a dream of burning ambition for a boy to relaxation for a man is making a lot of use of just one dream. Maybe it was the Swedish heritage and New England upbringing that kept Van stubborn or determined enough to stick to one dream—one ambition throughout the rough times that followed.

Van put time limits on himself. The first time limit was one year. He'd finished high school and was doing nothing but writing letters for his dad and keeping the books on the plumbing business. Then he was asked to the Newport Army Base parties. He met kids from all over the world. Their homes were decorated with the beauties of Hong Kong, London, Paris and Vienna. They talked a different language. They lived in a brand-new wonderful world and Van started wanting. He became excited and discontented and full of the wonder about the world outside.

Van started for New York and a new world with his father's blessing, the faith of his friends and the feeling that God was on his side . . . and very little money. He had given himself a year to prove his ability. He looked forward to seeing his mother and stepfather in New York. He had not seen his mother in fifteen years. "I want to say right now that I'm all

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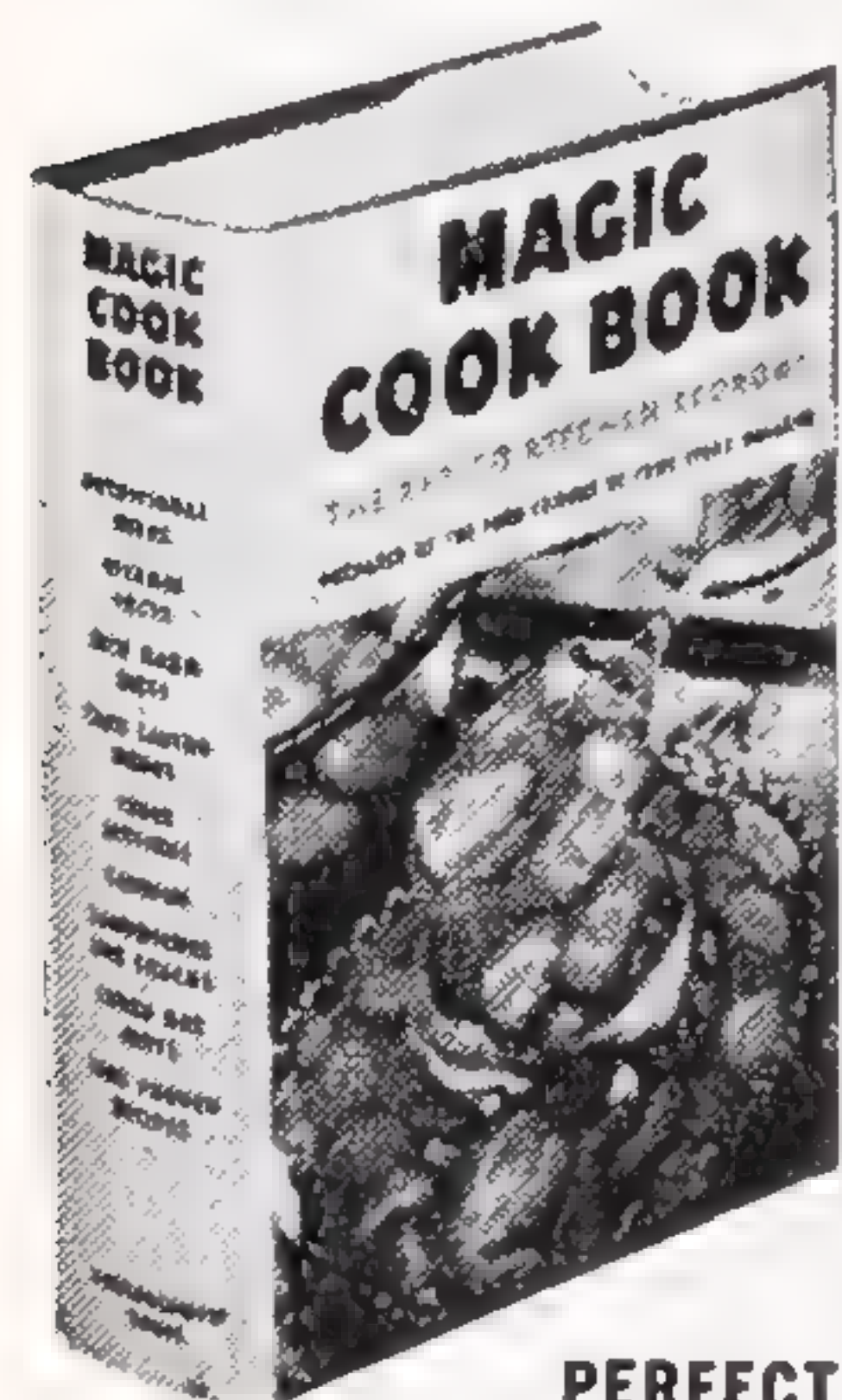
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for taking the plunge in extreme youth, for youth does not know that it is suffering or fighting the impossible. Frustrations and despair? Yes. But youth naively and stubbornly holds on to a dream."

When one looks back at the expended energy, the force and limitless drive that go into the first impossible effort to establish oneself, one turns pale. For Van it was endless agents' offices, tramping from theatre to theatre, being hungry and being locked out of his hotel room. It meant wiring Dad collect in desperate humiliation for the nine bucks that would let him back into his room.

"Somehow Dad always came through. But I didn't," Van sighed. "I became so engrossed in myself that I couldn't see what I was doing. Caught up in the coldness of New York and the fear of myself, I discarded my spiritual life. Trudging from one agent's office to another I comforted myself with the thought, 'If God be with me,' and suddenly I realized that I had left God out. The aloneness I felt was not New York, but in me. I had been stumbling along on my own without faith. I turned into a Christian Science Reading room and sat quietly reading and restoring my soul for two hours. Every day after that I made a point of including the reading room on my daily routine of looking for a job. Although I am an Episcopalian, I received spiritual nourishment there when my food for the day consisted of only a hot dog."

Persistence started paying off. Van began getting little jobs. His first was at the Entre Nous for fifteen dollars a week for four weeks. By the time "Too Many Girls" came along, his time limit had been upped to five years. He'd made some friends and some headway in show business. He was still hoofing and singing in the chorus, but he was kicking higher and singing louder than anybody else and it was then that the faith of a friend gave him another boost on the way. At 11 A.M. every morning, Jerry White drilled him in the understudy parts. Van went on in the chorus at night, but during the day Jerry taught and prodded. Climbing to the balcony he'd roar, "I can't hear you," or "Pick up those feet." Finally one night, Van got his chance. He took one of the leads when a star fell ill. It would be nice to say he was discovered and that was that, but unfortunately, it was only an opening wedge.

Later Jerry White pushed him for a role in "Pal Joey" and George Abbott, the director, agreed. By the time the show reached New York, Van had acquired ten lines, and a song reprise because Gene Kelly was too winded by a very intricate dance routine to sing it. He wasn't a star, but it was enough to be noticed. So, in his sixth year, Van was on his way. During those six years he'd spent every extra penny on dancing and singing lessons. He didn't relax for a minute. He was dedicated and dedication takes work.

"It always amazes me," says Van, "to hear people say carelessly, 'Oh, he has a natural talent.' The best truck driver is a man who works at understanding his machine, getting the best from the truck and using his knowledge to the best advantage. Every profession is the same. Nothing is so natural that it doesn't take work on our part and the desire to be the best. It's like the so-called naturalness of Spencer Tracy's acting. That kind of acting is the finest and the hardest. To appear so completely natural that the audience becomes engrossed in the characterization and forgets the actor is the essence of acting. To me and lots others, Spencer Tracy is the epitome. Naturalness is a practiced art.

When Van really started working in Hollywood, it was a dream come true. He

worked so hard he literally knocked himself out. He went into one picture after another without a breather. At the studio at 7 A.M. and home just in time to fall in bed exhausted.

"When I did go out socially, I was so stage-struck and awe-stricken by glamour of the names I was meeting," Van grinned, "I didn't have confidence enough in myself to meet them as people."

He started wearing his now famous red socks strictly as a conversation piece. Those socks were social crutches and they served their purpose. He still wears them, partly as habit now, partly as a reminder of the big boy from New England with the stardust in his eyes.

"When I went to London and Europe I was overcome by the crowned heads, titles, sophistication and wealth," Van explained with embarrassed remembering. "I was like a small boy looking in the window of the greats in the world. And like a boy, I was shy and inarticulate. I felt out of place.

"It was five years later that it dawned on me that I was considered a star. I went back to New York and the full impact hit me. People would say, 'Why he hasn't changed a bit. Stardom hasn't gone to his head.' I hadn't honestly known it was happening. I was frightened, and yet, excited and triumphant too. I felt proud and humble at the same time and prayed to God to make me worthy and help me do better work. This realization, too, helped me to regain my sense of humor and my sense of values where people were concerned. I've always liked to meet and know people, and I started then meeting them as individuals instead of names. I found then, as now, that the greatest personalities are the ones who have returned to the simplicity of life. Full of outgoing interest, honesty and warmth, they are stimulated by the prospect of tomorrow.

"Two of those greats," Van said soberly, "are Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. They reached out and touched me with faith when my life and career hung in the balance. We had worked only two weeks or 'A Guy Named Joe,' when Evie and Keenan Wynn rode to the studio with me that day my car was sideswiped and a guy named Van ended up in the hospital with a possible brain injury and the verdict he wouldn't be able to work for a year. M-G-M could have easily scrapped the two-weeks' work and replaced me, but Irene and Spencer insisted on waiting for me. When the studio decided to hold up production, I was deeply grateful. I realized that everything happens for a reason. As I lay quietly in that room, I understood the reason. I knew that people were praying for me. I felt those prayers and the vibrations of them in that hospital room. After years of rushing activity, I was quiet. I was alone and thinking. I had no visitors. Objects in the room began to take on meaning. The flowers that filled the room daily became friends. For the first time I clearly saw the contour of a rosebud, the indefinable spreading of a flower into full bloom, the pure and absolute beauty of color. I even weaved imaginary images of the florists' lives. I became fully aware of the deeper dimension in man when he takes the time for quiet and aloneness. I have jealously guarded the right to quiet ever since.

"With prayers vibrating around me and the inner serenity of peace and understanding, my body and head knit long before the year the doctor predicted. I was out of the hospital in four months, with a scar on my forehead and a glowing gratitude in my heart," he said softly.

"When Evie and I were married, I realized two things immediately. One was that I had been missing the most important things of life. Giving and receiving

g love, sharing and becoming responsible or someone else help round out the complete circle of a man's life. The other thing learned was that I'd been a bachelor too long! In thirty years a man manages to tangle into some pretty solid ruts of living. There was no exception. My first problem was for the first time in my life sleeping in the same room with someone, let alone the same bed. Now, I find I'm miserable if I'm in a location and Evie isn't in the same bed to nudge me occasionally. Becoming a father overnight," grinned Van, "also came as a shock to my bachelorhood.

"I found the boys, Ned and Tracy, quickly change over moods. I used to stagger out of bed at 8 A.M. and drive them to school. I will admit that I am not the happiest of fathers when I wake up. But I didn't realize that I was putting a damper on the boys until one morning they turned and asked me why I was mad. That jolted me. I wasn't mad; I was being selfish. I was healthy, the sun was shining and I was working, so I decided to change my moods the next A.M. I found a cold shower helps immensely. You may be numb when you drive your kids to school at 8 A.M., but you won't look mad, you'll just look startled. "By the time Schuyler was born, I'd learned a lot about being a father, including the children's almost blind faith in me and my desire to live up to it. Evie and I discovered that the times they woke up crying in the night were the times we'd forgotten to go up and tuck them in or were hasty in saying our good nights. After prayers and their good-night kiss, I try to leave them with a feeling of love and affection. Now, even after a dinner party, I go in and check the kids. I always kiss them and say something reassuring. Maybe it gets through or maybe it doesn't, but I have warm memories of being tucked by my dad or my grandmother.

"To me, Evie is the nucleus of this good life. She is everything to everybody and always has a little extra to spare in case of an emergency. Her belief in me is overpowering and has bridged many a possible disaster or crisis. She spoils me by matching her mood to mine. She understands me so well that she knows without a word whether I'm happy, content, worried, depressed or miserable. She has the right answers at the right time. Maybe the fact that she was a fine actress helps, but she's the greatest ad-libber out of show business. She also indulges," Van admitted shamelessly, "in my rather peculiar social urges. I run in cycles. I like to go on mad surges of dinner parties and constant comings and goings. Then just as suddenly,

I want to change the whole routine to Evie's cooking in the kitchen and doing the dishes together, barbecues with the kids and nothing but the family and home sweet home. Evie's only complaint is that she's just getting her second wind and enjoying one routine when I want to switch."

Even without the routines, they could keep busy. Friday nights they show movies for the kids and their friends. Evie and Van are constantly planning trips. He's a closet cleaner-outer, and it would be impossible to clock their time schedule on trips to the dentists, dancing school, piano lessons and kid's club meetings. Also Evie and Van are going to take up golf. They've decided to leave tennis to the youngsters like Walter Pidgeon.

"But Evie is more than a wife, mother and companion," Van pointed out proudly. "She has a theatrical judgment that I respect deeply. She has become my conscience and rock of faith in my career. It was in fifty-one that I knew that playing the boy-next-door had to end. I couldn't see any sunlight at the end of the tunnel. All I could see was Van Johnson, the grinning boy next door, carrying off the girl-next-door into the sunset. I carried my dilemma of indecision home with me and my wife stopped looking at me as a wife and started talking objectively. I was so bogged down in type casting that I was beginning to believe it myself. Evie knows me very well. She knew I had to prove something to myself, so she suggested I prove it.

"Partly from her confidence in me, a little faith in myself and a lot of faith in the Lord, I decided to accept a club date in Las Vegas. I had twelve days to get and learn material, work with the piano player, be fitted by the tailor, get my nerves to a white hot pitch and start having the same old nightmares. The first couple of days on any picture, I always go home exhausted and dream that I'm back in the chorus and I can't remember the routines and everybody's laughing. Great proof of faith? Did you ever decide to leave a comfortable niche you'd carved for yourself and change jobs and use tools you hadn't used in years?" Van asked wryly.

"I was scared stiff. It was Evie who talked back to my nerves for me. She calmed me down, bolstered my waning courage and practically held my deflated ego in her hand. Even after opening night and I was considered a success, I woke worrying and continued gnawing at my raw nerve ends until show time. Then my faithful friend, Marlene Dietrich, walked in while I was muttering, 'This isn't for

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me. What am I doing up here?' She took one look at me and started planting the seed. 'What are you talking about?' she demanded. 'Why do you make yourself miserable all day? Accept the fact that at a certain hour every night you will be frightened and have butterflies. But only at that hour. Everybody who is good gets butterflies.'

"That next evening when suddenly the band sounded my entrance, the m.c. said my name and the spotlight came rushing past the curtain to pick me up in the wings, I walked out to meet that audience on blind faith and thrust in Someone bigger than myself. That moment wiped away the twelve days of fright and faltering faith. I was as a child again, blindly believing and trusting. I proved myself, but not by myself."

He was still playing Las Vegas when Stanley Kramer came up to discuss "The Caine Mutiny" with him. Van had read the book and was excited about the prospect of working in the picture. By the end of lunch, the deal was closed. As Van rose to leave, he said, "Thank you very much. I can't wait to start on Willie Keith's lines." Stan stared at him a moment and then said, "I want you for *Maryk*—not Willie Keith." Van took the bomb home to Evie, and quickly she saw the challenge for him in the role. She realigned Van's thinking until he was stimulated and excited about the picture.

"Sometimes I think I could be a bum," Van grinned, "just painting or making straw hats on the beach at Acapulco if Evie didn't have the knack of exciting my imagination about a role until I'm eager for it. A lot of people are hard workers because they know they are basically lazy. I'm one. I've never really had a chance to be lazy, but sometimes I daydream about being a terrific beachcomber!"

Evie's ability to constructively assist Van professionally provides an outlet for her own talents. And Van's appreciation, awareness of Evie, his honesty in openly praising her is a trait deeply desired in all husbands. Professionally, Evie deals with the problem at hand like an excellent director. She never tells Van how or what to say or do. She merely creates a picture for him to fill in. This talent alone is one that many working directors would love to possess. A typical example is Van's drunk scene in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Most actors are afraid of an unknown quantity they have not experienced before. Van is no exception. He had never enacted a drunk and he was worried. Evie scanned the well-worn script and read a couple of lines. Those lines opened up his entire concept of a drunk.

Evie brushes off her prowess over and beyond the call of marriage by turning her thoughts to Van. "I've worked with the best of them," she points out. "John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, Paul Muni and from the very moment I saw Van I knew he was as good as the best of them. He calls it a belief; I call it knowledge. I knew he was ready for the switch to mature acting long before he realized it. But the conviction had to come from him. It was true that he went on opening night in blind faith, trusting Someone bigger than himself. He was gambling with his career. He had to prove that he was more than the boy-next-door. And he proved it. The pattern that followed has put the stamp of maturity on his acting. First, 'The Caine Mutiny,' then the three-dimensional *Charlie* of 'The Last Time I Saw Paris,' and he just finished his best to date, Columbia's 'The End of the Affair.' The leading man of a Graham Greene novel is forced to prove his versatility. Van is more than ready to show his versatility. With his additional talents he

can make musicals or Westerns along with comedy and drama. Van is growing, faster than he realizes, into the actor's dream he has. When he discarded boy-next-door, once and for all, he started moving toward his idol, Spencer Tracy.

Evie's enthusiasm does not come from an over-zealous wife, but an astute judgment of theatre and human nature. Van depends on her keen perception of people and scripts. Although Van would have you believe that she is the seer of the family, Evie will tell you quite calmly that Van is right in nine out of ten discussions. She is aware of her weakness and one of them is too-quick decision. She will say that's the end of it in a quick burst of irritation, but Van will hold her with, "No, no, now wait a minute." And when the air clears, as Evie says, Van is usually right.

"For all his moods," she reflected, Van is a chameleon. He can shed his moods much more quickly than I. They never take him out of the house alone. He leaves his home and can't be coaxed into spending a night out 'with the boys.' Sometimes I wish he would go out and then I could catch up on a few domestic duties. But then I say to me, 'Evie, count your blessings!' Van is also very sensitive. I'm glad. All interesting people are sensitive, I think. At least with Van, there's never a dull moment."

Perhaps because of his broken home childhood, Van has made his home a cherished symbol. He is giving his children everything that was important to him. Many of the things he didn't receive. Above all he is instilling in them a faith to live by. For the child who sat in the Old Trinity Church has vivid memories. And he wants his children to have the same self-knowledge.

"I couldn't live without faith and love and hope," Van said quietly. "I would get through a day. Faith communicates and works for me. The law of competition has never changed. We get out of what we put into it. I congratulated a man who played the chaplain in 'Beat the Devil' on his reading on Lux Theatre the other night. I was moved by the depth of understanding he put into a long speech he had. He smiled and said that it was the second time I had been good to him. Then he told me that a few years ago he'd been called in from the set at the studio to do a small part in a hurry. It was a Senate scene and there were five hundred extras and me waiting for him to start. He was shaking, nervous and glanced around for just a look of sympathy. He said I smiled at him and he found the courage to relax, kept his churning stomach under control and read his lines. It seemed so little. It was so little, I began to wonder how often I let the lines of my face go up inside of down."

"Later," Van continued, "I met an old lady outside the station door. I knew from the look on her face what she was going to say. She asked me for an autograph and then said, 'You remind me of my son so much. He was killed in the war.' When we parted, both our eyes were filled with tears. Can I say I loved her in her sorrow? Sometimes we catch a glimpse of a great truth. Both those accidents were man's reaching out to man for compassion, sympathy, understanding. That outgoing love is the answer to man's struggle for peace, understanding, and tolerance."

"And that love begins at home. Success or failure today, I still have a bright future for tomorrow. I have the three things that no man can take from me: My faith in God, my wife's and children's faith and a growing faith in myself."

THE END

Audrey Hepburn—the Girl, the Gamin and the Star

(Continued from page 61)

hosts were James and John Wolf of Romulos Films. And they also had two other guests—Jack Dunfee of MCA talent agency and his young client, Audrey Hepburn. Audrey confessed to me later that she was speechless, especially over meeting Humphrey Bogart, whom she had always admired. If anyone had told her then that two years later she would be his co-star in "Sabrina," she would have retorted, "Don't look now, but your crystal ball is cracking!"

Of course, the easiest thing in the world to say after anyone becomes famous is, "I always knew she had it in her." In the case of Audrey Hepburn, however, I climbed onto the bandwagon at once. I was immediately enchanted by her fresh, young beauty and natural charm and felt she had that something extra special that Ellen Terry once described as "star quality." I didn't wait until her overnight triumphs in "Gigi" and "Roman Holiday" to discover her great charm.

At that first meeting, I drew Audrey out by asking a lot of questions. She seemed grateful for my interest and answered with the confiding warmth of an old friend. "Everything significant in my life has happened gloriously and unexpectedly—like the trip I am making to Monte Carlo tomorrow," she told me. "I've always longed to go to the French Riviera, but never could afford it. Then this picture, 'Monte Carlo Baby,' turned up. I play only a small supporting role, but I never thought I'd even get that."

"The day the producer interviewed me was one of those days when everything went wrong. I had a terrible time finding a stocking that didn't have a run in it. The zipper got caught in my dress. And when I finally arrived at my agent's office, the whole interview lasted exactly a minute and a half! I was sure I'd failed."

"I tried to comfort myself by telling another that if I went to Monte Carlo for his small part, I might miss out on a larger role in London. And anyway, someday I'd make enough money so that we could both go to the Riviera on my expense account. Then suddenly the phone rang and I heard those four words that are the sweetest music in the world to every actress, 'The job is yours!'"

As we parted at Les Ambassadeurs that night and Audrey went home to pack for Monte Carlo, neither of us dreamed what glorious and unexpected signifi- cance the trip was to have for her. The story is old-hat now, but it will be forever new to Audrey, because it changed the entire pattern of her life.

It was while she was shooting a scene for "Monte Carlo Baby" in the lobby of the Hotel de Paris, that Colette, the famous French novelist, stopped to watch Audrey from her wheelchair. The next day she went for her and announced, "Vous êtes ma Gigi." And Audrey, who speaks French fluently, didn't need an interpreter to explain that she was Colette's choice for her Gigi," dramatized by Anita Loos into a stage play for Gilbert Miller.

Thus it happened that within four months of our first meeting at that London dinner party, Audrey had attained Broadway stardom in "Gigi." She had also been screen-tested by Paramount for the lead opposite Gregory Peck in "Roman Holiday," under a long-term contract. She had become engaged to one of London's most eligible and popular bachelors, James Hanson. She had just celebrated her twenty-second birthday.

When Audrey arrived in New York in November, 1951, to open in "Gigi," she

fell as madly in love with our town as we did with her.

"I even enjoyed going to the dentist here," she told me. "Because when I look out the dentist's window, I can see Central Park and it's so breathtakingly lovely!" We were having tea in her suite in a small residential hotel in the East Fifties.

I was delighted to find that Audrey's overnight stardom in "Gigi" and the overwhelming adulation that had come to her since our first meeting hadn't changed her a bit. She was just then being sought out by all the hostesses in town and pursued by the El Morocco stag line. But Audrey, brought up by a Dutch mother in war-torn Holland, learned discipline at a very early age. She refused to be distracted by social things.

In her work, she drove herself relentlessly. And although her natural reserve sometimes resented it, she accepted with good grace the demands made upon her time for photographs and stories about herself in magazines and newspapers. She rightly saw it as part of any successful actress' career.

She steadfastly refused, however, to break into her time for social engagements during the week. And her weekends were devoted to her fiancé, James Hanson, whose business kept him in Canada a great deal. If he couldn't fly to New York to be with her, she would grab a plane after the Saturday night performance and fly to him.

Audrey, let it be noted, has always been a one-man woman. When she came to London and landed her first job in the chorus of the English revue, "Sauce Piquante," she fell in love with a young Frenchman who was playing the lead. He was *beaucoup* crazee about her, too, and persuaded the producer to take her out of the chorus and allow her to share a number with him.

This was the puppy love of two earnest youngsters, with stars in their eyes—for the marquee of a theatre! It was beautiful while it lasted, and when it became "just one of those things," it was "goodbye, dear, and amen."

And when Audrey closes a chapter, it stays closed. She may look as fragile as a lady in a Fragonard painting, but she has an implacable will.

Jim Hanson, unlike Audrey's first love, was not of her theatre world. Hanson was a highly successful businessman, young, wealthy, socially prominent. As an attractive bachelor, he had all doors open to him. And one of those doors led him to Audrey Hepburn.

Audrey's career is the all-absorbing passion of her life. Yet, she seems to feel the need of "a man around the house." Sometimes these interests are incompatible, as proved true with Audrey's second love. Her engagement to James Hanson lasted a long time, but their plans for marriage grew dimmer and dimmer as Audrey's career took her further and further away from him.

"When I marry James, I want to give up at least a year to just being a wife to him," Audrey told me during one of our tea sessions. "I can't do that now with the road tour of 'Gigi' ahead of me, and then the 'Roman Holiday' film on location in Italy."

"James is being wonderfully understanding about it. He knows it would be impossible for me to give up my career completely. I just can't. I've worked too long to achieve something. And so many people have helped me along the way, I don't want to let them down."

It was this growing knowledge that

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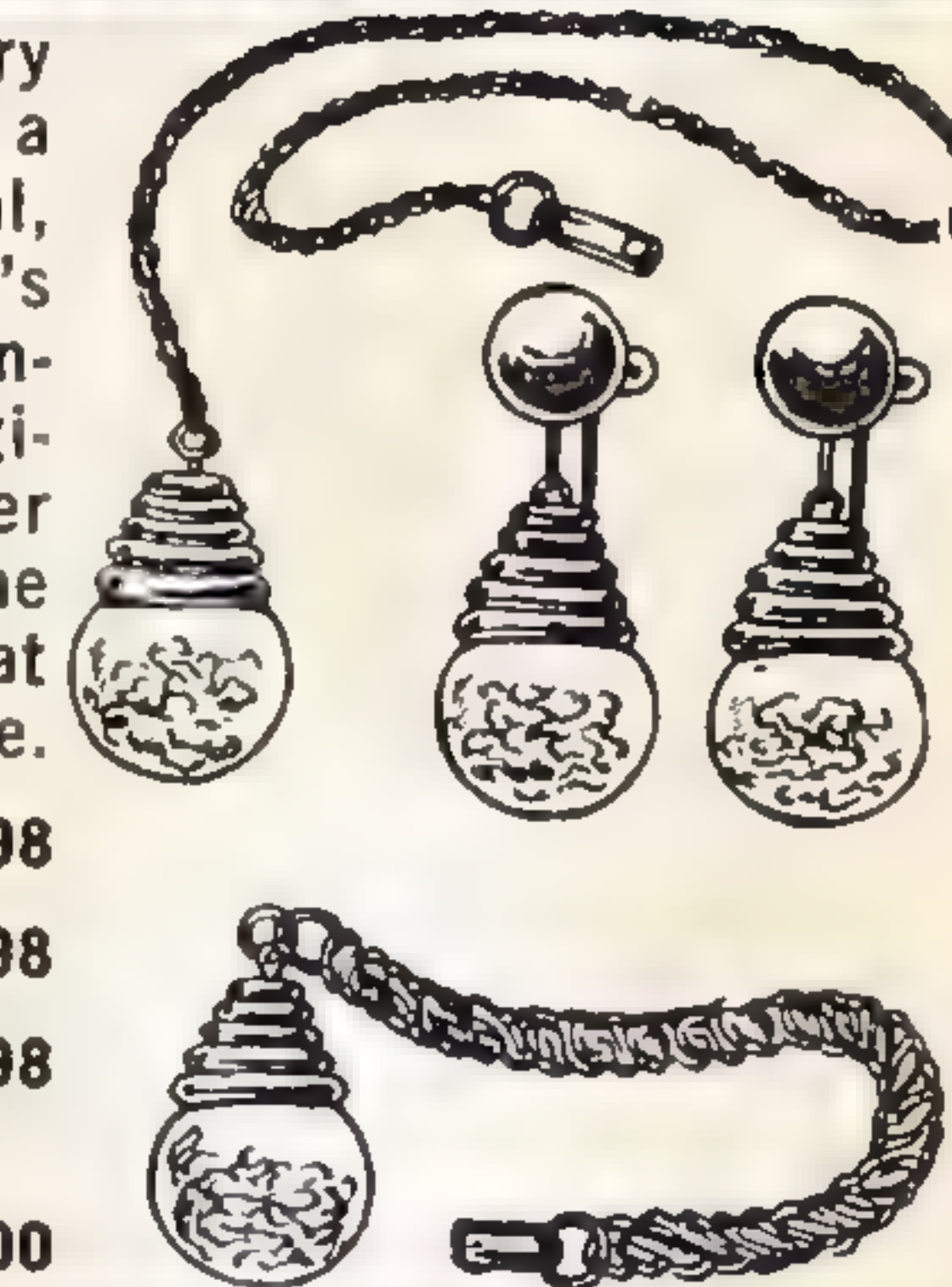
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Audrey wasn't ready to sacrifice her career to marriage that helped soften the blow of their broken engagement a few months later. Audrey and James have remained good friends. When Audrey became Mrs. Mel Ferrer in Switzerland last September, James was one of the few of Audrey's exclusive circle to be invited to the private ceremony. He appreciated Audrey's thoughtful gesture, but sent his regrets—an Englishman to the manner born.

Speaking of Mel Ferrer brings me to another flashback. The time is May 31, 1953, and the setting is again London—two days before the Coronation. Greg Peck, who had a charming duplex flat in Grosvenor Square, invited me to drop by for cocktails. When I arrived, I was delighted, but not the least surprised, to find two other chums—Audrey and Mel.

Audrey and Greg had developed a mutual admiration society during the filming of "Roman Holiday." In fact, there were even veiled hints that their screen romance might continue after the cameras had stopped grinding. As for Mel, he and Greg had a common bond of interest. Both had for years shared a desire to bring legitimate theatre productions to the California Coast—a dream that had become a reality at the La Jolla Playhouse every summer since 1947.

In the spring of 1953 Mel was filming "Knights of the Round Table" at Elstree, near London. Greg's flat was "home" to Mel. And it was perfectly natural that through Greg, Mel met Audrey Hepburn for the first time.

But if anyone had told Greg then that with this introduction he brought together a future man and wife, he'd probably have said, "You're off your rocker!"

As a matter of fact, if I'd asked Audrey at the time, "Would you want to marry a man twelve years older than yourself, twice divorced and the father of two growing boys?" she'd have been equally incredulous.

But when we lunched together the day after Greg's cocktail party, I didn't ask her this sixty-four-dollar question—not only because there was no hint of a budding romance then, but also because Audrey is the kind of person who instinctively puts up the barriers between herself and anyone trying to pry too far into her personal affairs.

Outwardly Audrey is all warmth and femininity—the kind of helpless, cuddly creature that appeals to the protective instinct in every man and woman. Yet, beneath that exterior, she has the impenetrable emotional reserve of an introvert—intensified by the stolidness of her Dutch heritage. In her physical make-up, too, she embodies this dual personality. At home, sitting on the floor in beautifully tailored slacks, turtle-neck sweater, no shoes, with her feet curled up under her, she has a gamin tomboy quality. In public, at a first night or on the dance floor, she looks every inch the real counterpart of the reel princess in "Roman Holiday." The key to her universal appeal is that she conforms to no set mold.

Audrey is not beautiful by the technical standards of perfect beauty. She once confessed to me that she used to be so self-conscious about the unevenness of her front teeth that she would rarely smile. Yet, when she made "Roman Holiday" and Paramount offered to cap her teeth so that she would look like all the other Hollywood glamour girls, she politely refused. Nor did she let the make-up department pluck one little hair from her heavy brows. Her eyes, of course, are her most outstanding feature—they are hazel and deepen in color when she expresses emotion. Her figure does not have the feminine curves of a Monroe or Turn-

er, but she is the envy of every woman who suffers from overweight. Yet, believe it or not, I have seen her resist the most tempting dessert to guard against one more on her extraordinary size eight.

When I first met Audrey her hair was much longer. Then she cut it short for "Roman Holiday"—then shorter for "Ondine"—so that now, in the amusing description of photographer Cecil Beaton, "The woods are full of emaciated young ladies with rat-nibbled hair and moon-pale faces!"

Is it any wonder that Mel Ferrer fell head over heels in love with such a provocative, desirable creature? Mel has always been attracted to glamorous, successful women. As a matter of fact, his wife, Frances, whom he married when he was a struggling young actor and she a struggling young artist, is the only woman known whom Mel romanced before she was a "Name."

I can also easily understand why Audrey succumbed to Mel's charm. Because Mel has that rare quality in an American man—he makes a woman feel like a woman. Perhaps it is his Puerto Rican heritage, but he has this quality which is fast dying out in our atomic age.

He also has another wonderful gift; he is a stimulating talker. On an evening spent with him shortly after that first meeting of Mel and Audrey, we discussed the theatre, pictures, travel, art and people. In the last bracket, there was talk of Audrey, her unaffected charm, her innate breeding and her inevitable Hollywood success, once "Roman Holiday" was released. But even when Mel told me he was taking Audrey to the theatre the next night, I didn't attach any special importance to it. Because at that time there wasn't any.

Although Audrey's ambition was to be a stage actress, her theatrical experience had been limited to one West End revival. And since she had neither the time nor the budget to go to the theatre, she had only seen about a half-dozen plays in all her years. But she was so anxious to learn that—even when she was in the chorus of "Sauce Piquante" and doubling at Circe afterward—she had daily lessons in dramatic art. Her coach was one of the finest character actors in the English theatre, Felix Aylmer.

In that summer of '52, when Audrey suddenly found herself for the first time with the leisure and the money to go to the theatre, she was avid to see everything. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were playing at the Phoenix in Noel Coward's "Quadrille." I knew that Audrey had never seen this magnificent team, when Noel graciously sent me his house seats, I invited her to go with me. Of course, she was enthralled by their magic spell, and later, when I took her around to the Lunts' dressing room to meet them, she was like a wide-eyed child meeting Santa Claus for the first time. When Alfred asked her about "Roman Holiday" she was flabbergasted that the great Lunt had even heard about her. She would have been even more stunned if anyone had told her that the following year, on November 20, while she was in Hollywood co-starring with Humphrey Bogart in "Sabrina," she would send me the following wire: "Darling Radie, now that the picture is all set, I'm able to give you the good news. It's 'Ondine,' and guess who is going to direct me—Alfred Lunt! Needless to say, I am happy beyond words, especially at being given the opportunity to work with and learn from him. How wonderful that you introduced me to him in London. Much love, Audrey."

No one ever came to Hollywood for the first time under more fortuitous circumstances.

ances than Audrey Hepburn. "Gigi" had brought her Broadway stardom. "Roman Holiday" now made the whole world hers. And nowhere in the world is success worshipped more than in Hollywood. Everyone from Adrian to Zanuck wanted to meet her. The local and foreign newspapermen—all of them—wanted exclusive interviews. Paramount spread out the red velvet carpet for their new queen.

How did Audrey react to this wild acclaim? She was grateful for such recognition of her work, of course, but she was scared. In the first place, she couldn't believe she was *that* good—and this was a phony modesty. She was petrified of the blaze of public interest in which she suddenly found herself.

In London, she had lived with her mother in an unpretentious walk-up flat, off Park Lane. In New York, she had lived alone in a small hotel suite. In both cities, she had led as normal a life as the schedule of any actress will permit. But in Hollywood, a word may be magnified into a quote—or a misquote. Would Hollywood try to change her? To devil her life with false or little authenticated stories? In London, libel laws prevented your name from being linked erroneously in a romance item. Audrey knew she would have no protection in Hollywood for an item like this: "Can't wait to meet Audrey Hepburn and find out if her kisses with Greg Kinnear are for real!"

When she expressed some of these fears to me, I advised her to go see the head of the studio, Don Hartman, and tell him exactly how she felt. I was sure he would be in complete agreement with her desire for the kind of publicity in keeping with her personality. Romantic innuendos and whether she wore falsies and slept in a double bed with pajama tops or nighties were definitely *not* that kind of publicity. Audrey took my advice and after her talk with Hartman, she wrote me:

"Darling Radie: I just wanted to thank you again for being such a friend. I was touched by your consideration for me and that I would like to tell you how much I appreciated it. It is indeed all very new to me and strange and every bit of advice so helpful. A year ago a line in a column about a rumor was enough to reduce me to tears, but I am learning fast and taking things in my stride and above all keeping myself. I remember asking you about this when we first had lunch one day. Thank you again, Radie. My love to you. Audrey."

But as soon as "Sabrina" went into production, Audrey's fear of Hollywood quickly disappeared, and she began to love her new home. After the fog and rain of London, she lapped up the California sunshine. She leased a charmingly furnished apartment, with a patio and swimming pool, which she shared with her secretary-companion, and she hated to leave, except to go to the studio.

And since she adored her director, Billy Wilder, and the whole company and crew of "Sabrina," she hated to leave the studio! When she came East to do the yachting sequence on location in Westchester, she only had one day off. On that day she called me to lunch with her at "21." I found her thinner, which was understandable when she told me that she stayed on at the studio after the regular day's shooting for private ballet and singing lessons. But Hollywood's make-up department hadn't changed her one iota. Neither had her success. She was still the

same sweet, unspoiled girl who had enchanted me at our first meeting. I would have staked my life that she always would be.

Two months later, Audrey wrote me that she was coming to New York to start rehearsals for "Ondine."

"Am looking for an apartment," her firm, familiar scrawl informed me. "Mother arrives the 17 of December for her first visit to America. Imagine the excitement! I plan to spoil her as she's never been before! . . . I read your column faithfully, and you are so wonderful to root for me the way you do, always in the way which makes me happy. You will hear from me soon again. Lots of love. Audrey."

I wrote back that a friend of mine, with a lovely Park Avenue apartment, was leaving for Europe, and perhaps Audrey could take over her sublease. Back came Audrey's reply, "I think I will let you guide my domestic life, too. It will bring me the same good fortune as my career."

When Audrey arrived in New York this time, Mel Ferrer was with her.

He had seen "Ondine" in Paris, and it didn't take long to persuade Audrey that she would be the perfect heroine to his "knight errant." With Audrey in the title role, any management would have grabbed this property. The Playwright Company were the lucky winners.

Audrey, in appreciation of Mel's "package deal," not only shared co-starring billing with him, but insisted on splitting her per cent of the gross with him! It was then that I began to realize, "If this isn't love, what is it?"

As the two of them plunged into rehearsals, they were inseparable, on-stage and off. Actually, it wasn't difficult to understand the bond that brought them together. Aside from Audrey's undeniable physical beauty, and Mel's well-practised charm, they both have a relentless ambition for their careers. Only their motivations differ.

Audrey's is inspired purely from a creative urge to express herself with the God-given talents with which she is blessed. The knowledge that never again can she enjoy the privilege of anonymity is a penalty she willingly pays for Fame.

On the other hand, Mel wants to take advantage of every door leading to his success. The spotlight, publicity, fan worship are welcome dividends that pay off at the boxoffice. He isn't satisfied with just acting. He wants to direct, write and produce, too.

His contagious enthusiasm and authoritative background knowledge found a soul mate in young Audrey, so anxious to absorb everything that would help her career. Remember, too, that both Mel and Audrey are cosmopolites who are equally at home with the International Set abroad, as they are with their New York and Hollywood circles over here. Both of them speak several languages fluently, even though they soon discovered that "I love you" is the same in *every* language!

It wasn't long after rehearsals of "Ondine" started that the Broadway grapevine stage-whispered that Mel wasn't seeing eye to eye with Alfred Lunt's direction. I remembered Clifton Webb once telling me, "I consider myself a veteran in the theatre, and yet, if I had the chance to be directed by Alfred Lunt, I would consider it a privilege." I couldn't believe that Mel didn't feel the same way. And knowing the respect Audrey had for Lunt's art, I felt that if there were any argument,



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she would never uphold Mel against Alfred. I called Mel direct to check on the rumor, and he said it wasn't true. I was happy to deny it for him, but very unhappy when I learned later he hadn't leveled with me. I didn't see Audrey during this hectic time of rehearsals, but she would call me from the theatre whenever she had a breather. However, I caught up with her mother, the Baroness Ella van Heemstra, for lunch at Sardi's.

The Baroness, from whom Audrey inherits her patrician beauty, kept me fascinated with stories of her earlier life, and Audrey's. It seems that the Baroness and her sister both wanted to study for the opera. But in those days in Holland, the stage was forbidden to girls of good family. So the two dutiful daughters married and gave up their career ideas. But the Baroness vowed that if she ever had a talented child she would do everything to encourage her. During the war years the Baroness, who had divorced Audrey's father, found herself and her eleven-year-old daughter trapped in occupied Arnhem. They lived in the family castle, but it might just as well have been a dungeon. They had no light, food or heat. Even their bicycles were confiscated by the Germans. The Baroness told me that her sister's husband, Audrey's favorite uncle, was shot right before Audrey's very eyes. A harrowing experience for anyone, but to a sensitive eleven-year-old, it was a nightmare she never forgot. That Audrey survived this terrifying loss of her childhood and grew up into such a happy, normal young girl is a tribute to the courage and love of her mother.

By one of the miracles of fate, a great Russian ballerina, who had married a Dutchman, was a nearby neighbor in Arnhem. And in those war years, whenever Audrey wasn't too weak from lack of food, she studied ballet with this superb teacher. "This was the only sunshine that lighted the clouds of those dark days!" the Baroness said to me. "Now to see my dreams for Audrey fulfilled beyond my fondest hopes is sunshine to my heart every day!"

The most distinguished ermine-and-white-tie gathering of the season flocked to the 46th Street Theatre the night "Ondine" opened in February '54. As the curtain rose, my hands were clammy with nervousness for Audrey. But my eyes instinctively looked for her mother, sitting with James Hanson (who, again, as in the case of the "Gigi" opening had flown over from London to surprise Audrey, even though he was no longer her fiancé). All three of us were sharing Audrey's first-night jitters, as she waited in the wings for her entrance.

When she had opened in "Gigi," as a young newcomer to Broadway, Audrey felt that if she got by with passably good notices, she would be happy. Instead she got raves. "In "Ondine," as a highly publicized Hollywood star, Audrey knew she would have to win critical and public acclaim, or it would be a demoralizing setback to her career.

But Audrey, as usual, underrated her special magic. If she had been the film critics' No. 1. favorite after "Roman Holiday," she was now the drama critics' newest Valentine. They embraced her with the kind of glowing notices that every actress dreams of and few achieve. The audience cheered and bravoed, hoping that she would take one curtain call alone. But with every bow, there was Mel, always at her side. Finally, when the house lights were on, and the audience still applauding madly for Audrey, Mel held up his hand to hush the house for a curtain speech. An acknowledgement to his lovely co-star, we all assumed. But we were wrong. Instead, we heard a flowery ex-

pression of thanks to Alfred Lunt, and since this completely professional audience was well aware of the backstage differences between Ferrer and Lunt, this public recapitulation was received with slightly raised eyebrows!

I didn't happen to like Mel in "Ondine." I didn't feel that he played his role with a bravura style of acting it demanded. There were others who shared my opinion. But, because I didn't want to hurt him, I hedged in my comments in my Hollywood Reporter column. I merely wrote wish as a 'knight errant,' Mel Ferrer had been such an 'errant knight' and I given Audrey Hepburn a curtain call alone when the first night audience so obviously wanted it." For some inexplicable reason Mel never forgave me this criticism.

It was incomprehensible to me that I could so quickly forget all the complimentary things I had written about him through the years and hold this one criticism against me, although this has been known to happen in many a columnist's career.

It was not, however, until four months later—a period when Audrey had avoided me—that she spoke of Mel's continued antagonism over lunch one day. She was obviously very embarrassed as she confessed that Mel had convinced her that I had betrayed my friendship with her in my column, and I might do the same to her. In other words, she wasn't to trust me, now that she knew no columnist could be a friend, too. I felt that Audrey realized how unfair and unkind she had been to me in this purely hypothetical mistrust of me. She begged me to understand the emotional pressure of the year and kept repeating, "Please believe I haven't changed. I'm still your friend." When I returned home that evening, there was a lovely bowl of flowers waiting for me, "With love from Audrey."

I was leaving for London the following week, and we made a date for another luncheon visit, the day before my flight. A few days later, Audrey called to bring it, explaining apologetically that Wyler was in town and she had to stop by my apartment and wish me "bon voyage?" I was going to be out all last minute shopping, so I said I'd stop by her dressing room before the evening performance. We chatted like old times, until her fifteen-minute curtain call.

Audrey didn't come to London during my stay there, but flew directly to Switzerland for her much-needed holiday. She was back in New York when the news came of her marriage to Mel in the little Swiss village of Bergenstock. I called them my best wishes, and I meant them sincerely. If Audrey has found the happiness she is seeking with Mel, that's what we who love her want for her. What are their future plans? Audrey's recent mooning at this writing, made no mention of when she would resume her career. But I know her next assignment is another Paramount picture in Hollywood. I also know that in '56, she wants to take time off from the screen and return to the theatre for a season of repertory at Stratford-upon-Avon or the Old Vic in London.

And sooner or later, there will be an independent picture deal co-starring the new Mr. and Mrs. team on the screen or stage, too. Future plans also include a Hepburn-Ferrer "production" in the near future.

Let's hope that all of these plans materialize. But let's hope, most of all, that the chapter closes, "And so they lived happily forever after!"

THE END

What's the Difference!

(Continued from page 51)

res around the house except washing cars." She likes all household chores. Truly enjoy keeping house." She weighs pounds and he weighs 155. She was excellent in all subjects at school and at one time had planned to become a mathematics teacher. He always gets very low marks in French and mathematics.

He owns six hats, all pork pies, and when dressing to step out in the evening, the hat is always the last to be ready. She doesn't like Roquefort cheese except in salad dressings. He goes for all kinds of cheeses except Liederkrantz and Limburger. She has been to Las Vegas several times, but has never played the slot machines. He likes to go there for the shows, the gambling and the weather and "I like to watch people."

His extravagances are impulsive. "Anything I dig at the moment."

He seldom drinks hard liquor.

They both think Italian haircuts attractive "on some girls," and both set aside evenings just for reading, "taking time to catch up on books."

She prefers city life to country, and in every kind of disagreement between them, she feels "that both of us are entitled to our own thoughts. If there is an impasse and we can't mutually agree, then I should decide in."

He has an aversion to short "droopy" neckties.

She never plays solitaire.

He has few illusions, collects records as a hobby and his favorite stories are *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *David and Goliath*: "Stories of little guys up against big guys." Neither one can remember the license number of their car.

They were married on June 4, 1951, in Greenwich, Connecticut. Her latest picture is "My Sister Eileen," and she has a great desire to someday see India, Malay and Burma.

He hates hand-painted neckties.

She likes crossword puzzles.

He cares little for concerts, is bothered by heights and gets very impatient in heavy traffic—"at people who don't seem to know where they are going." He once wanted to be a doctor.

He never wears glasses and hates to shave: "I'm always afraid of cutting my throat."

She wears glasses for reading and she cries at sad movies. Tony says, "They don't even have to be sad. She's the only one I know that can cry at a Disney cartoon."

He does not particularly care for pets: "I don't think I dig any animal." He seldom finishes anything he undertakes, but she makes a very hard effort to finish everything she starts.

She never loses gloves.

She has difficulty remembering names, has no faith in fortune tellers or astrologers and wears a charm bracelet that

contains a Star of David and a variety of saints. Tony owns a bunch of lighters, but never carries one.

He dislikes flowers worn on the person and gave up smoking a pipe because "it was too much trouble." She is overly fond of peaches.

She never eats avocados, Brussels sprouts or coconut. He likes to play gin rummy and he refuses to improve his horsemanship in order to discourage the studio from putting him in Westerns.

She drinks milk "only because it's good for me" and usually wears a housecoat around the house. Tony is addicted to wrap-arounds or East Indian pants for home comfort.

Janet has a natural knack for tennis and hopes to be a good player someday. She is very orderly, wishes she knew how to paint and prefers Scotch and water on the rare occasions when she takes a drink.

Tony reads a lot of science-fiction magazines in which she has no interest. Neither cares much for television. "We just don't like to waste time. Unless there's something special that we want to see, we leave it."

She wishes she could speak French well.

They haven't got a swimming pool, but will have one in the new house. She is an extreme perfectionist and never seems to meet the standards she sets for herself, and if she has had "a marvelous day" she tries awfully hard to duplicate it the following day.

He is not an easy touch "because I don't carry any money."

Tony believes that the greatest asset in a wife "is that security that prevents her from being influenced or affected by what the Joneses have." She has a weakness for candy and desserts at night. She has great patience and tolerance, but on occasion can break out with a flash of genuine temper.

She lacks any talent or feeling for any kind of needlework. She is inordinately fond of grilled hot dogs full of what she calls "goop," which is all manner of stuffing. She wears treader pants of black denim, especially tailored for her.

He quickly forgets anything in which he is not interested. He has to labor to memorize dialogue, calls his parents by their first names and recalls New York's Central Park with deep nostalgia: "It meant so much to me in my boyhood."

She drinks nothing that is carbonated. "Once in a great while, maybe a little champagne."

He likes his shirts when "they have been cleaned so often that they're limp and fit well."

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis seldom go to night clubs, never feel dependent on outside diversions to keep them from lapsing into boredom and, although they enjoy having people around, they make it a point to spend certain evenings alone.

THE END



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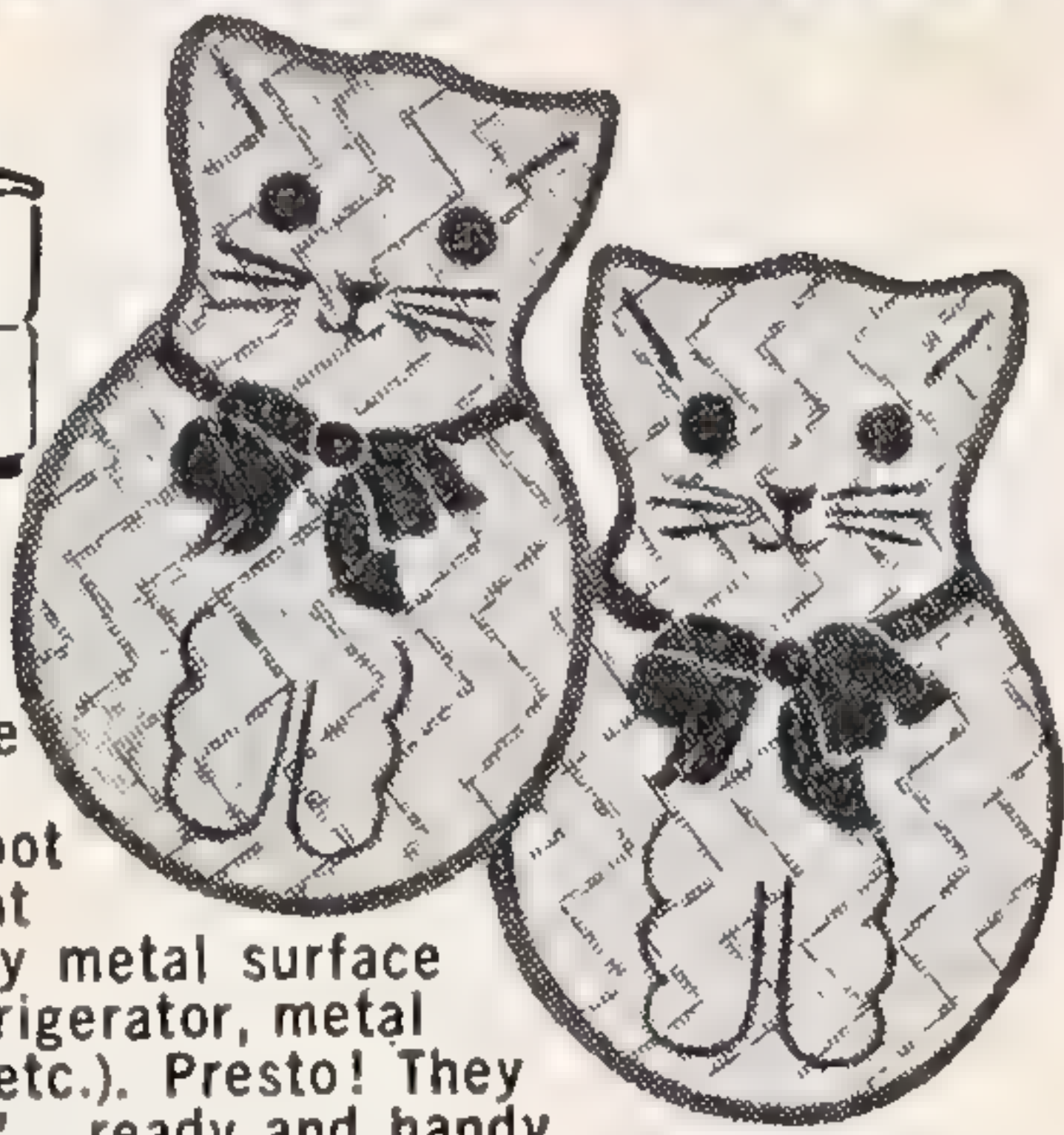
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Memo to my Husband

(Continued from page 57)

think: He's really nine-going-on-ten, you know, he doesn't fool me for one single minute!

You reminded me of a wistful little six-foot-tall waif who, having been adopted by rich and doting parents, couldn't believe that it was not all a dream from which he would awaken.

You were sure you would awaken from the dream you were dreaming in Hollywood. Almost from the time we first came to Hollywood, in 1943, we lived on a month-to-month basis in this pleasant, white brick Georgian house in Beverly Hills, which we now own. And not until Dena began to grow up would you buy the place.

"We're transients in Hollywood," you'd say, "why buy? We belong in New York. Any day now we'll be off and away..."

You didn't believe in yourself—or in your Star. You most certainly did not believe your own publicity. You still don't. You didn't think people liked you. You never dreamed they could love you. It was not until you began to realize they did that the turning point came for you...

It began to come, I believe, after the astounding personal success you had, seven years ago, in London.

It certainly astounded you. A few years before, on tour with Sally Rand, which included an engagement at London's Dorchester Hotel, you excited little attention. Characteristically, you expected more of the same when you went back for your second try. Instead, you received the greatest welcome of your career. Remember, we'd come out of the theatre, or a restaurant, any hour of the day or night and find the street crowded—with kids, of course (The Pied Piper of Hamelin would be a natural for you); but also with substantial looking citizens of both sexes and all ages and all of them calling, "God bless you, Danny!" And when it became known we were soon to leave London, they'd yell, "Take care of him, Sylvia!" as we drove away, echoes of, "Come back soon, Danny, come back, come back!" followed us for blocks.

And remember that time in Glasgow, Scotland, when, on the night of your last performance crowds followed you from the theatre to your hotel, singing "Will Ye Nae Come Back Again?"—a song written in the time of Bonnie Prince Charlie and seldom sung, unless with meaning and emotion, by the Scots?

I know you'll never forget that little old lady in the audience at the Palace Theatre in New York when you were headlining there a couple of years ago. When she had to leave, she spoke up as familiarly as if to a next-door neighbor in whose parlor she was visiting: "You'll have to excuse me, Danny—I've been, but now I've got to go home."

In an equally next-door-neighborly voice you asked, "What's the matter, have you got a pot roast on the stove?"

"Yes. And the potato pancakes to be made."

This touched off a discussion between you, the little old lady and others in the audience about how potato pancakes are made with favorite recipes swapped both sides of the footlights!

Because you love your audiences so, it takes you less than fifteen minutes on any stage, anywhere in the world to make them feel they're in your living room or you in theirs. You're folks together, you and your audiences. The things you tell them are not from a file of jokes or from a script, but are off the top of your red-blond head or from within your heart. It's because of this, I believe, that wherever you go the

same homely love of Danny, the man, well as Kaye, the performer is evidence. It's because you love the sound and rhythm of foreign languages and can double-talk them perfectly (although you don't understand a word!) that you can make audiences in Afghanistan or Akron, Ohio feel equally at home with you.

Just last summer, in Johannesburg, South Africa, where you played a vaudeville engagement which also combined work on your film, "Knock on Wood," a mob of 12,000 people stood outside your hotel window chanting, "We want Danny! We want Danny!" And not until you made three speeches from the balcony of the hotel would the crowd disperse.

With all these demonstrations of affection for all these years, at home and abroad, why did it take you so long to realize that the audiences you love love you? I always felt that the time took you to reach the top had something to do with it.

You're often described as an "overnight sensation" but to you this hurts.

"Anything but," you say in what is to you heated protest (off-stage you're gentle, spoken, mild as milk). "What no one sees to realize is that, for twelve years before I got my break on Broadway with Gertrude Lawrence in 'Lady in the Dark,' I played every whistle-stop in America and beat brains out all over the world!"

Very few actors—good ones—are "cold" once they're off the stage. Nine out of ten actors shed the ham in them along with their costumes and make-up. But I have never known any performer so completely "off" as my Mr. Kaye once the lights dim and the curtain falls.

In contrast to your energetic, extroverted high-pressure, zany personality on stage you are, in person, quiet, passive, unsuming and not zany. You walk like a cat, soundlessly. Your voice is low-pitched, gentle, sort of whispery. You don't talk very much. I talk, you listen—that type.

Yet, when we entertain here at home which you love to do, or go to parties at which you're called upon to do a number you "on" in a flash, with a flash! Given a good audience, whether half a dozen people in our living room or troops numbering thousands in any of the world's hot spots you'll stay "on" until you are wringing wet and your audience wrung out!

If this seems a contradiction, it isn't. In your modesty is a personal modesty. On stage, you have true magic, true spontaneity; you are also a very shrewd showman. But you don't like to show off on the show is over—not even to me. You don't even tell me half the time about various awards you receive from organizations and societies in different parts of the world. I sometime go through your jewelry case and find things, with inscriptions on them, which I have never even heard about!

For you, the kitchen is a favorite spot. You're a great mixer and fixer, a lover of putting together "mysterious dishes" in the Blender—which remain mysterious neither probing nor prying can induce you to reveal a single ingredient!

Or you like the bright, airy room off the main living room, known as "Danny's room," where you make your phone calls, entertain small groups, have your business conferences—and listen to music. The entire north side of the room is occupied by a High-Fidelity sound system which you use mainly to play opera records. You play them so loudly that no one's voice can be heard above the din, except yours; singing note for note, all the parts of an opera, including the basso's and the coloratura. One of your favorite renditions, when

you've now taught Dena, is a burlesque of coloratura soprano in "Traviata." After we bought the house, we equipped this room of yours with an acoustic plaster ceiling, a tape recorder and spacious floor-ceiling shelves where all of your records, including your guest-spots on shows, are kept. In this room, too, all of your rehearsals are done.

The rest of the room is furnished with an immense long low couches, a couple of easy chairs and our only television set, usually with only Dena perched in front of it.

On three sides of your room all the doors and windows open onto the patio and pool area. Supple as you are, you're a beautiful strong swimmer and use the pool frequently in the summer when you and Dena swim together, but in the winter, I leave such sports," you say, "to polar bears and seals!"

You like your comfort. As relaxed as a doll at home, you want everything where you can reach it "without a reach." Your living room (which is separated by double doors from your room) is informal, with too much furniture, including several sofas upon which you can drop from almost anywhere you may be standing, plenty of comfortable chairs, a plethora of many tables and ashtrays everywhere, as well as cigarettes and private disposable cigarette holders and bowls of candy. The walls, a pale green, are a restful color. You're a home-loving man, Danny, and I've observed that home-loving men are seldom egotists or exhibitionists, this may be another explanation of why it took you so long to realize that your star had risen. Modest as you genuinely are, you also—being human—and male—have a normal amount of vanity. For instance, when you pick up golf and played in the low 80's within a year, you didn't exactly hide your talent under a bushel about that! Let one of those "mysterious dishes" of yours expect "Ohs" and "Ahs" from our guests as if you're not preening and prancing, what are you doing? But your greatest vanity is that you know you wear clothes well—as indeed you do—and you can come from a whole day of golf in denims, haircut, tousled, sweaty-looking, take a shower, change and, in five minutes, look impeccable! And you cannot understand why I cannot do likewise! Fond of clothes you are, you're fussy about them and have an extensive wardrobe, lacking only items which you never wear, and overcoats, which you loathe. On women you dislike earrings and veils so I, not without regret, have given them up. In return, you shun bow ties which I abhor.

We are opposites, you and I. I'm even-tempered; you're volatile. I'm analytic; you go by instinct. I like steak; you go for lobster. I walk; you run. I talk; you listen. But we laugh at the same things, be the same people, believe that "to live and let live" is the only way. And in spite of being opposite, perhaps because of it, we are happy.

Your other and greater vanity (it isn't vanity, really, but heartfelt pride) is in the love of Dena, who adores you and wants to marry you.

When I grow up," our daughter has more than once confided in me, "I'm going to marry Daddy!"

When she sees you on the screen, it is with mixed emotions. She enjoyed "Hans Cristian Andersen," but she didn't like you paying attention to all those other children! When she saw you in jail, she cried. And when you sang the Ugly Duckling remember to the little boy with the shaved head, she was off again!

When "Knock on Wood" was released, I thought it would be good for her to see it with you. If anything on-screen frightened or disturbed her, it would be reassuring to see you there beside her, safe and sound.

According to your report she watched the screen very solemnly until the dead bodies fell out of the closet whereupon she roared with delight! The chase sequence, your presence notwithstanding, she did not like.

"It's all right" she told you, her hand in yours, "if it's not your father."

You understood.

"White Christmas," without reservation, she loves. When you sing alone, or with Bing or the girls she sits enchanted. When you dance those highly intricate dance routines created for you by Robert Alton (remind me to tell you that they establish you as a great dancer) her eyes, her whole face lights up like a Christmas tree!

Dena's love of you is, happily, mutual. You're crazy about Dena ("This is news?" I can hear you say), real crazy. You spend all the time you have to spend with her. You swim together, play records together, sing together. (Dena has always, from babyhood, sung in perfect pitch.) You take her to ride the ponies. When not too late, she always eats dinner with us. She goes around the golf links with you. The two of you often drive to Palm Springs together, just for the day (too rough on me!), golf, have lunch, golf and home again. You both love the sun, too, bask and bathe in it.

You're as normal as it's possible for any man—let alone an actor—to be. The only quirk you have is in preserving your good health. Considering the fact that you're six feet tall, weigh 160 pounds, have chest and arm muscles like oak and legs of steel cable, this can be amusing. To you, however, it is earnest, it is real. You don't drink very much—a cocktail before dinner and, when you're working, not that. You have remarkable self-discipline anyway. If you decide a certain food is wrong for you, you'd have to be caving in with hunger before you'd touch it.

You have really marvellous hands. And X-ray eyes. You can see through things. You always wanted to be a doctor and to this day will drop anything you're doing to watch a difficult job of surgery. You've watched so many, I've no doubt you could do one yourself.

You have a profound respect for skill and talent in any field. One of your closest friends is Leo Durocher. Remember you and Leo toured Army camps in the South. Leo told baseball stories, you performed. Then the two of you finished up by doing an old-time vaudeville act in straw hats and blazers. You listen now, eyes popping, to Leo telling baseball stories. When his Giants won the series last fall (you went East, of course, to watch the games with Leo) not even Dusty Rhodes and Willie Mays acted happier than you!

There is something of the hero-worshipper in you and hero-worshippers always suffer in their own esteem, I've found, by comparison with their heroes.

For this, and for the other reasons I've given, it was difficult for you, literally The Kid from Brooklyn, to believe in your own Star. Now at last, thanks to the love of the fans who are your friends, you do humbly believe. . . .

"With success, some people swell," it's been said, "others grow."

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Prior to "White Christmas," you became an independent producer for the first time with "Knock on Wood," which you made,

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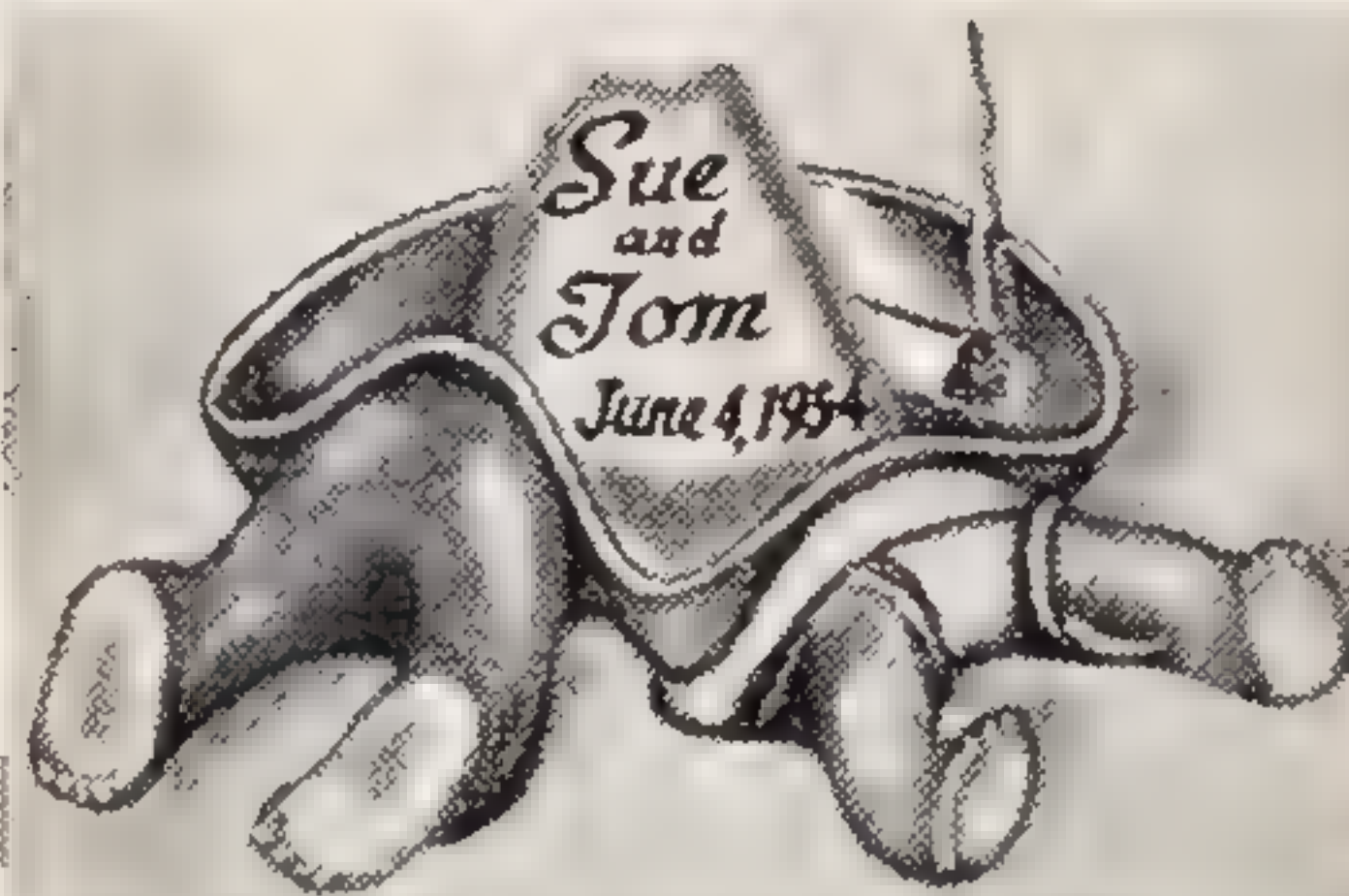
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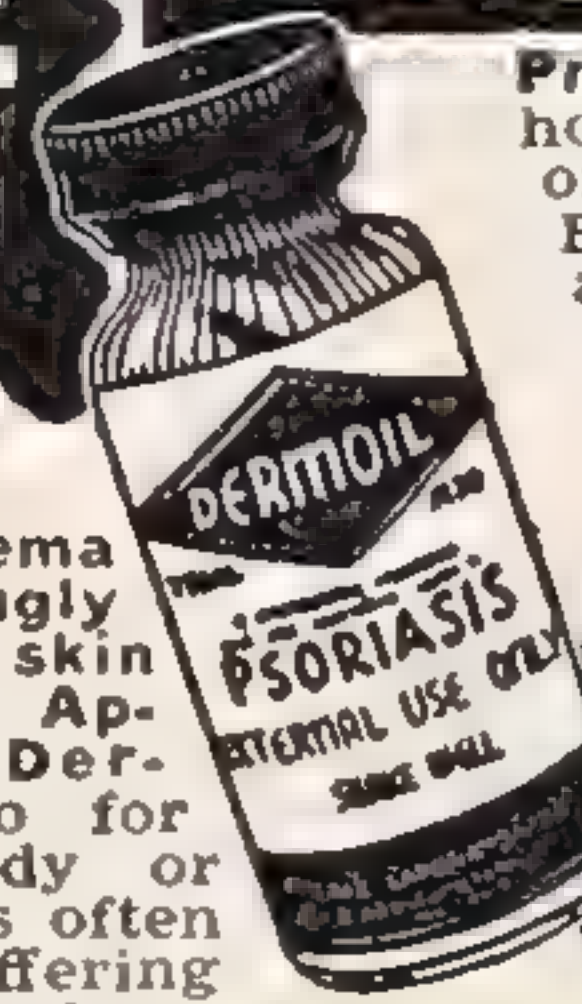
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Last winter you conducted the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra which started as a gimmick but, because you are a true musician, with a nose—an ear for music, it ended as a "tour de force." This was not something you learned but something you do naturally. You are the envy of conductors because you have a naturally strong beat. The bottom of the beat is strong. (Your reading of "The Nutcracker Suite" is the finest and funniest anyone's heard!) You're mad for music, anyway, and when Conductor Eugene Ormandy asked you to go on tour with his orchestra, that was temptation!

"To have one hundred musicians play music," you said, starry-eyed, "the way you want to hear it!"

Also in Philadelphia last year you made an unprepared speech on juvenile delinquency which was later reprinted, in full, in one of Philadelphia's leading papers.

Now that you have confidence in yourself, without the cap and bells, you are a very effective speaker.

Last summer you started on a tour around the world. You were gone for more than three months. It was miserable for me to have you gone so long, but your horizons, I consoled myself, were widening...

You started the tour in England where you attended the charity premiere of "Knock on Wood." Then you traveled to South Africa where you played theatre dates in Capetown, Johannesburg, Durban and Rhodesia. After the South African engagements (which touched off the wildest demonstrations in the memory of police officials) you began your tour for the United Nations in India where you were met and welcomed by Prime Minister Nehru and Madame Pandit.

For this trip, which was made under auspices of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, you were officially appointed Ambassador Large for the United Nations with full diplomatic status. The purpose of the trip was to make color film showing the activities UNICEF medical and nutritional centers: India, Bangkok, Thailand, Indonesia, parts of China and Japan. Since its inception UNICEF has been instrumental in curbing such horrible tropical diseases as Yaws which killed one million children each year in the Middle East. UNICEF also provides milk and warm lunches for children, many of the more unfortunate countries. Your picture will tell all about this. You care about this. About children. About the ill and the poor. Especially about poor and underprivileged children.

One of the signs of growth is when you reach out for new experiences. You're reaching out, and up...

The final stop on your tour was Honolulu where Dena and I met you and flew home, the three of us together.

As of now, you've started work in a new Paramount picture, "The Court Jester," (which is the eleventh picture you made in the eleven years we've lived in Hollywood) and it is a role that should fit you like the clothes you wear so well. For there is in you something of the perennial Court Jester who will never quite believe that, without his cap and bells, he has a place at Court.

In you, too, is something of the strolling troubadour so that you will always feel a transient, a "temporary resident," you put it (even now) in Hollywood anywhere. But we hear no more about "bubble bursting," nor any ominous reference to our immediate world and your particular star "passing away." And sincerely doubt that we ever shall again.
THE END

I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 54)

True, the honeymoon was over. But in a way it had seemed like a hurried, incomplete dream. At first, we were supposed to have been married on a Tuesday. Then we received word that we could be married on Monday. We were told to rush to the Mexican border town.

Guy's business manager, Charles Trezona, accompanied us, and his friend, Louis Mijares, who had made the arrangements, joined us in Juarez. It was only when we arrived that we found we had a problem. Everyone seemed far more in favor of lunch than matrimony.

The gentleman issuing marital permits was on his way out. "I'm sorry," he said. "But if I don't eat now, I may not have another chance. My replacement will be along in ten or fifteen minutes."

We sat down to wait an eternity.

We reached the courthouse at last, only to discover that the judge had also gone to lunch. "Sounds like a good idea," said Guy, because apparently we had no choice. "Let's find a restaurant."

After two untouched desserts, we returned to the courthouse and filled out some more papers. Guy nudged me. Louis had disappeared. However, in a few minutes he was back with a stranger. "This," he announced triumphantly, "is the judge."

The ceremony was such a brief one, we were slightly uncertain as to whether or not there had actually been one. And, to our surprise, the judge himself placed the ring on my finger.

So afterwards, we stood outside. "Hello, Mrs. Madison," my husband was saying

to his dazed wife. Then he did something I'll never forget. He took the ring from my finger, studied it for a moment, though he were silently repeating marriage vows again, and then put the ring back on my finger. He tucked his hand under my chin and looked straight into my eyes. "Now you're married to me," he said. "You're really Mrs. Madison."

And I really am. The dream is complete. It grows more wonderful each day.

My dream is one that I believe every girl hopes will come true—that of sharing a lifetime with the man she loves. A lifetime in which there are no uncertainties, in which doubts get lost, one by one. I've learned that this is something you have to work for, build on, grow with. The foundation is composed of many qualities, honesty, kindness, thoughtfulness, understanding—to name a few. All girls know the importance of these qualities. And I hope that all of them, like me, are fortunate enough to find a man who possesses them.

But there are the inevitable uncertainties in every meeting and courtship. When you first set eyes upon the fellow you think may be the man, you wonder, "Will he like me?" Later, it becomes, "Will he love me?"

You find yourself wanting to be able to talk of the things he knows best, to talk about them expertly. And if they are new to you, you'll wonder if he thinks your interest is sincere. You want to enjoy the activities he enjoys. And when he tells you about the things he believes in, you want to believe in them, too.

ant to be the kind of person he wants
u to be, and yet, you know that in all
pects you have to be yourself, honest-
yourself, or you'll only be creating a
rson who can't last as long as the for-
er you'd like to spend with him. If you
agree, if you sometimes flounder, if
u aren't perfection, will he walk away?
Guy, I found, knows the meaning of
derstanding—patient understanding. He
s a theory that stems from his early
wilder days in Hollywood when his
tial success came before he was pre-
red for it, bringing him fame and a
eling of uneasiness. "If people like you
d really want to know you and be your
ends, they'll stick around and figure you
t," he says. "They'll stay to under-
nd you."

With him, it's the same. If a first im-
ession is good, that's fine. If it isn't so
od, it's by no means final, as far as
y is concerned. He studies people, gets
know them. And, as it turned out, he
ew me better than I knew myself.
I hadn't intended to fall in love. I'd
aced my dream of husband, home and
nily in the future. I'd come to Holly-
ood to be a movie star. I'd had some
od tv roles and a lead in a Western.
studied dramatics, went to press events,
sed for publicity pictures. I wasn't any
rnhardt, but I figured there was hope.
til, one night, something happened. To
y heart.

must confess, to me, a crowded room
d always been a crowded room. More
en than not, slightly stuffy. Then, upon
s particular night, I looked across a
n-packed auditorium and saw Guy.
My first thought was, "How handsome he
." When I glanced his way again, he
s gone.

The Sportsman's Show was in progress
the Pan Pacific Auditorium. I'd gone
ng with my roommate who works for
e publicity firm that handled the show.
ter we'd seen the exhibits on the main
or, I was asked to make an appearance
a cocktail party upstairs and I agreed.
hile I was at the party, someone in-
ired if I would pose with Guy in one of
te boats and I said I would.

I remember, later when I saw him again,
y second thought was, "How nice he is."
I seemed a trifle shy, but there was
iet strength in his shyness. "Might he
ce me home?" he asked. "Why, yes," I
olied.

When we reached the door of my apart-
nt, he asked if he could call me some-
ne. Neither of us had a pencil and I
s sure that he would never remember
te telephone number.

Later, when I was in bed, the phone
ng. It was Guy. "See," he said. "I re-
mbered." We talked for a long while,
ad when he hung up, I found myself
ping he would call again. Nothing seri-
es, of course. That wouldn't make sense.
ter all, we'd just met.

He didn't call. Later, much later, I
rned that he was away on a hunting
to. To me, it was the lengthiest hunt-
trip on record. When he returned, I
ard from him once more. But there
s still no mention of a date. Not that
it actually mattered—much. However,
when my ex-roommate whispered, "Why
ask him to dinner?" suddenly I be-
ga thinking that this was the most won-
dful idea ever thought of.

Guy seemed to like it, too. "I'll bring
t meat," he told me.
Fine," said I, never guessing what was
store.

The following day he arrived with a
age leg of lamb. To me, it looked like
a whole lamb. He also had with him about
ty dozen roses. I knew what to do with
flowers and got out a vase. But the
lab had me baffled.

When Guy left, I called my roommate's
mother and asked for some badly needed
instructions. Then I went to work. And
how I worked!

At dinnertime, Guy returned. "How're
things going?" he wanted to know.

"I seem to learn something every day,"
I said, because I felt I had to prepare him
for the results of my afternoon in the
kitchen.

"Like what?" he began to grin.

"Like how to roast a leg of lamb," I con-
fessed feebly.

Guy carved the meat and served it. It
seemed like a year went by till he tasted
it. I waited. Then Guy said, "It's differ-
ent," took a few more bites and added, "it
certainly is."

And it was. My instructions had in-
cluded cloves. I didn't know my room-
mate's mother had meant garlic cloves. I'd
simply added spice and roasted away—and
lived to wish that I'd also put my head in
the oven! But when I looked up from my
plate, I saw that Guy was laughing. "You
need a lot of training," he said. "But
you'll learn."

So I couldn't cook a leg of lamb. So
what? Guy thought I could learn! And
life was beautiful again. Since then, I've
learned so many things from Guy—and
so many things about him. I'm told that
he has greatly matured since he first came
to Hollywood. But, as for other changes,
I remember what he once told me. "It
would be so easy to change and not even
realize it here," he said. "To lose what you
started out with and to forget what you
meant to be. That's not for me."

I knew then that if success ever in-
terfered with his ideals, here was a man
who would simply pack up and leave his
success behind him. Correction, please,
we would pack up and leave.

I learned that his career is a job to
him. One that he wants to do well. But
there are other considerations. Guy be-
lieves that actors and actresses can give
something to people through pictures.
"And if God has given you the ability
and the chance, you should enlarge upon
it, develop it," he says. And he works
at his job accordingly.

We talked so much after that first din-
ner, about movies, about our early lives,
our families, about little things we had
in common.

I told Guy about my life in Ireland. Al-
though I was born in New York, our fam-
ily returned to Ireland when I was a year
old to live on our farm. My mother died
just before the war. During the war, my
father, who had been in the racing busi-
ness, turned to carpentry. Everyone had
to give away his horses at that time. We
couldn't afford to keep them or feed them.
We all worked on the farm, my sisters,
Patty, Maureen, Dolores and Joan, bro-
ther Timmy and I. There was work to be
done and we sold our extra crops.

After the war, we climbed aboard the
first New York-bound boat that came
along. My brother and I didn't want to
leave and, before our departure, we de-
cided to run away. We ran into the town
of Cork. My father alerted the police and
there was a frantic search. They found us
in the nick of time.

"I'm glad they found you," said Guy.
And I had never been so glad.

I learned that Guy, too, had once been
uprooted from his home and had come to
know the feeling of loss and insecurity.
He was eight at the time. One day he
came home from school and heard his
mother talking to someone in the living
room. The man was a doctor. "The report
from the last examination shows that your
son is decidedly underweight," he was
saying.

"But he eats well," said his mother.
"Plenty of meat and vegetables. He drinks

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a lot of milk, perhaps not as much as the others."

Guy stood in the hallway and listened as the man went on. "I'd recommend a year of controlled diet," he said. "There's a place in the hills, we call it a preventorium. It might do him a world of good."

"If it's a matter of my son's health, he'll go, of course," his mother said quietly.

It was Guy's first time away from his family. At first, he didn't understand. All he knew was that his security had been taken away from him and he was alone. During the next few weeks, he cried himself to sleep each night. But, after a while, he realized that it was for the best. He learned the value of good health and an outdoor life. And when he returned home, he continued to build his health.

He'd been taught to swim at the preventorium and had come to love the water. And, once home, he began camping out, going hunting. Sometimes he'd take his brothers along. Like me, he comes from a large family, three brothers and a sister. Although Guy wasn't the oldest, he kept the others in tow. For one thing, he told me, he didn't let them smoke. Once he caught his brother Wayne smoking at a football game and turned him over his knee and spanked him.

Spending money was sometimes scarce for the Moseleys. When Guy was thirteen, he worked in the orchards near Bakersfield for seventy-five cents a day to buy school clothes and hunting equipment. At nineteen, he became a telephone lineman and was saving his money to buy a boat and become a deep-sea fisherman.

This was the Guy who went into the Navy and soon afterwards was discovered by Hollywood. "I was pretty well stunned by the thought of an acting career," he told me. "And as for the social life, I was really confused."

"Where I came from, if you met a girl at a party and liked her, you could just call her up the next week and ask her to go to the movies or something. But here, I couldn't do that. I found that the girls just thought you wanted to be seen with them to get your name in the papers or else they wanted to be taken to expensive clubs to get their names in the papers," he grinned.

I began hoping that he knew he could call and ask me to go to a movie just any old time. But still there was no mention of a date. Although he and Gail had been separated for a long time and had both agreed that a divorce was best, final arrangements had not been made. When the divorce was scheduled, Gail didn't feel up to going through with it and asked Guy to cross file to obtain it. And, typically Guy, he thought it was best not to become involved with one person until the other matters had been settled. When I found this out, I loved him even more.

Our first real date was like my very first date. I had the strangest feeling. I opened the door and there stood Guy. It was the first time I'd seen him in a dark suit and tie. And again, he'd brought flowers.

We drove to the Holiday House at Malibu for dinner. After that night, we began dating steadily. We'd go to the beach and sometimes we'd fish. I'd fished before, but I'd never caught anything until a halibut came along one afternoon. I nearly fell out of the boat pulling it in and was so excited that my Irish accent came back. "Will it be splashing about in the boat?" I asked him.

"It undoubtedly will," he laughed.

And now, wherever we go fishing, he mimics me. "They're at it," he'll say when he feels a tug at his line. "Sure'n' they'll be splashin' about soon!"

Another afternoon, Guy took me for a drive to a hilltop on Outpost Road—a place

where you can look down and see all of Hollywood. "This is where I'm going to build my home," he said. He seemed to be watching closely for my reaction. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

You're in heaven and someone asks you opinion of it and what do you say? Just that!

Our house will be in a rambling ranch style—Early American. There'll be large living room, a dining room and gigantic kitchen. The latter is especially for my benefit. "You're in charge of the department," Guy told me. "And I've heard that the Irish like to keep everything in the kitchen."

We'll have a glassed-in breakfast room so that we can breakfast with a view, and two bedrooms. And there's space for additional rooms as our family increases. We think about four or five additions will do nicely and we're wanting a family soon.

"I'll bet the first thing down on paper for the house was a gun rack for the living room," Lita Calhoun guessed one day.

"And I'll bet you're right," I told her. Furthermore, she was.

Rory and Lita are two of Guy's best friends. It seems foolish now, but I think I lost five pounds when I first met them. "Will they like me?" I kept wondering. But they were so nice it was as if I knew them all my life.

We were having dinner at their house one evening when I found a surprise in the store. I'd told Guy about a dog I'd had when I was a child. I'd just mentioned it in passing. Before we sat down to eat, glimpsed a little black poodle running around. "Like him?" asked Lita.

"How could I help it?" said I.

"He's yours," said Lita.

"Mine?"

"A gift from Guy," she replied.

I looked around for Guy, but he had disappeared. He was embarrassed!

Our first dinner with the Calhouns also proved to be my first encounter with bow and arrow. Rory has a target in the backyard tree. After the meal, we went outside for some practice. I'm not certain how I did it, the luck of the Irish, I think, but I managed to hit the target every time. "Good girl," said Guy and I felt as if somebody had handed me a million dollars.

We were driving to the beach one evening and I noticed that Guy was unusually silent. I thought it was simple because he was tired and I didn't say much either. Finally he said something. "Do you think you could put up with me for the rest of your life?" he asked.

It had been smoggy along the beach road but suddenly the stars seemed to come out. "I think so," I told him quietly.

When Guy's divorce was granted, he decided not to wait to be married. Gail was scheduled for a location trip and afterward he planned a hunting expedition. And after that, there was another location trip to be made. "Doesn't seem as if we'll be seeing much of each other," he told me.

"No," I said, "it doesn't."

And, as the saying goes, so we were wed. The other day I was talking to a friend of his, his press agent, who was with us the night we met. "Know what Guy said the next day after you two met?" he asked me. "He said he thought that you were the girl he'd like to marry someday and you'd have him."

As for the career, mine, it's all over. I believe Guy knew it would be.

Mr. M. is of the opinion that one career in the family will do nicely, and when he walks through that doorway calling "Hey, Mrs. Madison," you can bet I'll be there. Under the circumstances, what girl in her right mind would want to be Bernhardt?

THE END

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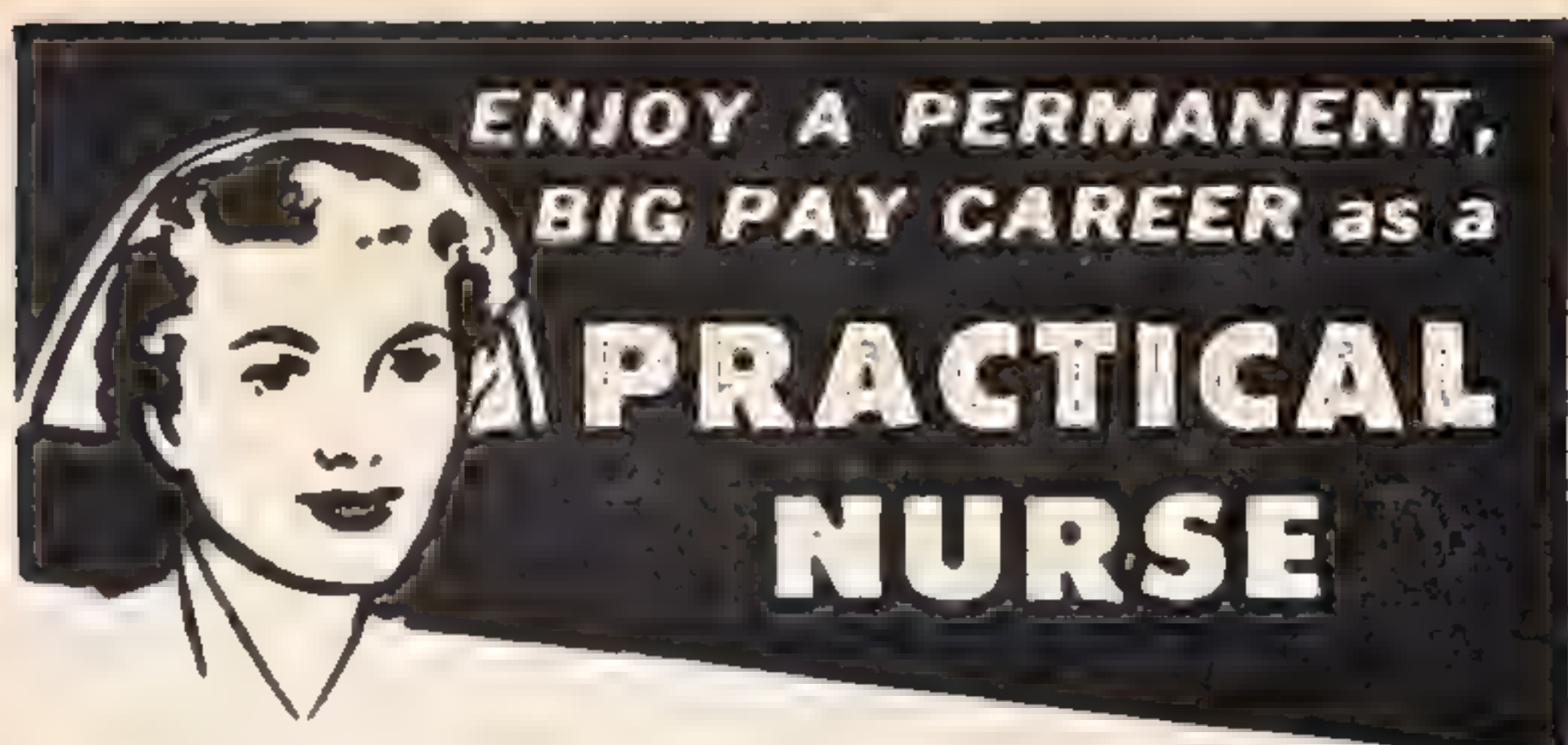
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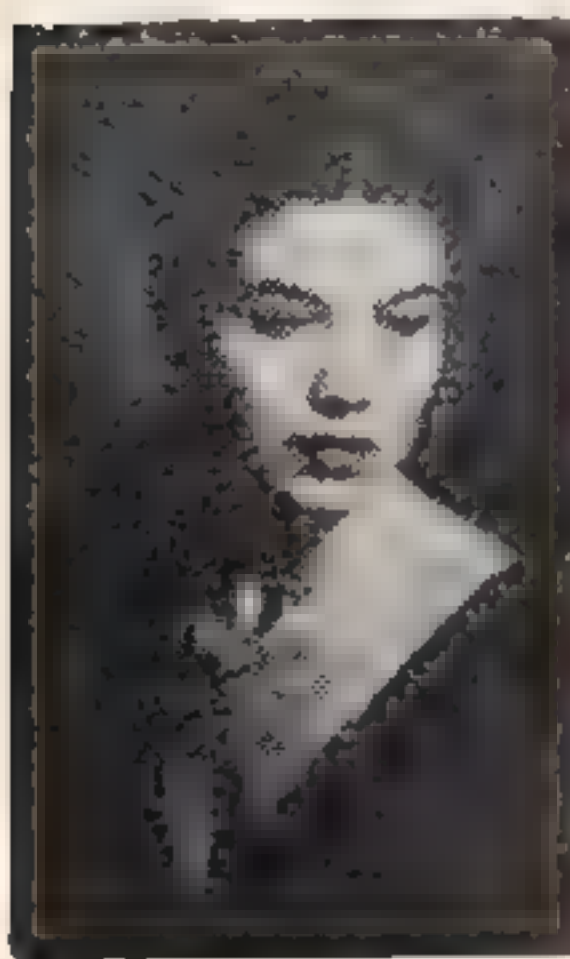
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BETTER THAN EVER



MILES LABORATORIES, INC., Elkhart, Indiana

Hi, Debbie, I'm Talking about You

(Continued from page 36)

generally, like whom she went to a party with or to the movies the week before. I couldn't tell you who Debbie kissed in high school, if she kissed anyone at all, or if she'll get married next month. Some things, she feels, concern only herself and when there is something to be told, she does it at the proper time and in the proper way.

Debbie changed in one respect though. Her taste in men is different. In school, nothing else mattered except that the guy be a good athlete. Little impressed was she by anything else. If he was a really keen fellow and not good at any sports, you could bet your life that before long he'd either joined her baseball team or learned to skate.

Today, Debbie pays more attention to a person's sincerity, straightforwardness, to his philosophy of life and his personality than to his physical prowess. Although I'll venture to say that if Eddie doesn't share now some of the sports Debbie's interested in, he will!

There's little doubt in my mind that Debbie will make a wonderful wife. She's intelligent, easy to get along with, always tries to please and, what's more, she's always enthusiastic—even about keeping house, cooking, shopping and other domestic chores.

When we were Girl Scouts, Debbie was the one who always wanted to cook. With sticks or by rubbing two stones together, she'd start a fire in half the time I could and whip up a concoction of canned foods that was all her own. In fact, even today, Debbie gets a charge out of planning the food for a party—toasted cheeseburgers with barbecue sauce à la Reynolds to Mexican tacos dinners served at the pool.

I really don't see any reason why Debbie won't be able to continue her career when she and Eddie marry and at the same time run a household and share Eddie's interest too. I know that Debbie's aware that she and Eddie face the problem of commuting between here and New York, of adjusting to a new kind of life. So far they haven't made any specific plans on how to solve these problems. "We'll work them out as they come up," she told me. And I'm sure she is perfectly capable of doing so. She has an almost unbelievable capacity for work, for getting things done.

However, Eddie will have to put up with the "unexpected" because in this respect, Debbie hasn't changed a bit.

I'll never forget my scare the morning after her last Halloween party. I couldn't make it because I was at school at Redlands at the time, so I told Debbie I'd come over the next morning. It was about nine when I rang the bell. "Come in," Debbie yelled from somewhere within the house. "The door's unlocked."

I opened it, took one step across the threshold and froze in my tracks. Staring at me from a corner of the living room was an eight-foot gorilla. I let out one shriek, turned around and made my way out the door. Debbie came running down and one glance told her what had happened. "Oh, you've met Oliver," she said. "He's just stuffed." It seems Oliver came from the studio to decorate the Reynolds' place for the party.

But her real coup d'état came thirty seconds later when I went to push a book aside that was on the sofa so I could sit down. "Don't touch..." Debbie began to say, but it was too late. I was up in the air—electrocuted. Just one more of Debbie's party surprises; 'tis certainly true, life with Debbie will never be dull.

But for all of you who think that Deb-

bie Reynolds is synonymous with viciousness and fun there's another side Debbie—a more serious side. Until a while ago, I don't think even Debbie herself was conscious of it, though she pointed at it all along.

I remember, for instance, one afternoon when the two of us dressed up in our Scout uniforms and went to Birmingham Veterans Hospital. We were sixteen at time and our arms were loaded down with Christmas gifts collected by troop.

It wasn't the first time Debbie had visited a ward, and she began immediately to walk from bed to bed, chatting with the wounded men. Laughing, kidding them, she seemed to be having the time of her life. Yet, when we were at the hospital, Debbie suddenly became quiet and serious. "I wish I could do something for those fellows, besides liver presents."

Not till years later did either of us realize how much Debbie was doing simply by being herself, by making others laugh, by taking their minds off their problems.

This is one of the reasons Debbie is bent on her career and works harder than anyone I know. It's not a desire for attention. As long as I've known her she has had all the attention she wanted without any effort on her part. Nor is it money, although, of course, she enjoys its benefits. Subconsciously, almost without the understanding of the value of entertainment, the interest, happiness, relaxation it could bring to others. Although Debbie has never mentioned it in just so many words, I know this is the way she feels.

Debbie's the kind of girl who always must have an aim. She picked her particular field because she considers entertainment a therapy to millions of people all over the world. Signs of it she found again and again.

One night—years after the Birmingham incident—Debbie came back from Travis Air Force Base near San Francisco where she had visited wounded veterans. She was very quiet and by the seriousness of her expression I knew that something had moved her deeply. It wasn't until the next morning that she told me about it.

Among the patients she saw was a colored boy, who hadn't moved or talked since he was carried off the battlefield, shellshocked and completely helpless. When Bill Warfield, one of the actors in Debbie's group, sang "Old Man River" the boy's right foot slowly started to tap up the rhythm. Then the left one joined in.



in, and his movements seemed to work into a slight, hardly discernible tap. Debbie could see the music move through his body, his eyes brighten, life return to his face. The day after she returned, Debbie bought a dozen Billy Daniels records which she promptly sent to the boy.

Such incidents have always made an impression on Debbie. She is very sensitive to other people's problems, although this is not always apparent under her constant laughter, bantering and joking.

It's easy to go to Debbie with your problems, as I have found out many times. Yet she herself will seldom share hers because she feels she doesn't want to burden anyone else. If she has a problem, she solves it herself.

Not long ago I was visiting at her home. That evening Debbie came back from the studio a little later than usual. Obviously, something was bothering her because she was unusually quiet when she came in and stopped just long enough to say hello to her mother and me and to excuse herself. She went straight to her room and stayed there by herself for almost half an hour. When she joined us again, she was her usual, cheerful self. We never found out what had bothered her.

It's amazing how well Debbie can control her emotions. Even when she's irritated, which doesn't happen often, only those close to her can tell—usually by the quickness with which she replies to questions or by a slight lack of patience. In which case, it's best to leave her alone.

Since I first met Debbie, I've only seen her cry once, and it was hardly an occasion for tears—at least on her part.

Last summer, Debbie and I went to New York together for five days, during which time we saw as much as we could jam into each day. On the third afternoon we went to Coney Island to try out every ride in the amusement park, including the turning barrels. I had a little trouble getting into the barrel, but after being whirled around for five minutes, I was so dizzy I couldn't get out. Finally, two attendants had to be summoned and they came and physically carried me out. Debbie laughed so hard, she was crying!

I think one of the signs of a true friend is if you can count on her when you need her without having to depend upon seeing her all the time.

In high school, Debbie and I were always together. But shortly after she went into the movies, I moved to Redlands for four years to study for my teaching degree. Till I graduated last May, I saw Debbie only during the holidays and vacation, yet we stayed as close as ever.

Whenever we got together, we'd just pick up where we left off. Our friendship doesn't have to rely upon small talk or people we used to know. A few weeks ago, Debbie visited us at my parents' summer home in Balboa and for twenty-four hours we never left the house. We spent our time talking, reading, watching television and just sitting in the upstairs den looking out through the big glass windows onto the beach and ocean below.

I must admit part of the talk was about the past. Like the time when we were still in school and Debbie's enthusiasm got alarmingly noisy during a New Year's Eve "slumber party" at her house. A few seconds before midnight, Debbie decided on a most appropriate way for us girls to welcome in the New Year. With overcoats hastily thrown over our pajamas and loaded down with pots and pans we headed for the nearby intersection with Debbie leading us. For over an hour we made the biggest racket heard anywhere and stopped traffic for blocks away, wakening the entire neighborhood. One thing about Debbie, you can always tell when

she's within a block of you. Although with maturity, she's shown signs of settling down.

In order to be fair to Debbie, I have to admit that she can have a very quieting, relaxing influence on those around her. This stems from her self-assurance. When we made our trip to New York last June we decided to make it by plane. Since it was my first flight, the moment we stepped into the giant DC-7, I became jittery and nervous. Debbie sensed this immediately and instead of trying to talk me out of it, which would only have increased my anxiety, she gradually changed the topic of conversation. Before I knew it, we were 20,000 feet above the ground and I felt wonderful. Debbie, sensing this, immediately fell off to sleep.

It's true that somehow Debbie always knows what to do. Recently, when we were driving to Beverly Hills for a game of tennis, we came to an intersection at Beverly Glen and Sunset Boulevard. The driver ahead of us suddenly made a right turn and I had to slam on my brakes in order to avoid running into him. Unfortunately, the man behind us wasn't alert enough to stop his car and he plowed right into mine.

No one got hurt, but I was just rattled enough to be unable to know what to do.

Without getting excited, Debbie stepped out of the car, headed for the nearest phone and called the police. It was a good thing the officers arrived a few minutes later, not only to disentangle the traffic congestion we had created, but to establish the responsibility for the accident, because the man who smashed into me had left the scene of the accident.

Debbie knew what to do not only because she had kept calm throughout, but also because of a lesson she had learned when she first started to drive.

She was sixteen when we were heading down Moorpark Boulevard in her '32 Chevy, the first car she ever owned.

Somewhere near Coldwater Canyon, without warning, a woman driver ahead of her stopped in the middle of the road. Instantly Debbie brought her Chevy to a screeching halt. Again, not so with the man behind her. He crashed head on into the trunk of her car.

Thanks to the heavy rear guards Debbie had installed a few days before, her car wasn't damaged. But the grill of the other car looked like the twisted face of a prize fighter minus front teeth, and the man behind the wheel was just as mad. He started shouting and yelling at us.

Debbie felt sorry for him, but at sixteen she was too young to control her feelings when she saw the humor of the situation. She just couldn't keep a straight face.

The madder he got, the funnier it seemed to her. To make matters worse, the crowd that quickly assembled made quips about the big fellow who would berate a helpless little girl.

Not satisfied with getting her name, license number and general description of the car, the man angrily stalked off in search of the law. He was lucky in finding a police car quickly. But he was not as lucky when the officer informed him that it was his responsibility to keep a safe distance to prevent hitting any car that might suddenly be forced to stop. It taught him a lesson and Debbie and me as well: Police officers aren't around simply to give people tickets. They can be mighty helpful, too.

As you probably guessed, I could go on forever talking about Debbie. It's easy. But one thing's for sure. I'd always end the same way. Like Eddie, I, too think "Debbie's the greatest."

THE END

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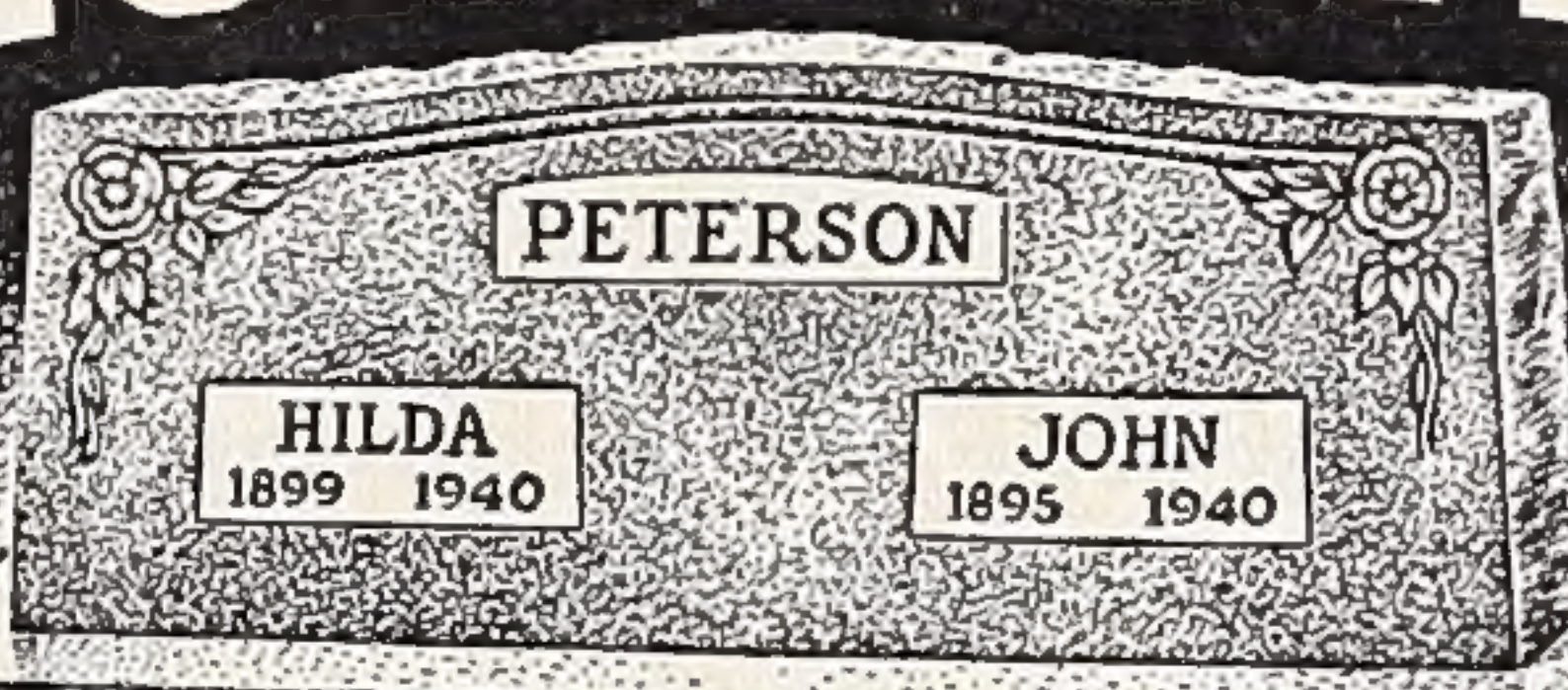
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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20.



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓✓✓ AIDA—I.F.E., Ferraniacolor: Satisfying version of Verdi's opera about the love of a captive Ethiopian princess and an Egyptian general. Handsome players do the acting; voices of opera stars are neatly dubbed in. (F) November

✓✓✓ ATHENA—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Bright, fresh musical. Edmund Purdom loves Jane Powell in spite of her eccentric family, including Debbie Reynolds, who loves Vic Damone. (F) February

✓✓✓ BEACHCOMBER, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Missionary Glynis Johns tries to reform drunkard Robert Newton in an amusing comedy-melodrama. Gorgeous island locale. (F) January

✓✓ BENGAL BRIGADE—U-I, Technicolor: As a dashing British officer, Rock Hudson opposes a rebellion in India of the last century, is loved by aristocrat Arlene Dahl and by a native (Ursula Thiess). Oriental-style Western. (F) December

✓✓ BLACK KNIGHT, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Alan Ladd plays mysterious avenger, saving King Arthur's realm and winning Patricia Medina. Filmed in England, Spain. (F) January

✓✓✓ BLACK WIDOW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Glittery whodunit about New York cafe society. Van Heflin, Ginger Rogers are involved in a young girl's murder. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ CARMEN JONES—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant, unusual musical, set in America's South. Dorothy Dandridge, as the temptress, and Harry Belafonte, as the soldier she ruins, head an all-Negro cast. (A) January

✓✓ CATTLE QUEEN OF MONTANA—RKO, Technicolor: Barbara Stanwyck defends her property against a ruthless rancher in an actionful Western. With Ronald Reagan. (F) February

✓✓✓ COUNTRY GIRL, THE—Paramount: Strong theme, intelligent acting. Bing Crosby fights alcoholism to try a stage comeback, aided by wife Grace Kelly and Bill Holden. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ CREST OF THE WAVE—M-G-M: A story of American and British Navy men working together on dangerous torpedo experiments rouses laughs, tension. With Gene Kelly. (F) January

✓✓✓ DEEP IN MY HEART—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Jose Ferrer as composer Sigmund Romberg in a rich, all-star musical biography. Doe Avedon is his wife; Merle Oberon, his collaborator; Helen Traubel, a friend. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ DESIREE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: As Napoleon, Marlon Brando dominates a lavish historical romance. Jean Simmons charms

as a woman who drifts in and out of his life, finally weds general Michael Rennie. (F) February

✓✓✓ DESTROY—U-I, Technicolor: Brisk, humorous horse opera. Peaceable Audie Murphy cleans up a corrupt frontier town. Lori Nelson's a nice girl; Mari Blanchard, a siren. (F) February

✓✓ DETECTIVE, THE—Columbia: As a priest turned sleuth, Alec Guinness trails thief Peter Finch in a quaint English movie. (F) November

✓✓✓ DRUM BEAT—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Lively Indian-fighting yarn. Alan Ladd's a peace commissioner subduing rebel warriors, wooing Audrey Dalton. (F) January

✓✓✓ FIRE OVER AFRICA—Columbia, Technicolor: Colorful backgrounds, filmed on location, highlight a wildly melodramatic yarn of smugglers in North Africa. Agent Maureen O'Hara tangles with a shady American adventurer (Macdonald Carey). (F) December

✓✓✓ FOUR GUNS TO THE BORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Rory Calhoun plots a bank robbery, woos Colleen Miller and fights Indians in a vigorous Western. With George Nader. (F) December

✓✓✓ GATE OF HELL—Harrison-Davidson, Eastman Color: Beautiful Japanese film (titles in English) about a medieval warrior infatuated with a happily married noblewoman. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ GREEN FIRE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Robust, good-natured adventure movie, about a search for emeralds in Colombia. Stewart Granger, Paul Douglas are bickering partners; Grace Kelly, a proud heroine. (F) February

✓✓✓ LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Deeply affecting love story. Van Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor, rootless Americans, meet and marry in postwar Paris. Donna Reed plays Liz's jealous sister. (A) February

✓✓✓ PHFFFT—Columbia: Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon expertly portray a divorced pair who grimly try to lead gay single lives. Slight but smoothly done farce. (A) January

✓✓✓ PURPLE PLAIN, THE—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Action, gentle romance, vivid war scenes combine in a story set in Burma, but shot in Ceylon. Gregory Peck, neurotic RAF flyer, finds healing in a Burmese girl's love. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ ROMEO AND JULIET—U.A.: Beautiful, absorbing English version of Shakespeare's play, shot in Italy. Youthful Susan Shentall, Laurence Harvey are lovers parted by a feud. (F) January

✓✓ SHIELD FOR MURDER—U.A.: As a ruthless police detective, Edmond O'Brien tries to get aw with robbery and murder, deceiving fiancée Ma English and pal John Agar. (F) November

✓✓✓ SIGN OF THE PAGAN—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Spectacle, intrigue and v in the fifth century. As Attila the Hun, Ja Palance plots to attack the Roman Empire; o cer Jeff Chandler, to defend it. (F) February

✓✓✓ SO THIS IS PARIS—U-I, Technicolor: Cheerful, youthful tune-film. Tony Curtis, Ge Nelson, Paul Gilbert are sailors seeking roman on shore leave. Gloria DeHaven gets them into plan to help French war orphans. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ STAR IS BORN, A—Warners; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Judy Garland and James I son are excellent as a rising film star and her al holic husband. Dazzling music-drama. (F) January

✓✓ STEEL CAGE, THE—U.A.: Off-beat pri picture. As Warden Duffy of San Quentin, P Kelly presents three stories about convicts—c edy, suspense and then irony. (F) November

✓✓ THREE RING CIRCUS—Wallis, Paramount VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis cre a fair number of laughs in a vaguely plotted tale the big top. (F) January

✓✓ TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT—A.A., Technicolor: British-made comedy, set in Ireland, lagers, including Barry Fitzgerald, plot to David Niven, a rascally squire. (F) February

✓✓ TRACK OF THE CAT—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Uneven, occasionally in esting. Bob Mitchum's the bully of an unhap ranch family. With Tab Hunter. (F) January

✓✓ TWIST OF FATE—U.A.: Filmed on the l iera, a confusing story of intrigue casts Gin Rogers as a lady of leisure whose protector i crook. With Jacques Bergerac. (A) January

✓✓✓ UNCHAINED—Warners: Earnest, mov close-up of an honor prison designed to rehabili inmates. Chester Morris is the warden; El Hirsch, a rebellious convict. (F) January

✓✓✓ VIOLENT MEN, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Grim range-war tale. Edw G. Robinson's a cattle baron; Barbara Stanwy his faithless wife; Dianne Foster, their daugh Glenn Ford, a rancher. (F) February

✓✓ WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Rank, U-I; Technicolor: British thriller with picturesque East A can locales. Anthony Steel breaks up a danger ivory-smuggling gang. (F) February



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